THE DIARY OF DAVID S. KOGAN

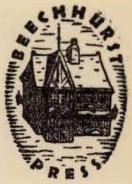
Edited,

with an Introduction

by **Meyer Levin**

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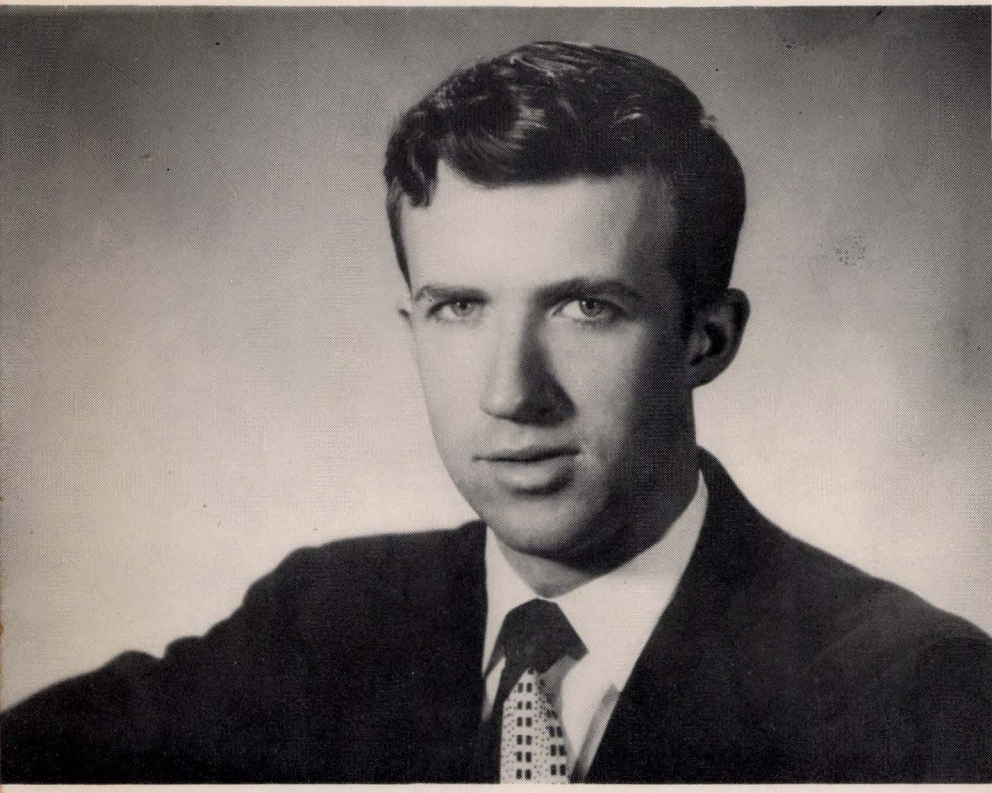
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DAVID S. KOGAN

INTRODUCTION

Here is a human life. It is the life of a young American of our time, revealed in candor, from his twelfth birthday to the day of his untimely death, shortly after graduation from college.

This is the source material from which novels are made, from which social studies are written. But as a sensitive piece of self-revelation, it seems to me to have its own artistic unity, its own documentary purity. And, as sometimes happens, the source material can be more fascinating than any commentary upon it, any art drawn out of it.

David Kogan recorded not only the feverish questioning and self-questioning that is so characteristic of our era; he recorded also the happy and touching scenes of youth-time in our civilization. His Diary is revelatory on many levels. It reveals the formation of a passionately honest human spirit, through the most important of the formative years; it shows him testing philosophies and religions and ideas. At the same time, the Diary gives us a wonderfully vivid "backgrounding" of the forties, for, to the developing young man, every impression is new and important, and we have his reactions to the books, movies, plays, music of this time and of all time, to the political personalities, to the major events of the decade. On another level, there is an unending search for orientation of the Jew, the minority person, in American society.

But through all this there is the almost novelistic, human story of a boy and his relationship to his parents, his gradual growth in awareness of his father and mother as people, and the boy in relationship to his neighborhood "old bunch," and to girls, girls, girls.

From the first page, there is the story of the typical neighborhood club, and the fixing up of the shack that becomes a clubhouse, and the fight with a rowdy crowd that tries to bust up the clubhouse, deliciously described with the fifteen-year-old's growing attitude of sophistication: "I participated in something that was essentially a rowdy gang war. The Rams 'attacked' our clubhouse and we 'defended' it. No one thought much of its consequences before the fight; now, afterwards, I view it with the feeling that the A.S.C. is continuing its course of self-degradation; I also notice the disgusted looks of Gentiles and Jews in the neighborhood. . . . Well, to return to the struggle. Ed, Hank, and I manned the slanted roof, where a stiff battle ensued. I don't remember much, except being punched in the mouth. However, the whole school is giving me credit for pushing one of the attackers off the roof. After 35 min. the Rams left. We surveyed the damage: four broken windows, the work of six months of decorating and furnishing the clubhouse, cuts, bruises, and a broken arm. We rejoiced in our 'glorious' victory." There is everything—the secret enjoyment of a real boyish fracas, and at the same time the "intellectual's" disdain, and the consciousness of the Gentile view, as well as the Jewish.

We see, through the book, the drifting apart of the neighborhood boys, as they develop into different kinds of young men, until the club is nothing but an excuse for an occasional card-game. Yet we see, too, the few deep and lasting friendships that grow out of these adolescent contacts.

And, through the book, we have the boy's sweet trials in the unending quest for the true and perfect girl, beginning with the first crush on the sister of a club-member, and con-

tinuing through high-school kisses and petting parties, and through college dates, and the "vaguely glorious times," and the "pursuit of Goldener girls." There are the elated times when, for weeks, maybe months, it seems that the real girl has appeared, and then we hear of her no more, and another appears. There are the weekend fraternity house parties, described with a perfection that has been absent in American college literature since the twenties. Again and again, we have the surge of the girls arriving, the wonders of the tour of the campus, the high point of the formal dance—and the Sunday morning let-down, when the young people somehow find they have nothing to say to each other. And David Kogan comes, too, to that touching moment when the lovely neighborhood girl, the subject of a first and ever-lingering crush, announces her engagement to someone else, and the boy wonders if he "played it wrong."

There is revealing characterization throughout the book, for David Kogan hides neither his moments of conceit nor his moods of self-denigration. One of those driven boys who never feel they are doing enough, he worries over his habits of "gafoodling," of time spent in stray reading when he should be studying, of lack of talent, lack of application, when he is making a fantastic scholastic record and taking part in a myriad of activities. After describing a highly successful social appearance at which he "mixed and mingled," we find him worrying, a few days later, about his inability to "mix and mingle."

Some may argue that the over-sensitive individual loses typicality. But it is precisely the over-sensitive individual who heightens all typical strains. And in David Kogan's augmented perplexities, we can find forcefully set forth the doubts that beset all the growing young folk of our time. The doubts that some persons will scarcely admit to themselves are here admitted to the world.

With personal doubts, in this period, there come the doubts

in society itself. David Kogan expresses these, also, in the terms of the bright young idealist, whose eager heart is blunted against the seeming indifference of our time. His opinions on the social, political, economic questions and ideologies of the postwar years may be shaded on the "college radical" side, but he wisely and awarely tells us that we need some movement to channelize, to utilize the value of this youthful idealism, in the service of democracy. It is rather the duty of the college student to give full play to his most generous impulses; this makes it possible for him to explore every offered version of truth, and gives him a better sense of reality than can be achieved through enforced conformity.

The unique element of this diary is perhaps its presentation of a modern Jewish way of life, in America. Here is a good Jewish boy from an actively Jewish home, trying to relate himself to Hebrew and to American culture, and never quite sure that they are successfully joined, within him.

For the day-to-day detail of such a boy's life, I know nothing like this book, in American literature. For here are the organizational forms of the Jewish neighborhood and the Jewish community, and we watch David's progress from Community Center to Hebrew-speaking camp, to Hillel activities in college, until he becomes a sort of "elder Jewish statesman" on the campus in his senior year, invited to address a graduate study group on the subject of Jewish religious movements. And, always, there is the undertow of doubt. Always there are the friends and fraternity brothers who see assimilation as the only solution; fully-grown, there is the realization that all his friends and social contacts are Jewish, dismissed with a casual "So what?"

In his quest for religion, David "tastes" various services in the Reform, Liberal, and Orthodox synagogues. He was, however, intensely attracted to the Reconstructionist movement of Rabbi Mordecai Kaplan and the Society for the Advancement of Judaism, which attempts to synthesize a positive Jewish

life, keeping the mystery of faith, the esthetic values of tradition, and yet seeking to harmonize them with the modern personality, and seeking at the same time to join Israel culture to American-Jewish culture.

David Kogan, like most young men, was in quest of a vocation, and while he thought of being a writer, a teacher, a lawyer, he was again and again drawn to the rabbinate, and never quite rejected this as a possibility.

Certainly, he had a gift for religious thought, and for moralistic formulation. His Diary is replete with efforts to define God, for himself. And though such seekings and formulations are characteristic for young people of fifteen, and in the college years, I think the definitions that will be found in David Kogan's Diary are unusually subtle and mature. As for his talent for introspective moralizing, almost any one sample could show the levels of his personality: "The unsuccessful should not glory in failure. That should remain to be a humbling and deftly played technique of those close to the stars. And I but continually ask for attention through advertising the deficiencies of my will—in particular to Kernis and Seyfert and Sam and Lasker—the closest neighbors, who view me with lovable contempt."

Inevitably, this Diary will be compared with the *Diary of Anne Frank,* for though continents apart, these two children of our age seem to have been kindred personalities. Both were beset by self-doubt, both had streaks of arrogance, both were God-seekers, both were avid of life, and had to leave it so soon.

In David Kogan's life, the violent dramatic setting is absent; the element of persecution is not so distinct. Yet these two unfortunate children may have been victims of the same persecution after all, the persecution that has cleft our civilization. There were no concentration camps imminent for David Kogan, there was no threatening force, except that of the

worldly hostility to spirituality and truth, which he seems to have felt from earliest childhood. Anxiety pervades his youthtime; and it is perhaps significant that his bodily disease took fatal form so quickly after he left college. For then he had to face the world. He was not unaware of this connection, as several notes on the "psychosomatic and psychoanalytic" elements in his illness would indicate.

Both Anne and David felt a tragic lack of contact with their parents, while recognizing them as dear, good people. The child expects answers to everything from the parent, and the child of today cannot know that the tragic inadequacy he feels in his parents cannot be laid to them as individuals, but must be laid to the tenor of a time when there are no answers.

Like Anne Frank, David hoped to become a writer, and showed potential talent. His characterizations are remarkably vivid; again and again, there are lines in his Diary which make a whole setting, a whole way of living, come into sharpest focus. His description of a speech by Eleanor Roosevelt is so right! "She is intensely feminine, somewhat illogical, with a screeching, poorly modulated voice, awkward delivery, and a talent for speaking about little things, but well. She has at the same time a wonderful intenseness and moral earnestness linked with a burning desire to better the world. And she likes young people and they like her." Or, there is his evocative description of his arrival at the Tanglewood music festival. "The place looked like a gigantic lawn party in Scarsdale. . . . In ambling, came across a bronzed but almost beautiful Jean Vogel alone on a blanket, reading Kafka."

But where Anne Frank's Diary was vertical in form, through the dramatic circumstances in which it was written, David Kogan's Diary is horizontal, related, rather, to the classical diaries of manners, of period, and of place, such as the Diary of Samuel Pepys, whose tone, in college-boy manner, he sometime emulates. Such a diary depends on the fascination of the ordinary, often on trivia selected for cumulative effect. And,

through several readings in the course of a mild editing treatment in which I sought to leave the manuscript essentially as it was written, I found the material gaining, rather than losing, in interest. In the most trivial detail, there was character revelation and color.

Because David Kogan dealt with the ordinary, one feels all the more strongly his extraordinary fate. As the suspicion of the fatality of his illness becomes stronger, the reader feels tragically identified with the diarist, sharing his avid desire to "live a little," to cram all sensation, all beauty, into whatever brief time remains, to read Goethe's *Faust* while listening to the *Faust Overture,* to absorb life with every sense, with every pore.

And what is to be retained from David Kogan's Diary is somehow highly encouraging. Here, in these ominous times when humanity seems so precariously balanced, David Kogan shows us that the hearts of the young still carry the beautiful wish to find and express love, to give, to be of good use in the world.

MEYER LEVIN

THE DIARY OF DAVID S. KOGAN

EDITOR'S NOTE

The early entries of David Kogan are meticulous in their entirety. It would be impossible to include all his day-by-day accounts in this single volume. The editor has therefore tried to limit David's entries to those which are either representative of the whole or portray germinal impressions of what is to come.

The editor has also deliberately changed some of the names mentioned in this Diary. David's close association with some persons was reflected with clarity and incisiveness, and the editor's move has been to diminish unnecessary identification.

BOOK 1

1941

Tuesday, July 29, 1941. Today is my birthday. I received this diary as a present from my mother. I am twelve years old. After lunch I called up some of my friends to come to my party. The people at the party were Jackie and Nickie, Mom and Dad, Grandma, Aunt Lilly with Lloyd and Harriett, Uncle Fred and Aunt Jean with Harold and Jerry, Aunt Fanny with Edith and Lawrence, and Janeta. The party was swell.

Janeta is my second cousin. She has been living with us for almost two years. She comes from Panama. She is very nice, but does not think much of hersef. I know how much trouble some of my friends have with their sisters. Since she is six years older than I, she doesn't tag after me, and not being really my sister, she does not boss me.

Friday, August 1, 1941. After breakfast I counted my books. I have 166. Then I read the first chapter of a Jewish history book by Simeon Dubnow. After lunch I started to learn to ride a bicycle. Nickie taught me in the schoolyard. Westchester collected enough aluminum for three bombers. Now the Japs want Siam. Never satisfied. Dad wants me sleeping. So long.

Saturday, August 30, 1941. In the morning Mom and Dad went to the lawyer to sign the papers changing our family name from Cohen to Kogan, which was my Dad's original name. Then Mom and I went to Lloyd's. We had frankfurters and beans for lunch. We were then to go to the zoo. While we were waiting, I ran off to the zoo myself. From there I went home.

Monday, September 8, 1941. Today is the first day of school. I am sorry to go back. The whole morning we were filling out cards. I filled out Kogan. Noontime I ate in the gym. In the afternoon we had music. Some of the kids had their voices tested. There is a bunch of tough guys in the class.

Monday, September 15, 1941. I will tell you about the playing situation in our section. On Sherman Avenue where we lived before, the Jews played together with everybody. They were 5% of the kids population. Around here, in South Yonkers, the Jews are 35% of the population; the other kids do not play with them. For years the Jewish kids sat home, got fat and weak. Last year a club was formed. It draws the Jews closer together. They have meetings and play athletic contests. I am trying to join it now. After school I played with them. They have a good team.

Thursday, September 25, 1941. I am trying very hard to get into a boys club. I am going to be brought up tomorrow for the third time. I bought two bits of raffles off them. I lent the teacher the "Americans all, Immigrants all" bulletin, as that will be our next unit. I was called on to give my book report on *Life on the Mississippi*. I hope the teacher couldn't tell I was not well prepared. After school I started to read it. I am making out a schedule what to do.

Yipee! The Dodgers won the pennant. Hurray!

Saturday, September 27, 1941. In the morning I met Bob Gordon. He told me I was voted into the club. After lunch I had to return some books to the library. Then I went to the stamp man and bought some U.S. stamps. Coming home on the trolley, a queer man came on and almost sat on my lap. He kept on praising Lindbergh. Then he asked my name. And asked if I were Jewish. Then he asked me if I were going into the second-hand clothing business. After this he asked me about *gefilte fish*. When I left he yelled shit-boy. He kept waving while I walked up Rockledge.

Monday, October 13, 1941. Thanks to ol' Cris Columbus I do not have to go to school today. We met Aunt Lilly with Harriett and Lloyd at the Battery. From there we were just in time for the boat going to the Statue of Liberty. We had our pictures taken. We took an elevator to the top of the pedestal. Then our tortuous climb began. Through the heart of the statue we walked. When we reached the top, which is 22 stories high, we could see all of lower New York and the Harbor. We had a swell day.

In the evening our club had a meeting. It was in Mike Kornblau's house. Arty Bauer, Hank Orwin, Joe Roth, and I were made pledges. We have to call the rest of the members Mr. We are going to have initiation on Halloween night. The guys cursed a lot, all except Bob Gordon. We voted down having girls in the club.

Monday, October 20, 1941. We were given some unique social studies homework. Everybody took a biography to read in literature. I took Thomas Jefferson. We had algebra for the first time. I will have to study for it. A good foundation is important.

After school we had football practice. I was a dumb sap. I played the least of all club men. Gil and Steve pulled down

my pants and underwear. I picked a fight with Gil. After supper Mike Kornblau and I went to join the Boy Scouts.

Thursday, October 23, 1941. We had oral English practice the first period. I got a juicy 96 on Monday's science test. I listened to the *March of Time*. It was interesting. One part was tragic. A true story. A leading aeroplane designer was killed in a crash. His two oldest sons enlist in the R.A.F. They are killed. Then the youngest enlists and is killed. The mother joins a munition factory. THERE WILL ALWAYS BE AN ENGLAND.

Mom went to the Hias [Hebrew Immigrant Aid Society] to inquire about Janeta becoming an American citizen.

Thursday, October 30, 1941. I caught a nice touchdown in gym. In the afternoon we had the class party. I played two clarinet solos, *My Sister and I*, and *Donkey Serenade*. Did I have to work hard being a pledge! Carry books, put on jackets, run errands, bow to people. Watta life! In the evening I was initiated in an old barn. They paddled me and spilt water over me. I was treated to an ice cream, pickle, and soda all at the same time. Is my can hot!

Saturday, November 1, 1941. Jackie and I are going to take Jewish lessons twice a week, two hours at a time. On Saturday Yiddish and History, on Sunday Hebrew and Bible.

In the afternoon Janeta and I went to the movies. There were two horror pictures made in England, *Terror* and *Mystery in Room Thirteen*. Skeletons hung all over the place. A nurse stood with operating instruments. A pail of water would have been better.

Mike and Hank sat in front of me. I walked them home. Lent Mike a nickel and treated Hank to a bag of peanuts.

Thursday, November 13, 1941. I handed in my News display to Mrs. Thompson. No one else went to the pains I did.

We had special assembly during chorus. I sat between Steve and Gil. I was almost torn and tickled to pieces. I laughed so much that I stopped the principal's speech at several points. She took me out of assembly after her speech. I burst out crying. She took my name and lectured. She was mad. I felt terrible. A failure and disgrace in school, home, football, and socially. I will have to reform. I did good in my clarinet lesson.

After supper I browsed through Mom's library, then I listened to the *March of Time* and *Henry Aldrich.* The *Aldrich* family is my most favorite program.

Sunday, November 16, 1941. Today was cousin Civia's wedding. It took place in a Philadelphia hotel, which is at least 100 years old. Civia was beautiful. They came down the grand stairs, unto under the canopy. It was a grand sight. Uncle Bill wore a collapsible high hat. The Lehighton Rabbi married them. We ate after the congratulations. There was dancing between every course. Mom took the bouquet home to mount it.

Tuesday, November 18, 1941. I took a cigaret from Mom's case and smoked ¾ of it this morning. I inhaled and exhaled through my nose. My imagination got the best of me. I told a boy that my Mom will let me smoke a cig a day for 20 days. It is all over the school. I gave my talk on the *N. Y. Daily News.* The teacher said it was swell.

I went to the doctor's for my medical examination for school. Am in good condition.

Thursday, November 20, 1941. Today is Thansksgiving Day. Gil, Hank, and I went to the Yonkers-Gorton classic. It was Gorton from the start. The final score 42-7, the greatest upset since 1936. Then we went to Uncle Fred. They had a turkey. Lloyd and Harold are mad at me because I am a Dodger fan. I had pretty much of a bad time.

Monday, November 24, 1941. Before I left the house in the morning, Uncle Bill called up and said Dad's cousin Sam Sterlin from Paris is coming at 2:00 P.M. I did not take lunch to school, because Mom let me go along. When we arrived the boat was docking. Finally they came out. He is very small, thin, and weak. She is small, but plump. That night they told the story of their adventures, the most interesting I have ever heard.

The Sterlins were in Paris when Hitler marched in. A friend of theirs who made believe he played ball with the Nazis helped them to escape to unoccupied France. For days they had to hide in a monastery. Finally, after great hardship, they passed through Spain and Portugal to Lisbon. There they embarked for the United States. They spoke in Yiddish, a language understood by all, including myself.

Sunday, December 7, 1941. Jack and I had our lesson this morning. The two hours were spent on the Bible. We finished the first six days of the Creation of the World. I can read them fluently and translate them into Yiddish and English. After lunch Janeta came home from a walk excited over the news of some attack, and suggested we turn on the radio. The Japs attacked Hawaii and Manila, and declared war on the United States and Britain.

Monday, December 8, 1941. This morning I thought everyone in the classes would be talking about war. Pupils and teachers were silent. Before lunch it was announced we should go to the auditorium and hear Roosevelt's speech. He wanted the American Congress to recognize the state of war between Japan and the U.S. It was an impressive sight, 1400 strong, listening with reverence to our great president.

Saturday, December 13, 1941. When I woke up in the morning I beheld the first snow of the year. Mom gave me

my Hanukah presents. An antique *dreidel* [a spinning top marked with Hebrew symbols] made in Palestine, also 200 stamps from Argentina *retailing* (I get it for hulsale) at $4.00. Dad took me over to Jackie's. We read until the Maccabean revolt. I played *dreidel* with Jackie.

In the afternoon Mike and I went down Riverdale Avenue to get back-issues of magazines, Mike *Shadow* and I *Life*. I bought 2 *Lifes* for 5 cents apiece and a map of Yonkers for 15 cents. Mike bought 6 *Shadows* for a quarter and jipped 2. After supper I listened to the radio.

Wednesday, December 17, 1941. Mr. Baldwin spent the whole period talking about what to do in case of bombs falling. He told us the kind of bombs, how they do their damage, and how to put them out. He is studying to be an air-raid warden. Assistant fire-chief Siller spoke to us in special assembly. Every person in the school was squeezed into the auditorium. He repeated Mr. Baldwin's lecture almost to a T. After school I went down to the Jewish Community Center with Bob and Gil. We sneaked in and took a swim. We are all going to join the Center. In the evening I heard a bit of Fred Allen before my Ma turned on the NEWS NEWS NEWS.

Friday, December 19, 1941. I think they are making too much fuss out of our algebra. We had a Christmas program. We sang Christmas carols. Gerry and I played three duets, *Adeste Fidelis, Jingle Bells,* and *Cantique Noël.* After school the A.S.C. [Athetic and Social Club] meeting was again in my house. I had it on the porch. During the meeting Janeta's brother Sam came from Harvard to spend his Christmas vacation with us. I gave the refreshments one at a time and it made a rumpus.

Wednesday, December 24, 1941. I went to the Christmas show in Loew's in the morning. They had a swell show. After

supper I went to Clara's party. We ate and talked. I was not a good conversationalist. Then there was dancing. I did not dance. We gave out presents. I gave Bernice a perfume lamp. Then we played Post Office. I enjoyed the party pretty much. But at this time Bernice, tears in her eyes, left. I am keeping the whole affair under my hat.

Friday, December 26, 1941. I straightened my room in the morning. After dinner Sam took Mom, Janeta, and I to a new Broadway show, *Junior Miss*. Was it funny! After the play we stood at Times Square for fifteen minutes and watched humanity march by.

BOOK 2

1942

I ushered in the New Year at Aunt Bertha's. I played the clarinet and Libby the piano. The party continued until 2:30.

I woke up late and started to do things with a system. After lunch I went sleigh riding with Herky. Was it fun! I tried a lot of stunts. When I came home my thighs were all frozen. It took them three hours to thaw out.

All the evening I read an article in *Life* magazine called "The Background of the World War."

I got a pimple on my cheek, the first one.

Thursday, January 15, 1942. My shoe-shine box is getting harder to make. I planed until my hands were sore, but I am farthest advanced in the class. We had social dancing in gym. I did fairly well, and so did my partner who has a fairly pretty pan. Then the girls invited the boys to dance. Bernice invited me.

I went to the *Chanticleer* staff meeting. Miss Flynn said to have a good paper we must get Ideas. I brought up two crummy suggestions. I don't like *Chanticleer* so much. We have to do what Columbia professors like, and not what Hawthorne students prefer.

Sunday, January 25, 1942. Mom and I went to the Kornblau's. Mrs. Kornblau said that America is first and only,

and we should not aid Palestine now, while we are at war. I have suddenly adopted new views similar to Mrs. Kornblau, but I cannot keep them long. Both seem so right. It is like when the Orthodox change, they become rabid atheists.

After supper I listened to Jack Benny, Helen Hayes, and Walter Winchell. Ford's mouthpiece, Cameron, made a brilliant speech for Russia.

Thursday, February 12, 1942. I slept late; for the first time since war time I saw daylight when I woke up.

There were club elections on this Lincoln birthday. Bob was elected president, Orwin vice, Roth secy., Bauer treas. We voted to give 5 bucks to the Red Cross and 5 bucks to the March of Dimes. I was appointed on a committee to draft a constitution for the club.

After playing football for a while, I went to Dr. Singer. He made a good impression on me. Mom wants to straighten my teeth. I think they will straighten themselves, and do not believe in dentists. Mom is determined, so we start today. He weighed me: weight 98 lbs., height 5′2″. He took pictures of my face, x-rayed my teeth, made reproductions of my jaw. It hurt.

Friday, February 13, 1942. Today is St. Valentine's day. Bob asked me to take his and his sister Eleanor's Valentines to school, because Eleanor is very sick and he stayed up with her. I bought a little Valentine for Bob and Eleanor. I got a little one from Eleanor, a 50¢ one from Bernice, an average one from Clara and two average ones from non-Jewish girls, who most probably sent them to the whole class.

I like Eleanor. Gil likes Eleanor, but I didn't think she likes him or me—yet. Well, she likes him. She sent him a lovely Valentine with a note. He bought one for her and put in a note. I bought a nicer one, without a note. I gave my little one to Bernice. When I delivered their Valentines, I was told Eleanor was very sick, and had 104 fever.

Mike came over after supper. We played roulette with monopoly money. Then he started to call up girls.

Saturday, February 14, 1942. Mr. Schwartz gave us only history today. We are up to Jesus.

I thought me sending Eleanor a nice card might worry her, being she does not like me, as Bernice's love efforts are worrying me, and I wish she would stop them. I sent Eleanor a get-well card and said I did not know about Gil. Unfortunately Eleanor was at the hospital and Bob took the card from the mail box and opened it.

I listened to *Ballad for Americans* which always makes me want to have a victrola, it is so beautiful.

Tuesday, February 17, 1942. I know that Eleanor likes movie magazines. I remembered a girl who bought movie magazines. I got in touch with her, and will get 15 magazines up at the hospital every day of Eleanor's illness.

I could have accomplished a lot today, but wasted precious time.

Thursday, February 19, 1942. I went to the Forum Club for the first time. There are eighteen members ranging from great brains, to political minded average kids and tough guys who curse at Lady Lewis out loud. We were discussing conditions in Yonkers, when I got the idea of having the city sponsoring a giant industrial plant. Shares could be sold at $25.00. 10,000 men could be employed. The industry would be one making good in war and peace.

Mrs. Thompson started to read us out of *Abraham Lincoln —The Prairie Years* by Carl Sandburg. I love that book. I love every word concerning Lincoln.

After school Janeta was expecting Ben, her boyfriend who was coming for supper. I like him. I eavesdropped on their private conversation for an hour and a half. Was it interest-

ing? Was it interesting! I turned off my eyes and ears and hit the hay at 10:30.

Friday, March 6, 1942. I sez to Eleanor, "Will you go to the club dance with me on a money back guarantee? If someone else goes with you, my date is cancelled." She said she'd reconsider.

I listened to a thrilling and warm story of men with MacArthur on the *March of Time*. The feeling of being an American thrilled me.

Saturday, March 14, 1942. Today was the day of the dance. I called for Eleanor. The first two dances I was pretty bad, but then I got the knack of it. It got me sick to see wherever Gil was, there were six girls.

We had entertainment. I did imitations of Mortimer Snerd and Lionel Barrymore. We left the place about 10:45. Joe and I were burning up. We take Eleanor and Marion, Gil walks with them all over town, makes us run ahead.

The dance was swell, but the last hour ruined the party for me and Joe.

Monday, March 16, 1942. Today Gil says, "How did you like the party? Who did you go with?" That selfish, stuckup, smooth, slick Boyer is going out of the club, if it is the last thing I do.

I did not study French, that's why I got the lowest mark in the class. I will have to fill every minute. I got to get out of the depression.

Around 9:00 we had a blackout. I never saw a place as dark as Yonkers. I could not see my hand when I placed it on my face. I was thrilled. Ten minutes of pitch black, and I could see pretty well as if there would be street lights. The blackout lasted a half hour.

Thursday, March 19, 1942. We had physical tests taken in gym: 5'1", 99 lbs. Terrible condition. My grip is 50-50. Com-

ing out of gym I couldn't open my locker. I told the coach the combination. Cochino, a tough guy, heard it. He asked me it and I told him the wrong numbers. He started hitting me. Now he has my combination.

I walked around with Bob Gordon. I told him the story of my life, explaining a lot of things he never asked me, but I knew he was puzzled about. We watched kids play marbles and recalled our own childhood; we talked of our likes and dislikes and people. I like Bob very much, but am more comfortable when his sister Eleanor is not around.

Saturday, March 21, 1942. We had a talk on philosophy in Schwartz's. I did not think God gave Moses the Ten Commandments. There is a superior being, God, but scientific facts come before religion.

I went over to Bob's house. He wanted to discuss me. Bob said I act like a clown, which I do. This makes me thought of lightly. A sort of court jester. I am going to try to get away from these "tactics," will try to be respected. I did not want to hear what Bob said, and called him a bad president for not getting a meeting the last two weeks. I think it damaged our friendship. I don't know why I did it.

I left as soon as Eleanor came. I do not like her as I used to. I do not really like any girl.

After supper I called up some of the guys—no one home. I don't think I have enough friends, not just club members with whom you have cordial relations. I put too much money on Bob and not enough on the rest.

Sunday, March 22, 1942. I asked Mom, "What do you get out of friendship?" She said, "Friendship is the greatest thing on earth. A friend you can tell your troubles, ask advice, share joys and sorrow. A friend is someone you can trust. You are happy when he succeeds, he is happy when you succeed."

We had fun after supper. Mom did artificial respiration on

Dad. I tickled him. Then I walked up and down the rug, giving him a shock when touching him.

Our landlord is making a victory garden in the back yard. I dug up my family's part and raked it. I tried to get down to schoolwork all afternoon and evening, but did not do a thing.

Wednesday, March 25, 1942. I was walking home when I met Hank Orwin. We were walking along, he walking his bike. I read him a poem I made up about Gil. It is popular. Over fifty people have read it. It made a hit with everybody, including Gil. Then Hank rode me around on his bike. We had a good time.

I want a bike. I have always wanted one. Mom does not think it is safe. I came in and gave a sensible argument for a bike, stressing everything is dangerous. They'll reconsider.

Friday, March 27, 1942. Our class is writing D.A.R. essays for competition. I picked Postwar Peace for my topic. The main points I brought out are general problems of twenty-six nations. How to bring liberty to the German people; the problem of Italy; the problem of Japan; occupied Europe and freedom for many of the British and Dutch colonies.

We got ninth-grade choice slips. I think I am definitely set from diplomat to forester to highway engineer.

Wednesday, April 1, 1942. Everybody is feeling good today, with a week and a half vacation beginning. Steve called up and we went to baseball practice. Baseball is my favorite sport. I covered a lot of ground in the outfield. I always feel good when I play baseball.

We then talked religion. Steve said if you are Orthodox but curse things in the name of God it does not make you religious. I said you should change religion with the times. Understand religion, conduct services with some English in it, but make the Ten Commandments the basis of religion, and do not intermarry.

I met Hank; we walked all over South Yonkers. He likes Margery O'Grady very much. Reminds me of *Abie's Irish Rose.*

Monday, April 6, 1942. Today is Janeta's nineteenth birthday. She got many presents and a picture from her boyfriend, Private Ben Black, U.S. Army.

In this reform movement of mine I get nowhere. Last April Janeta and I got two pens. I had seven since then. Janeta still has hers.

I bought three notebooks. One for general finances, to curb foolish spending, learn to keep accounts. One for general records, batting average, bowling, chess, ping-pong, lies, shoelaces, crying, baseball pictures, postcards, and for general improvement record. One having everything I have to do, etc.

Sunday, April 12, 1942. We went to the Jaspers. I don't think Aunt Lilly likes me. I hardly ever eat her cooking. I took a chop from the table and sneaked it out not to offend her. Lloyd and I played marbles. He is going to the scouts flesh and blood, although he is not twelve.

Mom and Dad had a lot of arguments lately. I tried to patch things up by giving common sense talks. I think a man is in his business or any other occupation for his living, not for his pleasure. Mom thinks she is too capable.

Monday, April 20, 1942. Kids my age ignore me, the eighth-graders ignore me. My friends are in the A.S.C., I have no other friends. There are groups within the club. I can't put myself anywhere. I am at the bottom and don't belong.

I know I am not good in most athletics, but after all, I'm playing against kids a year older than me. At best I'm thought of as a misfit, a show-off, a moron. I've been like that since I skipped the second grade. I'll be like that until I am out of school, when age barriers will vanish.

I am now concentrating on getting a strong body. I need one. I'll try to learn to wrestle, box, ju-jitsu, basketball, football, apply strength.

Got a baseball booklet by mail. . . .

Saturday, April 25, 1942. Well, before going to Jack's for my Jewish lesson, I dropped in at Caryl Field to see the team. They were to play the Gauls led by Johnny Gaul. I wished our team good luck. I could have played, as they needed men.

Wednesday, April 29, 1942. Miss Duff called an assembly for telling the kids that they will need identification cards which we will buy.

I was at my peak in dress today. It is some difference from my sloppy being.

We had marching drill for the May first Health Day Parade. Left, right, left—and we turned on the beautiful streets near the blue Hudson; the Palisades in the distance; little kids running alongside. A broiling sun; march music filling the air.

Wednesday, May 6, 1942. Miss Fleur told us a lot about Paris and the Hunchback of Notre Dame, whom I can imitate wonderfully. She wore a very low-cut dress.

We got out early on account of gasoline rationing. I took a haircut and listened to barber talk. I love it, and will love it.

I've always wondered what boys do over in girls houses. Do you get invited, or just go over. People say they do everything from listening to the radio to smoking and worse. Eleanor is telling me she used to like Gil, does not now. Mistah DIARY —should I believe her, and who does she like?

Tuesday, May 19, 1942. It was in planning. Cochino—toughest and meanest kid in the eighth grade—well—his girl-friends name was on the door. An idea formed in Steve's cruel brain. He pointed me out to Cochino and said I insulted him and his girl-friend. Also got a fight fixed for me after school.

It spread like wildfire. Then guys and girls put me in the blues. Nothing came out of it.

Miss Williams praised my singing in chorus. I sing some songs like a machine gun.

Wednesday, May 20, 1942. The boys had one of their good days today. They were fooling around all day. I fought Steve during noontime. I fight Gil and Sandy during gym period. Then the last straw. Them guys hire Cochino to fight me. Cochino! We fought after school. He comes rushing at me, time after time, knocking me down. I couldn't land a blow. Then he hit me on the lip. I got a bleeding swollen lip. It looked terrible, but didn't hurt much. It wasn't Cochino that hit me. It was Steve. Mom put ice on it. I wanted to drop the story, but had to tell her part of the long, bitter story.

There was a meeting last night in which I could have kicked out Gil. I did not. I think I never will. If he would not be against me, I would not be against him. If he would improve, I would tolerate him.

Thursday, May 21, 1942. I may be a good baseball player if I could throw, catch, hit and run better.

Doris of Lehighton said she would save postcards for me. Today she sent me about 30, mostly from her section of Pennsylvania. I have now 710 postcards. They are divided into collections, according to regions. I like this hobby much better than stamps. It is not commercial, and you have to get cards through travel, relatives, and friends. It is also cheaper and more interesting than stamps.

Mr. Kornblau came over in the evening and we played chess. I won the first, evenly matched, but I concentrated on the king and got him. The second was a tussle. One enjoyable part was when I saved my horse from a Dunkirk. He won when I had no trap door. In the third I bowled him over with a scientific blitzkrieg giving nor taking no quarter.

Friday, May 22, 1942. We discussed my Bar Mitzvah. All my friends except Gordon are Orthodox, and had their's in the synagogue. In an Orthodox synagogue I have to promise to pray everyday after my confirmation. This, I feel, I cannot undertake.

We decided to have my Bar Mitzvah at the "Reformed Jewish Church." It is a congregation of Jews who do not have time to be Jews, rich Jews. They are skimpy on the Hebrew. It is a Bar Mitzvah "factory." They make it very easy to be a Jew. Three months before the B.M. a kid comes to the Rabbi, selects a speech, learns Haftorah by heart, says speech and becomes a Jew.

I went to the Rabbi; at least I could read Hebrew.

Friday, June 5, 1942. Since I had a sore throat yesterday and two tests today, I stayed out of school.

Gil called up and asked me how I feel. I think my friendship troubles are about over. Gil and I are reaching a better understanding. Steve and Gil are really kidding me. Merciless kidding, but I am learning to take it. No one will throw stones at a brick wall, but they'll pay for baseballs to throw at a head in a hole.

I listened to *Can You Top This?* They had a nice joke about a Bar Mitzvah. It's a program that fills a hole in radio.

We are making plans that I should give up clarinet lessons and athletics this month because of my Bar Mitzvah. My birthday falls on the twenty-ninth, but we want it for Saturday, July the Fourth, so that my out-of-town relatives could come.

Tuesday, June 9, 1942. Everyone is passing around autograph books this week. I don't know my "roses are red," so I put in corny originals. Bernice has a picture of me in hers. It is in a heart and "I love you" written under it. O God!

We did not have school in the afternoon. I went down Caryl Field and hung around with Trask, Cornick, Gallagher, and

McGillion. Those guys are all right. They smoke a lot and their cursing is used oftener, but it is cleaner than our boys. We went tree-hopping in the rain, hanging around and talking.

Ben was on a flying visit from Langley Field, Va., and told us about army life before taking Janeta out.

Wednesday, June 17, 1942. I worked at my prophecies and class history until late last night. Today I gave my prophecies. They died laughing. Poor ad libbing at the end spoiled part of it. Then my class history. I based it on parts from my diary which Miss Stuart particularly liked. Great stuff. I put more work on this than on homework all year.

Lloyd came over; I am drifting from him. He's still a greater comedian than I, still can't stick to one thing, still refuses responsibility.

There is a former Bronx boy who moved across the street, sixth grader, quite like Lloyd. I whirls and sez, "You born in June?" "Yes." "The sixth?" "Yes." Amazing.

Friday, June 19, 1942. Bob got a bike, not beautiful, but good and sturdy. For two years I have been fighting for a bike. I can't ride—that's a technicality. Mom thinks it isn't safe. If I get killed, Mom will commit suicide, Dad will be lonely.

I walked past Yonkers used and new bicycle dealer, and he had a good used one with fairly good tires. They are rare these days. I made a big offensive. Dad said he would go. We couldn't buy without Ma. I talked for two hours, begged, argued, debated. Dad invited us to go for a "ride." The bike man convinced Ma. It is my first great victory.

We bought the bike. Two years of agitation is over, and I don't feel excited. I can't even ride it. But I like it. I love it. I have a bicycle.

Mom doesn't want me to ride the bike till I am admitted to the Bar.

Thursday, July 2, 1942. I went to the Rabbi today for the first time in a week, and I am pretty well prepared.

Grandma came in the morning and helped Mom. She is looking well, being over 67. She is typically old-fashioned, and is very proud of my Bar Mitzvah. She likes me as her favorite grandchild.

I hope to have at least half of the club come to the Bar Mitzvah. I got two girl sections invited. Two more days.

I have found out you can enjoy life, if you take joy in observation. Study life. It brings joy, sadness, all the things to you.

Saturday, July 4, 1942. Today I am a man. Bar Mitzvah. It was a great day. At first I was nervous when it began to get late. They say I looked serious on the pulpit, but I enjoyed it. I was only 70% as good as practice, but the crowd liked it, and it was good. Just all of Dad's and almost all of Ma's family were there.

Downstairs we had the reception. Everyone had enough to eat, and I went around taking care of people's wants. I got a lot of gifts, mostly little envelopes containing $207.00 in cash and War Bonds and stamps. A great day. I'll remember it.

It was not like other Fourths, no fire-crackers. . . .

Sunday, July 5, 1942. I couldn't sleep, so I went into the big bed and we talked about the Bar Mitzvah for two hours. It was the first time I did it in the morning since my childhood days on Randolph Street.

After supper I went for a walk. I talked with the boys and learned a little about people.

Well, I got the congrats from the whole gang on my Bar. I have found out that when Steve read this diary last year, he spilled and this must have given some people a wrong impression about me.

Monday, July 13, 1942. Phyllis has invited me to a party of hers this Saturday. She suggests I take Bernice. I said yes. I don't agree and don't care. It will breed rumors, but rumors lead from the protected truth.

Mom is raising a lot of opposition about my nickname "Biff" recently. I like it better than Seymour.[1] It has made me famous. Ma thinks it is cheap. Most American born think it's O.K. The foreign born side with Ma, and the battle for Biff goes on.

Friday, July 17, 1942. There is a French orphan refugee living with some people we know. Mom thought he should belong to the Jewish Community Center, so I spoke to the Director, and the boy will get a scholarship.

This is the third straight day I have been hot in ping-pong. I was terrific, beating Ken Stone once 21-3. Then I went swimming. In the afternoon I wanted to go again, but Mom wouldn't let me. There was a long argument with Ma, which was quite humorous.

Daddy has decided to go on a vacation to Camp Boiberik and wants me to come with him. I will go for a week, and he may stay longer.

I discovered a treasure. Old Yonkers postcards at Pinsky's.

Monday, July 20, 1942. I think I will tell you about Mekel Yeedik. He is a turtle we bought Saturday and we call him after the town lunatic of Ma's home town. He was the fastest turtle I ever saw and was always escaping. . . . He spent 19 hours with us and thus has a paragraph in my life story.

Rhinebeck, N. Y., Wednesday, July 22, 1942. We made the boat nicely, and for once did not have to rush much. I enjoyed the trip. I love the great Hudson and the old Dutch country alongside it.

We were met by the Camp taxi and after some twenty miles

[1] He finally adopted his second name, David.

from Poughkeepsie we arrived at Boiberik. I was examined by the doctor for day camping. Height 5′3″. Weight 98. I should weigh more. I then met the bunk. There are twelve and the average is three months above my age. There is fat, good-natured "Skinny," fat, sloppy Brooklyn Sam, weak, good Aaron, aggressive leader, joker Benji, fine, friendly average Alan, average in everything Ritchie, smart, highly impressive, vain Max, likeable, serious Rosen, funny, dirty, happy-go-lucky Pete, he who-wants-to-be-like-Gil is I don't know his name, handsome Garloff type Frank. . . . That's my bunk and it is pretty good. . . .

Monday, July 27, 1942. When we came out, Dad was to stay for two weeks. Ma wanted me to do the same, but I was stubborn. Now I think that I will.

In the morning I played some ping-pong. I like to play with players a little better than I am, whom I have a chance of beating. After lunch I stayed in our bunk, reading the *Times* and *P.M.* Dad and I worked from the *Thousand Questions of Jewish History*. I can answer most of them.

Wednesday, July 29, 1942. My birthday. A year ago I started these books. What a year for me!

I started as Seymour Cohen. I am now "Biff" Kogan. From an unknown I became known to every Jewish kid in my grade. The baby and mascot of A.S.C. It was a momentous year, but not very profitable. My schoolwork was the same as last year. I started with girls. I, at thirteen, am in a world of fourteen. I have allowed my wit to develop. I've got and lost more friends than ever, and will have to gain them back again. Well—good luck!

Thursday, July 30, 1942. Today Dad, I, and seven others went on a trip to Hyde Park. First we visited St. James church where the Roosevelt family worships. Then we went to the Roosevelt Library, built to house the collections, letters, and

papers which our president has collected. I wanted to see rather a few rooms perfectly, than scoot through the place, and therefore did just that. He has thousands of gifts given by the mighty and the humble. There is a Torah rescued from a burning synagogue in Naziland. I was really impressed by the impressive Roosevelt land.

Friday, July 31, 1942. This is one part of my life which I have never until now touched—my thinking at night with my eyes closed. Thinking I am president of Palestine . . . great baseball player, manager, chess champ, greatest American in history, founder of modern housing projects. It has been going on night after night for a few years.

For the fifth straight day it was rainy. In the afternoon I started to *really* teach Dad to play chess. We played a "loose game" for two and a half hours, and he became fascinated by the game's possibilities. I kept on explaining, showing and comparing it with war.

Here in Boiberik I am reading some. . . . *Jean-Christophe* by Romain Rolland; twisting plot makes an excellent story. *The Magnificent Ambersons* by Booth Tarkington; great novel of people from the old small town. *Mother India,* a convincing book about India's problem. More will follow.

Saturday, August 1, 1942. Mother came here today by boat. I am glad to see her, and am getting my dose of her character, her whole life, and my constant source of enjoyment and humor.

In the afternoon we saw the mid-season celebration of Camp Boiberik. It was a play, a pageant on the Nazis and the Yellow Badge. The people of a little East European town are to be invaded. An old Jew comes to the city and shows the people the Nazis latest law, the wearing of the yellow badge. The badges were handed out to the audience, and we all wear them with pride.

Sunday, August 2, 1942. In the evening there was a concert by the entire entertainment staff.

I love those Jewish actors—the versatile actors, who can play every character from Abraham till today. Yes, I love these actors, and with sadness realize they cannot emerge from the old world, and thus all of them are doomed to extinction.

I still have my yellow badge.

Thursday, August 4, 1942. One of the reasons I enjoy myself here is that for the first time in more than five years I am with kids my own age. I am as good an athlete as the rest of them, if not better than most. I am respected. The sister group is as old as me. In short—I am more normal than ever. I hope I can come here every year till sixteen, so I can have a five-week rest from bullies, conspiracy, disappointments, uneven fights and the like.

Yonkers, Thursday, August 6, 1942. I am glad and sorry to be back. I went to the Center in the morning, anxious to "meet the boys." It isn't that I am glad to meet them. I just want to get back to the old sorrowful way of life.

My rise in ping-pong is great. Yesterday a good defensive —today I have that, plus speed, slice, and slam. It just came.

Saturday, August 8, 1942. A very good book I got for my birthday from my parents is a large one-volume Jewish Encyclopedia. It is so interesting, this book. It shows that so many of the worlds great men have been Jews: Chief Justices of Australia and New Zealand, governors of Chinese provinces, archbishops, premiers, presidents, scientists, generals, admirals, renegades, millionaires. Very interesting.

Monday, August 10, 1942. We have given up the Victory garden. The rain, worms, bugs, winds, sun, and soil have wrecked just about all stuff, except a pepperplant and a shriveled tomato plant.

An important part of this diary should be devoted to the war and how it affects me. At present everyone is confident of victory. We have more of everything—on paper, and *are* losing. I, like others, believe in a second front, but do not want so much publicity on it.

Nick came over. We played cards. He would bring up Eleanor's name, and me would blush. He is Mr. Intrigue himself.

Saturday, August 15, 1942. At the Barbeque at Bernice's I acted like "Biff" Kogan, mascot and court jester of the A.S.C. Why must I do that? When I keep thinking "I will not make a fool of myself," I do not, but I do that thinking at night, and all my grand plans of behavior, athletics, society, and school evaporate in the morning, not to be a reality that day.

Arty's argument includes the point I do not look like a ninth grader. I think he is right. Am I really too young for a ninth grader? Am I licked?

Bernice has a slam book—pages for everyone, and you write what you think of that person. Bernice was peeved when I refused to write in her pages. My page has a lot of "cute" and "adorable" and an "l'enfant." I didn't get one really bad, but the "l'enfant" gets me mad.

I am wondering and thinking that there must be a lot of gossip on the change of our family name. I wish we would not have done it.

Wednesday, August 26, 1942. My teeth hurt, so I stayed home. My mind was on nothing but my teeth, so they hurt more. I was at my worst, and thus gave everyone a rotten time, but Ma deserved it. She put the braces on me. For four long years they will be on.

Tuesday, September 1, 1942. I received the devastating news that the Gordon twins came home from camp yesterday.

After lunch Bob, Nick, and I decided to go on a nice long

bicycle ride. Part time I whizzed downhill, trudged uphill, rode merrily along, or was way behind. We rode down Broadway towards Getty Square, stopped at Phillipse Manor and looked through the place, which isn't much. Continuing with Warburton Ave., we arrived at Yonkers Trevor Park Museum. It is quite interesting with local history, a collection of firearms and such. Then we went down the Hudson and scampered over the rocks. We bought sodas at Phil's and enjoyed the spectacle of Gil and Steve working there.

Friday, September 4, 1942. Nick, Artie, and I enlisted or registered for a paper route. I hope that I will get one soon. For the first time in my life I really want to earn money. I have enough for my needs, but have that feeling. I am of the opinion that the more work, the merrier. Maybe it is because I am practically loafing. With a paper route I can combine outdoor air with work.

Monday, September 7, 1942. Today is Labor Day, and Dad, Mom, the Sterlins, and I went out for the day. After eating at the Automat, we got in line for *The Talk of the Town* at the Radio City Music Hall.

It was really a swell picture, and did the country some good. The conflict between the letter of the law and the spirit of the law, resulting in a combination of both. It also made a stab at lynching.

Wednesday, September 9, 1942. Today is the first day of school, and I met Bob and Eleanor. I am telling myself and everyone else how much I will work this year. This will be my best year at Hawthorne.

I have written a new song called *Eleanor.*

Eleanor, you're the nicest girl 'round my way,
Eleanor, you're the one that's in my heart.
When I'm with you, I have a happy day,

And I hope we'll never be far apart.
Eleanor, I see you walking from Bruce to Broadway,
Eleanor, I hear you talking with Henry, Julius, and Jay,
But what do I care,
As long as I fare,
Give me a smile,
And make my thoughts worthwhile.

Thursday, September 17, 1942. Today I gave a report on Bret Harte for Mrs. Thompson. The class loved the way I told it, and Bob said, "Will Rogers must have sounded like that."

I don't know what the teachers or my classmates think, but I think that I am becoming a show-off. I have the gift of gab and enlarge it. I have a little limelight and enlarge it. I will try to cut that out from now on.

Sunday, September 20, 1942. Janeta's brother came last night from Harvard and will stay with us a week.

The eve of Yom Kippur was tonight. For the first time in my life I will fast. After an early supper we all went to Temple Emanuel except Sam, who didn't want to pay to pray.

Tuesday, September 22, 1942. In gym Steve, Joe, and me were put in the toughest gym squad. Every tough went around punching and said "vote for me for squad leader or else." Every tough voted for himself, and us timids voted for ourselves to play safe. One was appointed, but he won't stay long.

There are too many tough guys in our school, and I have adopted a policy of "not to yield—even if it hurts." Then they'll move on to someone else. One of 'em is hanging around Nick a lot, much to Nick's disgust, and forces him to go with him by borrowing a book or two or using force. Today during noontime he was on our necks. He borrowed my book and after I demanded it to no avail, I said "keep the book." This surprised him, so he put the book down and went on.

Friday, September 25, 1942. In English Mrs. Thompson discussed the way Stevenson wrote about the fight between good and evil. This fight interests me, and two mottoes which I always bear in mind are "There are two sides to every question" and "What you miss doesn't hurt you."

After school I wanted to play football, but Ma wanted me to get the music I need at Steadman's. As a compromise she consented to let me ride my bike to the music store. This was because I had a sore throat. I disobeyed and rode towards the field. I started wondering which was good or evil and started back. But still there was temptation. Finally, after 15 minutes I came home and took a trolley to Steadman's. In the evening my sore throat developed, and I have a fever.

Thursday, October 1, 1942. Today I was at my best, since I got sick, of course. At last the grip is gone, but I still cough a lot.

Read a little, listen to the radio a little. It's the life, but I wish I were out of bed. With my lists of programs you would brand me as a radiomaniac. The truth is I only listen to the radio when I have nothing else to do. My tastes run to comedy and music if soft.

Wednesday, October 7, 1942. I went to school on Monday, and found I was really behind in my work. In science I will have to do most make-up work.

A school day: Fleur—"we will now have a little blitz." Thompson—homespun philosophy. Randall—"how anyone can be so stupid." Baldwin—he taught us planning in one week two years ago and has taken it easy ever since. Holden—a lecturer and question-asker. Feldbauer—slaving to transpose an oboe part.

We have to write short stories for our present English unit and the thought of a "plot" is killing me. I had an idea of writing "The Epic of the Corner Candystore—or Idiot's

Delight," but have given that up in favor of how the Sterlins got out of France.

We are learning the story of reproduction to the classes amazement, but we don't dare ask questions, because we might bring up the wrong subjects, and the teacher might think we know too much.

Thursday, October 8, 1942. The Hawthorne Band is to parade the draftees from City Hall to the Railroad Station. After waiting as usual, the draftees filed in. They looked happy and eager, as one looks when he is going on a trip to a place he's never been before. Except for the band playing, there was no cheering, but the people regard the men as prisoners.

Saturday, October 24, 1942. We have to read a novel. . . . I started *David Copperfield* this morning. It is good and bad. The fact that five hundred of the eight hundred pages are not needed made me put it down after a one hundred twenty five page try at it.

The landlord is painting our kitchen in his spare time. Although no one else does, I like the whole family living in my room. It is fun, and reminds me of *You Can't Take It with You.*

Tuesday, November 3, 1942. I am slipping a little in French. You see, I am quick to grasp, but people who study come out ahead in the long run.

I have been living a bad life. Work piles up and piles up. Yet I go to bed very late. I eat more and sleep less, so I still do not gain weight.

We took tests for our physical fitness index. I am disappointed, as I just am not strong. I can't push 'n pull up. Worst of all is my hand grip. I am going *really* to start a building up program.

Saturday, November 7, 1942. Mike came over in the late morning, and I was with him almost all day. I can't make him out. Gordon doesn't like him, Mom doesn't like him—why can't he make friends? He is a nice guy with a real dirty mind.

I made a study of Bob Gordon. He is confident, but modest. Smart, but not brilliant. He is an excellent artist and musician. He is not strong, but is a good athlete. He would support Willkie, but not Ickes or La Follette.

Wednesday, November 11, 1942. Today is the "eleventh day of the eleventh month," so our band marches.

Just as Memorial Day was the hottest I ever marched in, today was the coldest and windiest. Picture yourself walking down windy South Broadway after two miles of marching—bitter cold, with open cape—holding down your music with frozen fingers—playing with frozen fingers—holding down your cape with frozen fingers, all at the same time. Terrible? No, fun and glorious.

Thursday, November 12, 1942. After school I went to my orthodontist and told him "I have pain sometimes, after I play my clarinet." "What's a clarinet? Oh, a wind instrument, you must stop it at once." Then he called up Ma and repeated the same.

I got mad. I have decided to remain in Band and Orchestra, discontinue private lessons, and practice home an average of an hour a week.

Monday, November 16, 1942. My picture is in the paper and also my name, because—a messenger came around asking the boys to join the Red Cross Mobile Corps. I was the only one in my class to sign. The minute I got to the Y.M.C.A., I was pushed into a picture. After our picture was taken, they said they wanted older boys, but I think I will get in.

Thursday, November 17, 1942. Well, I got my report card, and I have an E in scholarship on all my majors. It is considered great. Of 105 major ninth graders, seven did it.

Today is parents visiting school day. Mother came in the afternoon, and Mrs. Thompson told Mom that she would have read my short story about the Sterlins, if she had known it was original. She thought it was too fantastic. By the way, I got an E on it.

Saturday, November 21, 1942. I went to the second Red Cross Bicycle Corps meeting last evening, and took an assignment for today. After I arrived at Mrs. Morrison's she told me to deliver the "What can I do" booklets. I just finished the first street when it started raining, but I went on, covering "the whole section." It was raining hard by that time, but onward I went. I now have three hours towards the fifteen I need to get my "uniform."

Saturday, December 5, 1942. I had an interesting experience today. Ben Black, *qui est* Janeta's boyfriend (overseas) sent her copies of the *London Times* and the *London Chronicle*. Their papers are a wonderful thing to see. Although the biggest has only four pages, they tell better news than ours.

Monday, December 7, 1942. Well, one year today the United States entered the war. Today has been proclaimed Pearl Harbor Day.

Everyone is overjoyed about the way the military path of the war is coming. For the last three weeks there hasn't been a bad story about the military part. First Stalingrad, then the sensational occupation of French Africa, the knocking out of Rommel, the gains on Guadalcanal, the holding of the Henderson Field, the great naval battle. . . .

On the home front Congress, Big Business, and others haven't realized we have to win this WAR and PEACE at all SACRIFICES.

BOOK 3

1943

For the first time in my rather short life I am thrilled at the beginning of this New Year. I am silently passing resolution after resolution. I want to avoid every mistake I possibly can, to strive to do the best always and to be liked by other people. I am pretty satisfied with the first day.

Daddy raised my allowance today without my asking him from 60 cents to $1.00.

Saturday, January 2, 1943. I went along for a ride with Daddy. We traveled through the residential Park Hill, swooped over the crescent into the poor section around South Palisade, then along the Smith Carpet Shops, winging into the country on the northern slopes of the Nodine Hill. We came down on the beautiful North Broadway, catching glimpses of the majestic Hudson. Most of this part of rich and poor Yonkers is unknown to me.

In the afternoon Arty called and asked me to collaborate with him on his paper route. We did it in twenty minutes.

Saturday, July 10, 1943. Dear Diary: I am very sorry I have not written because this Golden Book was lost. I kept making inquiries, and when Nick ("N.G.") Garloff smiled, I guessed at the truth, but no proof. Then I started giving him the cold shoulder. It worked. Onward with the diary.

A lot has happened to me since last writing. I've had a paper route for the last nine weeks, and make circa $5.50. It takes about eight hours weekly.

Sunday, July 11, 1943. This evening our family went to see a great motion picture, *The Human Comedy*. It is great because it is simple. It preaches good fellowship and the Golden Rule. It is the picture of America at war, and tells the message of courage: DON'T GIVE UP ON THE WORLD. We also saw a newsreel of the landing in Sicily, and for the first time in my life I saw vaudeville. It must have been good in its Golden Age, but the '43 version did not impress me.

Tuesday, July 13, 1943. Tonight I enjoyed my first card game. I came to the conclusion that gambling isn't so wonderful, and I should never take along more than a quarter, because a gambling evening isn't worth more.

I read a condensed version of *The Human Comedy*.

Rhinebeck, N. Y., Friday, July 23, 1943. This morning we took the New York Central train from Yonkers to Poughkeepsie and from there by taxi to Camp Boiberik. Just to breathe the air was something. I really like it here.

In the evening everyone got dressed in white to celebrate the coming of the Sabbath. We had a lecture in the auditorium. It was about the fall of the Second Temple. It thrilled me to hear the way Jerusalem, a city of one and a half million Jews, free and independent, stood off and fought the Roman Empire for a hundred years.

Saturday, July 31, 1943. It is interesting to see four and six year olds eat. I think the reason they cause aggravation and waste food is the way they are handled. One day a girl of four came in, waiting for her mommy. I said she was a big girl and should eat by herself. I would cut her food, place it on

her fork, and hand it to her. She ate it. At times I gently reasoned with the poor eater. Never forced or coaxed. P.S. She ate everything.

Today the midseason festival was staged at the Camp. It was called the *Song of Hope*. I mildly enjoyed it. But the costumes, the color, and the happiness of the participants made it a great event.

Wednesday, August 4, 1943. I have met some of the greatest Yiddish writers and actors here, including Shmuel Niger, the literary critic, Joshua Singer, the novelist who wrote *The Brothers Ashkenazi,* and Mark Schweid, a great actor on the Yiddish stage. There are also lesser luminaries here. . . .

Have been reading a lot of the Yiddish press and literature. It opens a new world of interest to me. I can understand and read Yiddish almost as well as English. I read articles on Zionism, on famous Americans, on famous Jews, articles of massacres by the Nazis told by Jewish refugees. Articles about Jews throughout the world and their problems, jokes, and countless others. Yes, it is a new world of interest.

Yonkers, Thursday, August 5, 1943. Today was our last day in Boiberik. Our farewell was impressive. It seemed as if all the adults here knew Dad and were saying goodbye.

We had a very pleasant boat trip. It was grand steaming past Newburgh, West Point, Bear Mountain, Peekskill, Indian Point, Sing Sing Prison, the Palisades, and finally Yonkers.

After devouring the *Herald Statesman,* putting away some things and talking, we all hit the hay at the same time.

Thursday, August 12, 1943. This morning Grandma went down with Mother and Aunt Lilly to be sworn in as an American citizen. She resented being fingerprinted as an alien, and studied diligently for the forthcoming exam. She did quite

well, until questioned whether she belonged to a subversive society.

Grandma, not understanding, nodded her head. The clerk inquired if she were a Communist, and Grandma exclaimed indignantly: "God forbid! I belong to the Kolomear Society, to the Society of my home town."

She is very proud and happy.

Friday, August 20, 1943. Defense work has recruited labor, and domestic help is scarce. One of my subscribers asked me whether my mother or sister could come out to clean her windows. She knows Mom from the Center Auxiliary, but cannot place me other than "the paper boy."

"Tell Mrs. Lindenbaum I have sixteen windows of my own to clean, but I'll think it over," Mom replied with a chuckle, appreciating my sense of humor.

Being a paper boy is amusing and at times somewhat saddening. I feel sorry for those who cannot manage to pay for their paper week after week.

Sunday, December 19, 1943. The Sterlins came over. He is a *bon vivant, "luft Mensch,"* engineer, restaurateur, toy maker, friend of the outstanding literary men during the Golden Twenties and Thirties of Paris. Escaped from the GPU and Gestapo, stole across the Pyrenees, the eternal refugee who is now studying drafting. The man of a thousand stories. I listened to his tales and a discussion on communism in Russia.

Wednesday, December 22, 1943. I am engaged in an interesting business venture. Somebody jokingly remarked that Christmas tips might be increased if the distributor sends Christmas cards to all his customers. "Why not?" thought I.

Right after delivering papers I collected and came home with $32.10 in tips, with more to come. I had a sheepish feeling to think that I, a Jew, was making money on the goodwill

of the Christians on their greatest holiday. This doubt was somewhat quelled when I thought that I should be rewarded for good service once a year, and now is a good time for it.

Friday, December 24, 1943. "Tis the night before Christmas and all thru the house" are listening to President Roosevelt deliver his report on the Teheran and Cairo Conferences.

Daddy and I went to Temple Emanuel to take part in the services. We said prayers for soldiers of the Yonkers community and all mankind. I am noticing a trend to religion, with the Orthodox holding fast and Reform increasing. . . .

Our family gives Chanu-Christmas presents. It seems to me that giving is too commercialized. Presents are not given when they are needed, nor when the heart prompts, but on fixed days. I received a gold pocket watch, a shirt, gloves, and ten dollars. I gave fifteen bucks woit of presents which include a piano book and *The American Woman's Cookbook,* Wartime Edition, to an appreciative Mother, a record album and catalog to Janeta, and the book I wanted most, *Cartoon Cavalcade,* to Dad.

Sunday, December 26, 1943. Although it is a quiet day on the surface, two things happened to me which will have a profound influence upon my teenage life.

I am earnestly attempting to master the Hebrew language. Dad has engaged a teacher who will give me an hour lesson once a week, and I will do four hours of home study. I have decided to pay for the lessons myself.

Another achievement is the decision to create a periodical scrap book of information and ideas of lasting usefulness to me.

Monday, December 27, 1943. This morning I went downtown to the Eastside-Bowery section of New York to buy a Hebrew book. I was very much impressed by the poor condi-

tions there. What the hundreds of bums need is a shave, a haircut, a suit of good clothes, good housing, and a JOB.

While traveling home on the subway, a poor old Jew saw my Hebrew book, and gave me one of the warmest smiles I have ever seen or felt.

BOOK 4

1944

Strength, Emotional Maturity, Time Schedule, Vocation—these four aims are my ambition for 1944.

Thursday, April 20, 1944. The last few months contained stirring events, and I can kick myself for not writing. Have been a paper boy for over a year and last Saturday I quit. With the money accumulated from my paper route I purchased the *Encyclopaedia Britannica.*

I realize how tall the members are in the A.S.C. Of twenty-one members four are six feet. Seven are five foot nine.

Saturday, April 22, 1944. Eight-thirty found me on my way to a party in the home of a Lincoln Park girl.

Was acting as usual—dancing awkwardly; then eating; then talking to the stag line, and so forth. Suddenly Sandra takes an interest in me and feeds me the "only dearest one" line. To my surprise she continues. I find myself in a corner with her, my arm around her—we're holding hands, laughing, talking, joking. I was having a wonderful time. It was the first real enjoyment I had with the opposite sex, besides talking to B.D. and looking at Eleanor. But then—just as suddenly she loses all interest in me. I did not see her the rest of the evening. I was in a daze, and the last period went slowly.

By the time I got Hank out and we got home, it was one-thirty.

Wednesday, May 10, 1944. I guess I am one of the boys now. I've learned the facts of life, smoke, gamble, curse. Don't misunderstand me—I am able to do these things, but don't practice them.

I'm a fellow with so many faults. I know my faults too, and that's what gives me the conscience. The thing to do is to strike out and cut the forest around me. Unfortunately I pretend I'm lost and complacently sit on the ax—it'll cut a hole in my undersides yet.

After I did some homework, Gil came to my house. We went hunting for some really sexy book. Later we went over to Gil's house, where we listened to his swing records.

Thursday, May 11, 1944. I started on my plan number one. I am going to be instrumental in publishing a Voters Handbook which will bring about a better America, by electing candidates who are more inclined for the good of the American people. I have worked out plans for the handbook, and am now preparing a letter to Freedom House.

Mother fixed up our short-wave, and I enjoy hearing England and the French and Spanish programs which I can understand a bit. Mom is active in the League of Women Voters these days, hobnobbing with typical club women.

I am writing for the *Broadcaster,* our school paper. I am their chief reporter and had a good front-page story.

Saturday, May 13, 1944. Tonight was the night of the A.S.C. anniversary dance. Strangely I had a pretty nice time. Hank took a liking to Bernice, and so, after I had him understand that his cutting in was welcome, I had a chance to look around and dance once in a while. The band was excellent, and the sandwich counter, whose monetary situation was so

successfully handled by Steve to the latter's advantage, had some good fare. Ken dropped in about eleven o'clock with a delicious piece of feminine pulchritude whom we nicknamed "Legs." What a face! And can she dance! There were a lot of other dames who couldn't exactly be called rotten tomatoes.

Thursday, May 18, 1944. The A.S.C. is a bunch of unreasonable fellers, who thru lack of leadership have taken another step in the wrong direction by moving out of the Center and acquiring a brokendown shack from the Air-Raid wardens.

At the end of the meetings each week we analyze the faults and virtues of one member chosen in alphabetical order. For "Good and Welfare" today's guinea pig was Steve. The consensus of opinion was that he is hotheaded, has a good sense of humor which he sometimes carries too far by imitating unfortunates, and trying to hurt through humor.

We had commando drill today and I went over the eight-foot wall for the first time. Maybe I am getting stronger!

Wednesday, May 24, 1944. Sandra is very warm to me these days. I can't resist her charm, so I took her up by inviting her to the club party. Today she said that Arty had invited her before I did, and that her mother had forgotten to give her the message. In the words of Steve watching a fire, "Ain't that a burner?" I wonder if Sandra had her finger in the pie?

Friday, May 26, 1944. As I was going out, I met Hank who was at Reilly's. He and I were planning to work on a farm together this summer. . . . We went over my house and did history and talked about the farm to Mother. He made a very favorable impression upon her. . . . He is a swell feller. Tall, handsome, modest, car driver, good athlete, calm, friendly, etc. I am glad to have him as a friend.

Saturday, May 27, 1944. Tonight is the official "House Party and All Night Stag" of which Mrs. Meltin does not know. She is in Atlantic City, and the goings on are taking place in her house. I would have gone, except for you-know-who, and was not in the mood to invite anyone else.

The family spent the evening playing bridge, and when I got to bed at 11:15 I said "Why not?" I waited till all was quiet, closed the door, got dressed in finery, wrote a note, and with heart in throat sneaked out the back way. There were two crowds: the respectable—dancing and talking in the living room, and the loose ones in Gil's pitch-black room necking. The party broke up at 12:15 and the few stags talked, smoked, and surveyed the damage, waiting for the fellers to return. Mike and I had an enjoyable time, playing cards until we went home. I sneaked in, put things away, went to bed, and nobody in the family knew I was gone.

Sunday, May 28, 1944. This morning Mother, Dad, and I went to Temple Emanuel Shevuoth services, followed by class confirmation. The confirmants each gave talks on different Jewish topics.

MY RELIGIOUS PHILOSOPHY: I believe that religion is the greatest potential force for the good on the face of the Earth. If everyone on this Earth would have religion (and by that I do not mean obeying the ritual, but the ethical and moral teachings of religion), this could be a wonderful world. People should not only read the Ten Commandments, the Golden Rule and others; they should practice these teachings.

I feel that religion contributes another force to mankind, besides potential good and righteousness. This other force is comfort. Where does the sane person turn after a severe loss? —to a church or a synagogue. Here he is taught that happiness *and* grief are the will and the power of the Lord. That good deeds done in behalf of the dead, keep their memory alive.

I would remark that a good person feels better than a bad one. I would remark that a good person is happier than a bad one. It is my philosophy that the way to be happy and to be good, is to take religion seriously. The holy days and different rituals and different forms of worship keep us apart. What keeps us together are the same high and moral teaching. Let us emphasize the latter.

Monday, May 29, 1944. None of the fellers like this day breaking up a long nice week-end, but most of us went. School was as usual, slow by the minutes, fast by the day, making you worry, semi-interested, yet every few weeks you realize how important it is. I am beginning to wake up to the fact that in twenty days I have two Regent examinations, and that I better start cramming. Arty was telling me of their importance, and said those are the things that get you into good colleges.

Thursday, June 1, 1944. I have noticed that a breach has come between my parents and me. I don't tell them much and they resent it. I am sarcastic which shouldn't be; they use the same method and I can't take it. I know they are right, but I resent it, and they resent my resenting it.

Somehow I feel like a combo of the "Blues" and "Peck's Bad Boy." I feel I don't have a friend I can count on, who would help me in a pinch, who would wait for me. I also feel bad because Dad does not give me the freedom the fellers I go around with have. And to keep up with them I have to aggravate him, which burns. Then, too, although everybody likes to be liked, the girls do not like me enough to invite me anywhere.

Thursday, June 6, 1944. When I got out of bed this morning and groped my way towards the bathroom, Dad told me FRANCE WAS INVADED. I could not believe it. We turned on the radio, and all the stations had the same news.

Janeta was leaving for Panama to visit her parents, and we drove her to La Guardia Airport. After baggage weighing, etc., and taking pictures, I walked to the hangar and said goodbye to my Janeta.

During the whole trip we listened to the radio; most of the news were German rumors. Everyone in New York is inwardly excited, but grim.

Wednesday, June 7, 1944. Invasion is the topic of the day, and the fog begins to clear. President Roosevelt, America's greatest president and my personal hero (I still think he could do a lot of good that he does not do), addressed the nation last night. The D-Day prayer which he wrote and delivered in his clear voice was simple and impressive.

We did not conquer France, as the Germans said, but had merely—after hard fighting, conquered a piece of Normandy. By nightfall today, although it will be still headline news for weeks to come, INVASION will be another dot in the great chain of events which have shaken the world the last few years.

Saturday, June 10, 1944. This evening the fellers in the A.S.C. went to Phyllis' party. I stayed home, studied, and did a lot of Hebrew. Maybe I am better off. Tomorrow the party will be just an average memory. My Hebrew work will be an increase in my knowledge that will last forever. That is the trouble. A part of me is upon each side, and I feel cheated no matter what I do.

Monday, June 19, 1944. Today was my first Regents day with a lot of work not yet covered. It was a dreary cold day; I wheedled good ole Fisher to come over and "study" with me. Surprisingly—we did a little, but very important work. There was excitement at school—especially before we saw our papers. Then I calmed down. The oral comprehension,

dictation, translation, etc., were snaps. In fact, I was the first one finished. If I would have studied, I might have gotten a few points higher, but luck was with me every single minute. Maybe I'm wrong, but confidence is important.

Sunday, June 25, 1944. I had my Hebrew lesson this morning, and the results are encouraging. We did a lot of conversation. I realize that this long-range plan bears fruit. Dad told Mr. Buchwald his objections to my just working on a farm and wanted to know if there were farming camps where I could learn something. Mr. Buchwald said yes, and recommended a camp called "Avodah" [1] in a *Hechalutz* [2] farm in New Jersey.

We went to Aunt Lil's for dinner. . . . In the course of the journey I asked Dad some perplexing questions on the relationship between the American Jew and Zionism, and between Zionism and the Arabs. His answers were direct, clear, and complete.

Cream Ridge, N. J., Wednesday, July 5, 1944. I got up at six-thirty and rushed to Penn Station. The different campers stood around, hoping that the person next to them is, or is not a camper. The day was a crowded one.

We boarded a train to Trenton and settled back to make acquaintances. A lot of the girls are attractive; a lot of the boys are good eggs. Instead of the girls being younger than the boys, I noticed that most of them are older. Arriving at Cream Ridge, we worked a little getting our section of the tool-shed into shape. After putting my belongings into the fly-box doubling as our home, we were told at meetings about various phases of camp life. We work from 8:30 until 11:30 and from 1:30 until 4:30. The people who impressed me were Frank, Varda, Denny, and Eli.

[1] Labor.
[2] Pioneer.

Friday, July 7, 1944. During the morning I worked on the shed roof cutting tar paper, and cleaning the ground under the shed.

In the evening we had an *Oneg Shabbat.*[3] The whole one side of the dining room was covered by a Hebrew sign with "Remember the Sabbath and keep it holy." Varda blessed the candles, and then Dave sang *Kiddush* beautifully. The tables were covered with linen cloths, vases filled with flowers. Mrs. Eisenstein led us in Hebrew singing from a song-book which she edited.

This atmosphere compared with that of Boiberik is like day and night. There we sang folk-songs of yesterday—here songs of the new tomorrow in Palestine.

Saturday, July 15, 1944. Today was the second Sabbath that I was a member of Camp Avodah, and I started off by lying in bed 'til after breakfast. I realize I must try to get more rest in order to function more efficiently. We had a discussion given by Dave, who went to Agricultural College, on the organization of the farm. 'Tis all on a communal basis, no salaries.

I began reading a pamphlet written in simple Hebrew. I think that the only way to learn a language is to speak it and read it constantly, after learning quickly its grammatical principles. I am also reading books on Jewish subjects. Have read Lowdermilk—am beginning Herzl, Nordau, and Borochow.

Sunday, July 23, 1944. The parents of most of the campers came to visit today. I started the morning weeding asparagus, but as the time for Mom and Pop to come drew nearer, I looked up at every car.

I was very happy to see them, and took great pride in showing them around the farm. They were both impressed. We spent the late morning and afternoon talking on the lawn. It was a beautiful day. After supper Mom and Dad kissed me

[3] An informal gathering, for the "delights of the Sabbath."

good-bye. The evening, when the din of parents' voices had disappeared, might be described as Old Times night. Itchy, an old-timer on furlough, told stories about people who were once guests at *Hechalutz*. They put on an old Hebrew oratorio and a Hebrew operetta.

Thursday, August 3, 1944. Today was a routine one. I worked near the barn cleaning boards and pulling nails, to make suitable lumber for building. It was very dirty work, with chicken and wet cow manure all over the place. Work is work, however, and since I have arrived, I am a firm believer in the Religion of Labor. I feel that useful work makes one happy.

Am reading Will Durant's *Story of Greece*. As I read it, I realize that history repeats itself. I also wonder if civilization can develop culture without a leisure class. I compare the pure and righteous Hebrew civilization with the clever Greek civilization, and say that the one of my ancestors is the superior.

Sunday, August 6, 1944. I have been having many talks recently with Danny, a camper. He is South African by birth, English in his speech, manners, and way of life. I've sketched my idealism to him:—my plan to be a Rabbi, to plan cities, an International Fund for a better World, Progress, my optimism, my love for the complete condensed. We have discussed Jewish movements, Hellenism, world affairs, philosophy. I wish he were a Yonkers resident.

Began a week's work in the barn today. It is one of the best jobs, even though manure plays such a prominent part in its setup. I water the animals, separate milk from cream, clean out the manure, feed the calves, repair fences.

Tuesday, August 8, 1944. The only dismal view in a rosy series is the home front. I do not seem to take care of my belongings.

In the evening my two daily letters had not been begun. I decided that contrary to sensations of cold, sleepiness, etc., I would get up about midnight, go to the outhouse, and under the bright light of that fragrant edifice I'd compose my letters.

Wednesday, August 9, 1944. Today is the day off and after lunch the campers jumped on the truck and we were off to Trenton to see a movie. Practically everyone went to see *Going My Way* with Bing Crosby, but I had to see *Cobra Woman,* a typical temptress in technicolor with Maria Montez. I talked Lily Baum of Boston into seeing it with me. She is a wonderful girl, and yours truly is beginning to think he likes her.

After the show Lily and I walked for an hour. We talked about Yonkers, Boston, England (her original home), and saw the sights of Trenton. She's wonderful. I wonder how she feels about me. After camp I'll correspond with her.

Thursday, August 10, 1944. Although no one knows it, I robbed the *Chava* [farm] of many hours of sleep yesterday. All the cows were out—12 of them—and it took two early morning dark hours to get them in again. They got out because I forgot to close a gate. My carelessness eats the goodness out of me.

I am listening to the *Chavaniks* [farmers] and the discussion groups. I was surprised to hear that except for one instance, everyone is here against their parents permission. Some of the parents are Zionists, but would not have their children leave comfortable homes for an unsettled land five thousand miles away and be farm laborers. Thus these *Chavaniks* are under another strain.

In our Zionist discussions we have been given a knowledge of assimilation, nationalism, and the different types of Zionism. We are now eliminating, to find (through discussion) the solution we prefer.

Friday, August 11, 1944. I really enjoyed this day. I had a delightful hour in the hayloft reading a book which I would like to own, *The Democratic Spirit*. It contains the writings of those Americans who fought for a better America, a better world, whether in essay, poetry, fiction, satire, speech, etc. I realize that these great liberals kept fighting for certain objectives. When attained, a new wave of liberals campaigned for still better objectives.

Then after supper, for the first time since I came here, we had some social dancing. I danced with Lily for about an hour and we both had a lot of fun.

Another event which made this such a nice evening was the first of a series of two talks by Ira Eisenstein, blessed be his Rabbinical name. In this discussion he reviewed thoughts and philosophies that are being used by Jews in order to solve the Jewish problems, and exposed the fallacies in each. Tomorrow we will hear an outline of Reconstructionist philosophy [4] and program.

Saturday, August 12, 1944. "Thou shalt honor the Sabbath and keep it holy"— I honored it by not working. Talked, listened, and wasted two hours on a treasure hunt.

In the evening we listened to the philosophy and program of Reconstructionism. There is something wonderful in Judaism, and they advance the proposition that Judaism is an evolving religious civilization in all its forms—religious, moral, ethical, lingual, in literature, art, music, history, philosophy, etc., the upbuilding of Palestine as a Jewish Commonwealth, and the advancement of a better world order.

[4] Reconstructionism, a movement indigenous to America, offers a new approach to American living. It presents an attempt to assure physical and spiritual Jewish survival by indicating how to live a maximum Jewish life within the setting of a modern democratic state. Though its program is directed specifically to American Jews, its philosophy applies to Jewish life everywhere.

The movement, organized in 1935 by Dr. Mordecai M. Kaplan, operates through the agency of the Jewish Reconstructionist Foundation and its major instrument is the bi-weekly *Reconstructionist Magazine*.

I believe that if American Jews would adopt these points, their lives would be enriched; they would have a positive life and would be a powerful force which their numbers demand they should be.

I, in doing some thinking, have thought that there are two forms of God: i.e., God is a form that is the total of all the Universe, and God is in everything and is the soul of man.

Monday, August 14, 1944. I got the answer to Mom's letter about the ring lost while working on the farm, and was touched by it. The ring, my last birthday gift from Mother, had a black onyx seal with the Ten Commandments carved in it. Mom writes that no one is perfect, and if I keep on striving. . . . She also says that it is better to have the Ten Commandments in one's heart than on one's finger. I was pleased to hear this, but still the loss hurts me.

I began a week's work with the clothing. First I sewed up the laundry bags, was taught to iron and darn socks. The first day was a novelty, but I wouldn't like doing it all week.

My friendship with Lily is progressing. We like each other's company, and are both very happy to be in Cream Ridge this summer. All the campers and workers are talking, but who cares! I am happy and having a good time.

Wednesday, August 16, 1944. It is hard to say it, but after one week of close contact, I say to myself, "I like Lily Baum of Boston and England." I like her looks, character, and personality. I like her better than any other girl, and she likes me. She is a year and a half older than me, but I try to overlook that obstacle. I wonder how she feels about it. She comes from a good English family, goes to a private school, will return to England after the war. Nevertheless I like her, and am trying to cultivate a lasting friendship.

I ironed Lily's blouse today and did a good job.

Sunday, August 20, 1944. Today was a very full day that could use about ten pages. My parents came in the morning. I was very glad to see them, and we talked about home, my work, the ideology of the place, etc.

In the course of the day I introduced Lily to Mother and Dad. Mom took an immediate liking to her—taking pictures of Lily and me, Lily and my folks, etc. She also asked her to visit us when she comes to New York.

After supper Lily and I went for a nice long walk, talking —holding hands. We talked of Zionism, philosophy, death, England, life, vocations, school, etc. She's a swell person. Returning, we found a party in her honor, and we shared its goodies together.

Monday, August 21, 1944. Although I got along before I met her, now that she is gone, I feel frustrated. I was with her almost every waking moment. Now dancing with other girls, etc., does not suit me. I began reading, but was disgusted, as my critical mind found fault with parts of Zionism and Labor Zionism as a philosophy for *Goluth* Jews.[5]

The fellers say my face looks sad—I feel funny inside.

Wednesday, August 23, 1944. Today is a great day in the history of the war, and everyone realizes Germany is fast coming to a close. The underground took Paris, and the Americans took Marseilles, Rumania surrendered, and the Red Army is racing towards Bucharest. I am thrilled but also worried, because the armies are moving faster than the diplomats.

Thursday, August 24, 1944. We had one of our best evenings in Cream Ridge tonight. Everyone was exuberantly happy. We all gathered in the living room, and in marched the "Hechalutz Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra." Some of

[5] Jews living outside of Palestine.

the instruments were triangles, bells, violin, accordion, pots, etc. With everyone in high spirits, in marched the Avodah campers shaped in an "E," for the evening's purpose was to honor the Eisensteins, as they are leaving tomorrow. We sang our "sing" about them. It was very funny and "went over." Then we all went to the dining room, ate, and danced Palestinian dances that took our breath away. They are so vigorous.

Mom wrote me an interesting letter, and I answered her the first thing.

Dear Mom and Dad,

I have just read your interesting letter; allowed a few minutes for its contents to sink in, and am now attempting to answer you.

Firstly, I was slightly alarmed as you reflected upon your life and Daddy's life, and your growing old together. According to my opinion, if you are young in spirit, try to keep thinking and doing to the best of your ability, you will evolve and grow mature in the sense of Justice Holmes at 98, Benjamin Franklin at 94, and Jefferson at 88. Keeping alive mentally, morally, and physically will keep you fresh and prevent you from degenerating.

I heartily believe in this business of a heart to heart talk by letter. I am not excitable—can pay more attention, and also will not argue until I am finished. Another valuable point is that you are able to present your ideas more concisely on paper than orally. It seems to me that I am irritable to a bad degree. Also, the way to cure that irritability is to let it die a natural death. I guess we will be able to achieve more on this scope, if we have a few pleasant conversations after the problems occur.

As for my theory of God: I believe God takes two forms: first, the supreme creator, and second—the spirit of God. The Universe is too great to have been created by accident. There

was—maybe not a being, but an all-doing force that created the Universe, and keeps its millions of parts working together. Then there is the Spirit of God. I stated it in the following sentence: "God is a force that is the sum total of every living thing, and is a noble spirit found in every living thing." This spirit is meant when I say that the Bible was written by the Spirit of God. It is that spirit for the good found in everyone, but not brought out *in everyone, that is holy. Both phases should be in a sense worshipped. The former for its awe-inspiring majesty, and the latter for its holy righteousness.*

I believe in divine retribution in a sense that sin means committing a crime against nature's laws, *and sooner or later something against nature's laws fails.*

I could write much more about this theory or form of philosophy. To sum it up: (1) it agrees with science. (2) It has high ethical quality. (3) It would be a good force for a better world. What is your opinion?

Your loving son
David

Monday, August 28, 1944. We have begun discussions to get an evaluation of our summer. I felt we could have had a little more time to be with ourselves. We discussed camp's purpose, and some felt that there should have been a greater outline of the philosophy behind the Reconstructionist movement, so that we could spread it to Jewish youth. I feel that this place as a democracy offers enough. However, the selection of campers could be made with a view of picking youths who are interested in some of the finer values of the place, not only "a Jewish Farm Camp."

I received Lily's answer to my letter today. It was not very warm, but interesting, and (as most girls write) long, without saying much.

The farm really needs to market tomatoes quickly, and put twelve campers into the fields to pick, including me. We all

goldbricked for hours (until quitting time). However, I realized the task and swung to work. I picked fast, methodically, and enjoyed it. Being true to my conscience, I picked until an hour and a half after quitting time.

Wednesday, August 30, 1944. Althought we do not leave until tomorrow, camp is all over but the packing.

The "big room" was fixed up today with straw and corn, and everyone got into their plaids and jeans for the *Hechalutz* barn dance. We swung our podners, etc., and did all the dances of rural America. We gave a record album to Ettie, our counselor, and broke up at 1:00 A.M., but that wasn't all. After quickly cleaning up the place, a few of us started walking. We wound up in the egg house and thought—wouldn't it be a good idea to clean all those eggs? It would be a welcome surprise, as the campers are leaving.

Varda, Ralph, and a few others and I cleaned until 3:00 A.M. We swiped potatoes and peanuts and built a fire to get roast mickies. We hung around until 5:00 o'clock, when we helped drive the cows in and carried hay. After watching the sun rise, I started packing. Although I am not tired, I shall feel the effects later. It was an interesting experience, even though I wish some people (Lily) could have been here the last few days.

Yonkers, Friday, September 1, 1944. I woke up two o'clock after sixteen hours of sleep, which is a record. Lloyd came over in the afternoon, and I informally started preaching Reconstructionism, which is Zionism, Socialism, Jewish civilization and American civilization.

As this evening is the Sabbath, I attempted to help bring those ideas into practice. We all got dressed up; Dad made *Kiddush* and we had swell chicken. After dishes we sat around my room and I read a story by Sholem Asch, *The Last Jew*. The family really appreciated it.

Saturday, September 2, 1944. Got in with the old crowd today and found them the same as ever: materialistic, pleasure-loving, money- and girl-crazy.

I met Hank and Gil this evening and got into the first discussion over Reconstructionism. I felt that the way to argue for Zionism was to prove the Jews are a people. Try as I might, Gil (who has a very shrewd and clever mind) ripped apart every single sentence. I didn't know enough to refute his brilliant argument. Well, I lost Round One, but that is not the end.

We went "up a girl's house." As usual, they listened to that lousy dance music, flirted, told corny jokes and happenings, and kissed a little. I'm always on the outside looking in. And yet, that and stags and meetings are practically the only ways I get together with my "friends."

Have decided to stop my evangelism for the causes for a while and learn more about them.

Tuesday, September 5, 1944. Mom went to visit grandfather's grave. Bob and Hank called for me. We went for a walk and talked about thisa and thata. A little later I engaged in some Sawyerian adventures with Hank. We broke into the "haunted" Weiss Funeral Home; heard noises and saw blood.

I gypped a Civilian Protection armband, and went on duty with Hank during a blackout. We walked around with a flashlight and a whistle yelling "Lights out" now and then. For two years I admired that job, but now realize that "you think the light shines in other people's windows."

Thursday, September 7, 1944. Listened to *Town Hall Meeting* tonight. I really get both sides of the most important questions of the day presented to me. The question of tonight's discussion was "Should the U.S. enter a World Organization and be responsible for the decision to use force to curb aggression?" After weighing the discussion, I agree that we should, and will in my small way fight for my ideas.

Saturday, September 9, 1944. I went to Ira's synagogue, the "Society for the Advancement of Judaism," this morning. Its worship was not exactly what I thought I should find. It is really Conservative service with a few added prayers in English. I am convinced that if Judaism is to be successfully Conservative, each Jew must completely understand Hebrew.

After services I went to the Jaspers in the Bronx. I was disillusioned with Lloyd, Grandma, Lloyd's friends, etc. Grandma says nothing when I travel there on Saturday, but when I travel to a synagogue, it's terrible. Lloyd is not giving a darn about Judaism and is growing up fast.

Sunday, September 10, 1944. Yes, I am disillusioned. I am disillusioned with my relationship with other people; with their sense of values; with the world's sense of values and with myself. I am disillusioned with my appearance. I am pale, dull-looking, and weak. I did not get a tan this summer. I got some ideas that those around me call ridiculous. The words democracy, righteousness, Judaism mean nothing to them.

Real friendship is rare; yet I feel that I haven't even a friend in the sense of doing things with people. I called Hank last night. He was out riding with Bob. Maybe I missed nothing, but I missed the chance of missing that nothing.

Monday, September 11, 1944. We went back to school today. It is the same school, but not the same building. It is really "Yonkers" the turtle, in "Benjamin Franklin" the shell. The piles of rock with jutting spikes the building is sitting on, reminds me of an island prison.

The new building is modern, rectangular, and orderly. I thought of the brilliant cripple in *Li'l Abner* who tried to put his mind in a powerful body; nevertheless, it lacks the quaintness of the old building which I miss.

Friday, September 15, 1944. We went to Temple Emanuel as usual. The services are good. Even if they are Anglicized, they are a source of inspiration to me at all times. It hurts me that the majority of men do not worship in the high ethics which is religion. I feel that if congregations could offer lower base memberships, with the rich giving support through large donations, the Jewish religion in all its forms would reach more of the Jewish-American people.

Monday, September 25, 1944. Miss Garland returned the themes we wrote the first day of school, on first impressions of the new Y.H.S. She read mine in class, and said she considered it the finest among her one hundred ten Junior English pupils. I am glad and proud. I guess my diary helped a lot.

I listened to Dewey's speech tonight and am worried. He appeals to the emotions instead of to reason.

Have very good news. My Physical Fitness Index has increased from 108 to 125. I am a much stronger person than I was in May.

Sunday, October 1, 1944. Mom came into the clubhouse early in the afternoon and found me playing cards with Mike (for fun). I told her I was playing for money, so that matters might come to a head. She chastised, but did not forbid.

I read a filthy document that described earthly love. I absorbed it intently. Might as well be informed for the future.

Wednesday, October 4, 1944. French is boring, and I don't force myself to pay attention, because I abhor the teaching system. My criticism of Yonkers High School—not speaking the foreign language in language classes—not vitalizing the subject matter, etc., is partly remedied in Horace Mann according to Bob. I shall lift my pen against poor education in American high schools.

Thursday, October 5, 1944. We had the Fall A.S.C. elections today, and I view it with mixed feelings. I learned from it: human nature, politics, practical philosophy, and a good estimate of who's who in the club.

I get good ideas on the different subjects discussed, but when I get up to say them, the thought either does not come out clearly, or loses some of its value. I can think in conversation, but must polish my ability to think and talk on my feet.

Friday, October 6, 1944. I tried out for the "Melethian Debating Society" of Yonkers High School. I think it will help me remedy the defect mentioned in yesterday's entry.

O! I must collect the good that is in me, so that I shall be capable of living a life that will bring happiness to myself and others.

Rabbi Shubow spoke at the Temple tonight on "Our Heritage." I consider it a great topic, but all he could do was talk about assimilated Jews. I will use that title and will talk on morale, history, philosophy, socialism, etc. Let us, before we die, gather up our Jewish heritage, learn it, live it, and offer it to our children!

Sunday, October 8, 1944. I feel self-conscious. I don't want to be handsome, but I hate my present appearance. Weak, pale, small ears, big nose, "peach fuzz," weak chin. Now my mouth is out of shape and I cannot smile, for Dr. Singer put my brace back yesterday.

Went to New York this morning with the family in order to get outfitted for the winter. I really think I got some nice clothes; a nice suit, a covert coat. It makes the lousy pile of skin and bones inside of it look good and also mature. In other words, it is a fancy wrapping.

Wednesday, October 11, 1944. I received an interesting letter from Lily today. She invites me to visit her, and says

I should come for a weekend. She signs off "Your very good friend." I guess that's as far as a girl can go, when the boy ends "Very truly yours."

What I cannot understand is how she likes me, a swell girl like her, while these Yonkers dames don't even look at me. I think it is due to two reasons. In Cream Ridge I had confidence in myself, and in Yonkers I have a brace on my teeth.

Thursday, October 12, 1944. We had a club meeting tonight and I can't really get going in that august body. I don't seem to have a carrying voice. I would like to make Reconstructionism a part of its program, but I think it would fail if I appealed to the group. Therefore I shall appeal to individual members.

Have begun a list of people whom I know who know me throughout the world. I am compiling this list by cities.

Saturday, October 14, 1944. Mike got the address of a disreputable firm in New York that sells the filthiest sex photos, stories, and cartoons. He procured a book, *Ten Little Virgins,* and lent it to me. Frankly, it tells, but does not describe. I won't waste my time on those three hundred page spicy novels of the gay twenties.

I've been hanging around with Mike too much. His greatest thoughts are about sex. I just follow him, and as his family eats at irregular hours, I am always home late. My development, homework, and activities suffer, not to mention my ties with Ervin, Bauer, Gordon, and Roth. I must also caution myself against Gil. Although I admire quite a few of his ways, he always tries to take advantage of me, and hinders my studies.

Sunday, October 15, 1944. I went to Temple Emanuel Sunday school to attend the class of "Contemporary Jewish Problems." There are about a half dozen kids my age. I think

they are more interested in Judaism than the majority of the A.S.C. I will also find out the prevailing opinions of assimilated Jewish youth. . . .

Janeta returned in the afternoon, after an absence of over four months. I missed her, and am very glad to have her back. She looks swell and is pretty attractive. We heard all about the family, the nice time she had, the conditions in Panama, etc.

Saturday, October 21, 1944. I had a big day today, going down for my orthodontist appointment at Seventy-second Street, and then crosstowning to Bob's. He lives in a swanky Park Avenue hotel in a pretentious suite. We proceeded on a Madison Avenue bus to Forty-second Street, and then to Times Square.

There were two attractions today—"Frankie" Sinatra singing at the Paramount, and "Frankie" Roosevelt making a tour of New York in an open car. We chose the latter.

It was a terrible day, and I wasn't well dressed. I bought a big Roosevelt button and stood with Gordon for ninety minutes with hundreds of thousands of others. A swarm of police cars and mounties slowly came down Seventh Avenue, followed by an open car traveling with three great rainswept passengers: Bob Wagner, Mrs. Roosevelt, and Franklin Delano Roosevelt, waving at us with a victory smile. I'll never forget these thrilling forty seconds.

Monday, October 23, 1944. I was very surprised to pick up the receiver yesterday and hear the British voice of Lily Baum. She is sailing for England tomorrow. She arrived here this afternoon, and Mother asked her to stay for dinner. I shall not be able to wish her "bon voyage" at the pier, because I cought a cold on Saturday.

Lily is a grade A girl—I'll remain in touch with her.

Tuesday, November 7, 1944. Today was election day, and the politically minded Kogan was excited waiting for those returns. I awoke late and spent the morning gafoodling (that shall be the term used for wasting time in the typical Kogan manner).

Daddy asked me to accompany him to New York in his business shopping, and I accepted. When questions of gafoodling, doing homework, the A.S.C. clubhouse, going out and bed-time are eliminated, we get along pretty good together. He is easier to get along with than Mom. I went around to several of East Broadway "commercial houses" and helped Dad a little.

The returns were slow. It wasn't too exciting, for Roosevelt was sure to win. Nevertheless the idea is great—that of fifty million people going to the polls in the midst of war, choosing their man after a bitter campaign, and waging for unity the next day—win or lose.

Thursday, November 9, 1944. Miss Grant died today. It is not often that somebody whom I know dies, because I am young, and my acquaintanceship with older people is slight. It makes one pause and reflect on life and death, on death and life. Somehow I feel there will be no Resurrection, and there is no Heaven. I realize it is a crime to waste a day. Everyone feels it when he steps into bed at night. Therefore it is my opinion that it is a crime to die without having lived. A man should not "gafoodle" a minute, he should not "gafoodle" a day, so that he should not "gafoodle" his life.

Sunday, November 12, 1944. Mother fell down some stairs on Friday and envisioned spending the rest of her life in a wheel chair, but it is not as bad as that.

My mother is not easy to get along with. She has brains, illogical woman's brains, and is unhappy. She does have remorse for a lot of things she does, nevertheless she never

learns. She is a woman of many talents, a good artist, fair musician, and a pretty good cook. She dabbles here and dabbles there. She does however love me. With a little change in her *Weltanschauung* she might be a fine woman. I only hope that someday she might treat her family as well as her friends.

Saturday, November 18, 1944. It has lately become a pleasant custom of mine to go to the Yonkers Public Library on sundry afternoons. I look at the people, browse, and do schoolwork. I especially enjoy reading articles in *Current Biography* and the *Universal Jewish Encyclopaedia.* The more I peruse in it, the greater is my covetousness for it. I am glad to notice that they subscribe to such fine Jewish magazines as *Reconstructionist* and *The Jewish Frontier.*

I went to Gladys's "Sweet Sixteen" party today. I had a fairly nice time—danced, chatted, and ate. Saw "pretty little, witty little" D.B., still as charming and as unscrupulous as ever. I gave Gladys a nice "Sweet sixteen" kiss—it tasted good. It was the first kiss since my first party in December 1941. The girls are beginning to look.

Sunday, November 19, 1944. Today was an eventful day. While in the Center in the afternoon, "par chance" I went into the auditorium and saw a mammoth sign "In honor of Aaron Kogan for his service to Labor Zionism and the Jewish People." The Labor Zionists of Yonkers were giving Daddy a surprise banquet and testimonial tonight. He thought it was a meeting. I said nothing and accompanied him. There were about one hundred fifty people present. He was surprised. Tribute was also paid by the Yonkers Jewish Federation and the Jewish National Fund Council. It really was a successful and memorable affair.

Tuesday, November 21, 1944. I think that I have recently presented a "portrait" of my mother. I shall now slightly talk

of the character of my father. He lives Jewish Nationalism, but not Judaism. He is one of the leaders of the Yonkers Jewish Community by virtue of his being leader of the Labor Zionist movement. He is a very nervous, thin man. I suppose that I take after him in that respect.

Thursday, November 23, 1944. This was the day of the "Turkey Day Classic." Lloyd came up and we traveled to Gorton Field in northern Yonkers. The score isn't too important. I enjoy watching the spectators, the "scenery," howzaling, and talking.

We had a nice Thanksgiving turkey (something 80% of this world's population would be thankful for), peas, gravy, potatoes, cake, dessert. The Jasper family were our guests.

Mom told us a very beautiful story, told to her by my paternal grandmother, of an incident in the life of my great-great-grandfather, one of the foremost nineteenth-century Rabbis in the Russian pale. It concerns a poor man, a turkey, and a Rabbinical decision. Someday I shall write a short story on it. Maybe a series entitled *Tales of a Jewish Grandmother.*

Friday, November 24, 1944. I was thinking about Lily today. I was careless enough to lose her address, and she has pride not to write first. However, I do not believe there is such a thing as a "perfect" couple. There are many fine and attractive girls in the world. I suppose I shall run into one of them during my life.

I helped Mother quite a bit in the morning, but as usual, the work did not receive grateful recognition. Stayed home at night. I am not going to my descent into the blues. I shall only state that I am very unpopular with family, fellow, and lass. If I would not use a lot of initiative, I would never be invited anywhere by anyone. I shouldn't be worried, but I am. It may be I am critical, but I am wet-blanketing myself.

Sunday, November 26, 1944. As today was withal dull, I would like to devote a major portion of my space to Judy. She lives across the street, and is one of the half dozen most beautiful girls in Yonkers. Gil likes her, and the three of us either sit in her house, or on my porch. She's a knockout, face, hair, legs, and personality plus. Although only fourteen—she could pass for twenty. An expert dancer, she is the master of the caress, and is sexy without getting into trouble, or being considered cheap. She can wittily discuss sex without vulgarity. She comes over not infrequently. We hold hands on the piano and pick out tunes with one finger. Oh, it's times like this, that I wish I had no brace and complex, and some brawn and looks instead.

Saturday, December 2, 1944. I had disobeyed Dr. Singer's instructions, and this necessitated approximately an hour's work.

Afterwards I went to see a Russian cinema that depicts the lives of Jews at the end of the nineteenth century, living in a small Russian village. It is adopted from Sholom Aleichem. The plot isn't thrilling. It is the story of "Laughter through Tears," for the Jews then had no economic nor political basis, but still had a great indescribable happiness, which came from a complete Jewish way of living.

Friday, December 8, 1944. I had a terrible day in school today. The result of that mounting slime of procrastination and gafoodling that is threatening to defeat me, won a victory. I realize that the school is the place I can shine. It is my one opportunity. They had a phrase for it in the grades—"failing to measure up to ability."

Because of the stinginess and short-sightedness of the Board of Education, I lost a very fine teacher. It seems that during the last few years the school system has fired teachers of special services and of short tenure; also, whenever a teacher

dies, she is not replaced. The latter is the case which befell me today. Miss Garland is the new counselor, taking the place of Miss Grant, and my English class will be taught by Miss Debry. It is a tough break.

Saturday, December 9, 1944. Today I really observed the Sabbath as a day of rest and joy, learning and contentment. After the dentist appointment I went into the Congregation of the Spanish and Portuguese Jews. I witnessed the most beautiful Jewish worship I have ever seen. The synagogue is stately and old. Rabbi David de Sola Pool, dressed in the old costume of the Sephardim,[6] is a striking figure. The Congregation loves him, and he loves the congregation. Even after almost three hundred years of existence, the congregation is growing in Judaism.

Mother, Aunt Lilly, and Harriett came along with me. They were much impressed, and I am glad that the spirit of religion has been increased in my mother's heart.

Monday, December 11, 1944. As this is Jewish Book Month, I prepared a delegation of Jewish books from the Kogan household for the Center exhibit. We have about seventy Jewish volumes. This evening I gathered up my loins and Harry Fisher his loins, and we traveled to the Community Center in order to attend the Jewish Book Month Festival. It is a sad fact, but out of the seven thousand Jews in the city of Yonkers, only one hundred and twenty attended this outstanding gathering devoted to Jewish culture. Of the hundreds of Jewish youths in the city, Fisher and I were the sole representatives.

Tuesday, December 12, 1944. I participated in something that was essentially a rowdy gang war. The Rams "attacked" our clubhouse and we "defended" it. No one thought much of

[6] Descendants of Spanish or Portuguese Jews.

its consequences before the fight; now, afterwards, I view it with the feeling that the A.S.C. is continuing its course of self-degradation; I also notice the disgusted looks of Gentiles and Jews in the neighborhood.

Well, to return to the struggle. Ed, Hank, and I manned the slanted roof, where a stiff battle ensued. I don't remember much, except being punched in the mouth. However, the whole school is giving me credit for pushing one of the attackers off the roof. After 35 min. the Rams left. We surveyed the damage: four broken windows, the work of six months of decorating and furnishing the clubhouse, cuts, bruises, and a broken arm. We rejoiced in our "glorious" victory.

Friday, December 15, 1944. I went to the Temple with Dad. The old man was honored. He sat at the pulpit and was chosen to read the story of Hanukah to the congregation. I was proud of the guy. The Rabbi thought that Christmas is a purely Christian religious holy day. He said that Jews should develop the possibilities of their parallel holiday of Hanukah for themselves and their children.

Monday, December 25, 1944. Amid the Christmas trees of my Christian neighbors, and the general celebration of the birth of Christ in my Christian country, I spent a peaceful and rather successful day. The time of awakening was late, giving me a good night's sleep.

In the afternoon we went to visit the Fuchs family in Passaic. Uncle Fred has been seriously ill for the last two years. The family is now very poor, nevertheless they are taking the plight in good stride, and are HAPPY. A lot can be learned from happy people. Little Jerry is a swell kid. He is full of mischief, and reminds me of a Jessel or Jolson. He sings beautifully, likes to get dressed up, and is gregarious.

Wednesday, December 27, 1944. After the dentist, I went to see Bob. While walking, we stumbled into a "non-objective art museum." The people there were very friendly and explained the whole idea. The paintings look queer, but I understand their principle.

I began my work for Daddy, taking Mother's place as chief bookkeeper, by working on a list of his outstanding accounts. He paid me $2.25 when I finished my first bookkeeping project, as it involved four and a half hours of work.

Sunday, December 31, 1944. Lloyd came into Yonkers, and we enjoyed a very nice afternoon. We went coasting on Wendover. It is one of Yonkers's streets blocked off at snowtime for the benefit of the coasters. Towards nightfall we trudged home.

The families on my father's side combined talents to stage a surprise New Year's party in honor of Aunt Bertha's twenty-fifth wedding anniversary. I, disgruntled because of not "stepping out," attended. I had a good chance to observe Uncle Bill, the success in Daddy's family. Uncle Bill is interested in me and suggests that I work hard, then study law. After being admitted to the bar, I could become politician, Rabbi, public servant, writer, lawyer, or business man—glorious future!

BOOK 5

1945

This is the FIRST DAY OF THE NEW YEAR, 1945, and I think that the way to "start the year right" would be to offer ten resolutions for the coming year. Therefore, I hereby highly resolve that:

1. Schoolwork is my most important job at present and I shall treat it as such.

2. I shall endeavor to keep guard over the words of my mouth so that falsehood, anger, and stupidity shall not emit therefrom.

3. I shall at all times endeavor to keep my abdomen in and my shoulders back, as the abdominal wall is the secret of strength.

4. I shall endeavor to use my time wisely to perform necessary actions and not to procrastinate.

5. I shall make an intensive study of the several vocations.

6. I shall endeavor to stabilize myself emotionally.

7. I shall taste all manner of wholesome food in order that I might not be beset with the limitations of a picky eater.

8. I shall always think of the objects in my hands and be conscious of placing them in the various places, so that I might not be considered absent-minded and forgetful.

9. I shall try to live Judaism as a way of life. To this end I shall endeavor to learn the Hebrew language by speaking it whenever possible, and by daily study.

10. I shall attempt to improve my mind by listening attentively.

May the Almighty Jehovah enable me to have the strength of purpose to carry out these earnest resolutions. May I, at the close of this year 1945 in the Common Era, be a better boy and a better man than I was at its beginning. Amen.

Wednesday, January 3, 1945. Well, this is the third. I've lived three days under the New Regime, and I certainly made a mess of it. The change can even be seen from my style. I used Biblical inspirational style in the resolutions, and now I have fallen into my fault-finding depressing style. Maybe I am aiming too high. I think the trouble is that a sensitive high mind is ahead of a flaccid body, and, above all, a weak will-power.

My resolutions (a pocket copy for consultation) fell out of my pocket in Physics today, and now is a part of the knowledge of some of my fellow students. At first I had a feeling of anger, then shame. However, upon thought, I feel that if I do nothing to be ashamed of, all I can say is "So what!"

Thursday, January 4, 1945. The club membership pitched in and transformed our broken-down shack into a beautiful building, suitable to be the clubroom of any organization, no matter what its dignity. We enjoyed doing the work, and were satisfied by the result. All were enthusiastic. I am inclined to agree with Broun, when he said, "My heart goes out to the man who does his best, even though he is paid for it."

A member of the Board of Governors of the Jewish Community Center came to our club meeting this evening. He argued that the A.S.C. was getting a bad reputation in town by meeting in our clubhouse, that we would be helping the Center by moving back. We (the great majority) said we want no interference to our pleasure, we are individual members, and besides, we put a lot of work in our clubhouse. We

had a rushed election after the debate. The proof of the club's deterioration was the lack of responsibility in selecting the officers.

Monday, January 8, 1945. This evening I attended the first lecture in Yonkers of a series of four on Zionism. Rabbi Maccoby of Mount Vernon beautifully expounded the Zionist philosophy, giving those points in favor of it that appeal to the mind, and also those that appeal to the heart. I left the room a better, more informed Zionist.

Tuesday, January 16, 1945.

Coach Brandstetter said he has decided to work on me, and see if he can make me into a wrestler. I am more than ever convinced of its value.

I took home from the library an illustrated tome on wrestling and a volume on card and chess playing. This mixes well with the serious books I'm working on—the *Pentateuch and Haftorahs* (purchased recently), *Our Times, Abraham Lincoln,* an' a French reader.

I have indulged in a typical adolescent experience today. Was one of seven A.S.C. boys who piled into an old, smoking, bumpy '29 jalopy and toured around Yonkers for about a half hour. It's fun and thrilling, but I suppose quite dangerous. Nevertheless, everyone feels that HE won't get hurt.

Thursday, January 25, 1945. As I reflect on the tremendous capacities to do good, the great amount of interest in, and the choice of free time of a member of the Rabbinical profession, I am a little more than ever convinced that the Rabbinical field is in my line.

I have been having an interesting series of discussions with those in the "clique." They, without knowing it, are Machiavellian Epicureans. On the other hand, I believe that not all the happiness in the world is to be found in pleasure and diversionary entertainment. After all, they're really bored.

Another topic that we have been discussing is religion versus atheism. They, as I believe all atheists, are not acquainted with what I consider the proper conception of God. They also do not have the proper conception of Judaism, and consider it a cloak to be discarded. Thinking on the subject makes me interested in writing a paper on it.

Saturday, February 3, 1945. Last evening I accompanied Harry Fisher on a Sabbath Eve call to Rabbi Rosenberg. I had a very interesting and stimulating evening with this Orthodox leader. He read a little *Chumish* [The Old Testament] and talked of forces in Judaism today; discussed views on Nationalism, Reform, Conservative, Reconstructionist, and Orthodox movements. All this was woven in with the Bible, legends, stories. He bested me tremendously in argument. However, in order to discuss these problems with him, I must increase my knowledge independently, and arrange my ideas orderly. He is resourceful and clever—but so blindly Orthodox.

Sunday, February 4, 1945. In my relations with the youth I am like an old man trying to act like a youth, and doing as well as a baby.

I took Sandra to the A.S.C. house party at the Horns' and had a lousy time. She's a teaser, and I don't mean strip. She is witty, cultured, but does not give a d..n about her date, as long as she has a good time. I could've kissed her goodnight, but didn't. I knew she was disinterested. I hate that hypocritical "I love you" and the thrown kisses that go with it.

I'm in a melancholy mood. I'm beginning to think that I am repulsively ugly. I have a terrible voice too.

Wednesday, February 7, 1945. Yes, I stayed home again today too. This experiment finally convinces me that unless I am very sick, I shall go to school.

Dr. Wilenky said that unless I feel terrible, I shouldn't stay home. Otherwise I should let fever, and only fever, be my guide. The doctor is a very learned man. However, in matters pertaining to medicine he can never make up his mind. In other words, he is a good doctor to have when you are well.

O! Have I a genius for gafoodling. How can I ever hope to achieve success in my relations with other people if I am not successful in my relations with myself?

Thursday, February 8, 1945. Today saw me as a leader of a great battle. For the first time in almost three years of A.S.C. politics the Clique had a decisive defeat. That defeat was engineered by me. Last week Nick Garloff was legally expelled from the club. They have brought about a sort of inquisition. That is, when a member they dislike fails to show up, they start expulsion on him on charges of disinterest. While the organized Clique forces, and the dis-organized anti-clique forces, both used technicalities, I also conducted the fight on a basis of democracy. I brought out that nothing is fixed, that the body politic of a body or club can change its mind. I kept on calling for a vote whether to reinstate Garloff if three-quarters of the members were for it. Finally we voted. The Clique walked out. They couldn't face the vote. I brought Nick back as a member. I gained in stature and respect with my fellow members.

Friday, February 9, 1945. I went to the annual YHS variety show this evening at the new school auditorium. The show was pretty good, especially when one considers that it consisted of high-school talent, but the audience was terrible. That is the poor first generation of Italians. They are brought up by ignorant, but good parents. However, they feel socially inferior, and act the part of braggarts, roughnecks. They cursed and yelled, sheltered by the dark.

I called up Bob Gordon and he was glad Garloff was re-

instated. By the way, Nick is very grateful to me for what I have done.

Sunday, February 11, 1945. Nora, a most ugly girl, invited me to Irma's party last night. I went out of curiosity, hoping I won't be sorry.

It was the different type of affair. We got there at nine and found several couples. They talked for about ten minutes and then out went all the lights. The couples went into passionate positions. Ken had his hand under the brassiere of Dina for quite a while! I just sat there looking. Then I began kissing Nora; was she homely! The gang treated the affair so casually as with remarks like "Pull down your sweater, Audrey." I liked the indifference, the knowledge that the girls had not any modesty short of relations. It took a lot of the uncertainty and guessing out of it—the girls cooperated. Also, except for Nora, the girls were very beautiful. Yes, I enjoyed the new experience, the action of others, but why did she have to be so homely!

I took Nora home—some thrill. I consider her sexless, but I guess that's also the way everyone considers me. A Woollcott in the making.

I never should write like that in this book, until I get a lock and key for it. However, I've decided to tell all.

Thursday, February 15, 1945. I was quite surprised to find a letter addressed to me with the postmark of England. Yes, it was from Lily Baum. The letter is witty, light, and informative, and closes with a romantic note. She is a swell kid. But what good is a girl friend in England to me!

We received word that Lester Smalheiser has been killed in Germany. The boy was only nineteen and was a good friend of mine. He gave his life before he lived. A good-natured American-Jewish boy, struck down by a Hitlerite bullet. The death of one individual helps one to make "40,000" killed more meaningful.

Sunday, February 18, 1945. Mom is having a party in honor of her twentieth wedding anniversary, and we prepared for the coming of the guests.

Well, the guests arrived an' it really was a nice party, with all of Mom's and Dad's family and friends. I hung around with the cousins Lloyd and Harold. Lloyd is a swell feller, strong, artistic, athletic, humorous, mechanical. Harold has become a typical American adolescent, bragging over what he did so far and I don't doubt subconsciously substituting his friends' exploits for his own. We chewed the rag for a while and then went bowling. When we returned, I got in good with Grandma by talking to her and showing her our illustrated *Perek* [*Ethics of the Fathers*].

I enjoy being with people—loving them, arguing with them, analyzing them, learning from them.

Saturday, February 24, 1945. Kogan and O'Grady got along quite nicely together, thank you. Acting on impulse, I called up Margery O'Grady, asking her to the A.S.C. party this evening. She is a very beautiful, proud, refined Catholic girl. I was scared, for I later learned that the party will be a "lights out" affair. After worrying almost all day, I got dressed an' called for Margy. She looked beautiful, with her "Irish Eyes Smiling." Well, you can't touch her. I couldn't put my arm around her (I wonder if anyone else can). We danced and talked and ate. I had a nice time, because I didn't have any frustrated desires. We slowly walked home an' talked.

Monday, February 26, 1945. We returned to school today (after an absence of five days) an' I was as poorly prepared for work as I have ever been. Instead of concentrating on my dreary allotted task of schoolwork, I am "living an abundant life" with many outside activities ranging from studying the Bible to wrestling, and from saving pictures of famous personalities and semi-nude girls to preparing myself for a rab-

binical seminary. This all might be fine and good, but still my conscience bothers me for slacking on the job.

It is the influence of Gil on my already weak will-power. I have had for the last few weeks as a fellow-traveler a fellow to whom homework is anathema. Gil is a slick article who laughs at honest boys. He barely passes his subjects with as little homework as he is physically able. He doesn't care—however —I feel I need good school marks. I am not an adventurous rogue. I'm a "silky" type of young man. I need good marks and a good record in order to get into a fine college.

Friday, March 2, 1945. I had an appointment at the Jewish Theological Seminary at three o'clock. It is a wonderful educational institution; if I would attend Columbia, I could take courses there in Jewish studies. Rabbi Davis wasn't in, so I was directed to Miss Cutler, who turned out to be a very charming and learned young woman, imbued with a love of things Jewish. We talked about my education, background, and ideas. She said no matter what my upbringing or future, I need a Jewish education.

Met Hank today. He is becoming aloof since he attends a private school. The guy is good at heart. It's the environment that puts the crust on him.

Tuesday, March 6, 1945. Report cards today; although not nearly as good as those in the past few years, my parents are pleased. The average for the term work is 85. It isn't good, and I know I should have done better.

I achieved two lucrative results in extra-curricular activities. Was appointed to the feature staff of the Yearbook and *The Broadcaster,* the school paper.

Wednesday, March 14, 1945. I didn't eat lunch today—it is a day of mourning to commemorate the six million Jews slaughtered by Nazi Germany.

During the afternoon I read of the Nazi brutalities in Europe, and could not believe they were committed man against man by a nation that has gone mad.

Thursday, March 15, 1945. Today is Pop's birthday, an' I bought him a pretty two-buck tie. Mom made him a nice cake and wrote "Happy Birthday" on it.

Mr. Whalen, my school adviser, saw me this morning. We discussed philosophy of school-work, religion, education. He loves his job and loves people, and is wonderful in sizing them up.

In the afternoon Mike, Ed, an' I went to the clubhouse and chewed the rag. We talked of our Dads' businesses, the possibility of Jews getting into college, and acceleration. Time flies—five accelerating A.S.C. fellers will be in college in September.

Saturday, March 17, 1945. It was beautiful, as I walked out from Dr. Singer and stood at the corner of Seventy-second Street 'n Central Park West. The sun was shining. Suddenly I decided that I'd walk home. I stuck to that, too. Yes, I walked up fashionable C.P.W.—then through the fringe of poor Irish districts on the border of Harlem. I'd relax every once in a while. Shortly before Columbia University I got on Broadway, and stuck to the nation's longest street until I hit Yonkers. The journey took five hours, the walk was a little over sixteen miles. I missed only a camera an' film to record all the interesting places.

For the first time in my life I saw Television this evening. An enterprising radio dealer put one of the few sets in the city in his display window on South Broadway. It is a wonderful invention—but just as I imagined it—the thrill would have been greater if I had never seen a movie.

Sunday, March 25, 1945. The boys had "game" tonight, and I could not resist the temptation to go. I really enjoyed

myself, and find it interesting to watch people under pressure. I knew that Mom didn't want me to go (and Dad too), so I did not let them directly prohibit me, but waited until they went out. I quit at 11:20; Mike an' I hurried home, an' it seemed the folks beat me by about an hour. They said something about being home on school-days by 10:00 an' went to sleep.

I'll say this: the parents say "no" a lot, but they don't know how to discipline me after I do something. However, they are good people (but nervous), an' the storm shall pass.

Wednesday, March 28, 1945. Today was the Eve of Passover, and we, although not celebrating according to the traditional mode, at least captured much of its spirit.

We had guests this *Seder*. They were the Ansells, he the director of the Jewish Community Center. We had an impressive *Hagadah* ceremony, a nice meal, and then spent a pleasant evening of talk in the living room. We discussed Jewish problems mostly, and it was very stimulating. The man is very intellectual and would be a potential Reconstructionist. Still I feel that he is not the complete kind of Jew. I doubt if any Jew is complete—there's too much to Judaism.

Saturday, April 7, 1945. One of the outstanding events in the history of the Yonkers Jewish community took place this evening. The occasion was a tribute to Mr. Ansell on the first anniversary of his leadership of the J.C.C. It saw all the members of the different clubs sitting at their own tables, cabaret style. Everyone enjoyed it. Mom and Pop were there too. Yes, the evening was a symbol of perhaps a brighter day for Yonkers Jews.

In the midst of the enthusiasm over unity, the A.S.C. was elected to the Center Youth Council. Ed and I were named to serve as our club's representatives.

Monday, April 9, 1945. The last two weeks before the big fight. I shall have to drum some wrestling sense into my non-athletic head.

This evening I went up to the Center as the club's representative of the Center Youth Council. It was most dull. Their next project consists of fixing up the lounge room on the fourth floor as a Teen-Age Canteen. I think it is a good idea. However, I deplore the wasting of the time of a representative body, while deliberating for hours over the choice of colors.

In passing I would like to remark that Gene Horn's sister Linda is cute.

Thursday, April 12, 1945. President Franklin Delano Roosevelt is no more!

As I hurried home from the J.C.C., I heard the radio repeating his name often. Turned on Don Hollenbeck and heard him tell of the President's death.

It is a great loss. As a matter of fact, his is the only administration which I have known in my span of fifteen years. (My political memory begins with the outlawing of the N.R.A.)

I wonder what is going to happen. In fact, I spent a long time meditating on such subjects as history, destiny, death, peace, Roosevelt, Lincoln, Truman. I only hope that Truman will choose liberal advisers. It's hard to say "President Truman" after all these years.

One of the immortals passed on. I'll try to emulate his life.

Friday, April 13, 1945. After an impressive assembly today, school was dismissed. Mr. Baker had delivered a most impressive eulogy. During the whole of the day, as last evening, the regular radio programs were discontinued and all the time was devoted to talking about Roosevelt and Truman. Yes, it's a severe loss to the nation.

As I was about to go to the Temple I ran into Larry Friedman, one of Rabbi Rosenberg's Orthodox disciples, and talked

him into coming along. It was a tough job, but he did. The Temple contained about three hundred people this Friday night and the services were especially beautiful. He was much impressed, but naturally prejudiced.

Saturday, April 14, 1945. I returned Larry Friedman's *beau geste de hier soir par assister a les services dans la synagogue juive de le rabbi Rosenberg.* The services had no appeal to me. They consisted of three hours of praising God in the same honeyed words in a language I do not understand too well. The praying is done at breakneck speed while the fifty old man, boys, and a few middle-agers talk during the services.

Fisher was furious that Friedman entered a "sinful" Temple and chastised him. Larry felt ashamed. I did not press them. I must say that the whole episode made me a firm believer in the Reconstructionist way of life.

Saturday, April 21, 1945. I had a very enjoyable day. After the necessary evil of communion with Dr. Singer, mother and I walked across beautiful Central Park, followed by tame squirrels and pigeons to Temple Emanu-El on Fifth Avenue. On entering it I was greatly impressed with the majesty of that huge edifice, its grandeur and beauty. The Rabbi, an eloquent speaker, chose for the topic of his sermon "The Understanding Heart."

Mom and I had lunch in the Central Park cafeteria. . . . Then we went to a stage performance of *The Tempest* by Shakespeare, starring Canada Lee and Vera Zorina. It was most wonderful; it made a profound impression on me, and conveyed to me something of the genius of Shakespeare.

Monday, April 23, 1945. Tonight was Athletic Night at the J.C.C. and tremors occupied my whole body in anticipation. Dad came up with me as spectator. I got into my shorts, put on the A.S.C. jacket, and nervously awaited my doom.

Boxing was held first, so I began to relax. The first wrestling match was followed by words "Ososky—Kogan." By this time, 11:20 P.M. I was dead tired. I went out there tense and carefully managed to break even in points after the first standing round. In the second and beginning of the third round he pulled ahead. I was very exhausted. I waited an' he made a mistake; with a burst of adrenalin I took advantage of it, drove into him and pinned him. I—victor!

Tuesday, April 24, 1945. Hello, diary! Old friend, container of secrets. The closest that I ever came to doing something regularly, to buckle down with will-power and stick to with a system. Yes, I've decided to discuss you, to praise you. I think that everyone in the world who can write should write a discriminating diary.

Attending school today found me congratulated on all sides by my classmates after last night's activities. For the first time I really achieved the praise of the sporting field. A most contagious bug for those bitten by it.

Sunday, April 29, 1945. I witnessed one of the most impressive and one of the greatest assemblies in American-Jewish life this afternoon. Dad and I went to Lewisohn Stadium in New York to participate in a demonstration of the Zionist Emergency Council, to bring the pleas of the Jewish people before the San Francisco Conference for the establishment of a Jewish Homeland in Palestine. We heard Stephen S. Wise, Fiorello La Guardia, Robert Wagner, Mrs. Moses Epstein, and that modern prophet, Abba Hillel Silver. At its climax the demonstration comprised seventy thousand Jews—a most remarkable number. Yonkers also had a large demonstration in the evening.

Tuesday, May 8, 1945. We received news of the complete German surrender. Today is the official V-E Day, and we

gathered in the auditorium of the Y.H.S. to listen to President Truman officially announce the end of war with Germany. It reminds me of that day, over three years ago, when I entered the auditorium of Nathaniel Hawthorne School to hear President Roosevelt declare war against Germany, Italy, and Japan. Now two of those powers are knocked out.

Peace is coming to a troubled continent, and twenty-five million men have put down their arms. The predominant thought of those men in Europe was best expressed by a G.I. in Italy—he said, "Thank God, I made it."

I was impressed with one of the commentators' remarks over the radio: "The 205,000 American soldiers so far killed in this war were robbed of 8,000,000 years of human adventure, and would have had 300,000 children."

Friday, May 11, 1945. Why am I drawn closer to the voluntary in learning than the compulsory? I was in the library today and noticed how manifold are books worth reading. Took out a very fine volume entitled *How to Read Better and Faster* and Stephen Vincent Benet's short stories. While there I read *PM;* I just love the way Max Lerner writes.

In the evening I went to a concert of liturgical Jewish music at Rabbi Steinberg's Park Avenue synagogue. It consisted of modern compositions set to prayers, and was one of the most beautiful services I've ever attended. At the reception homage was paid to such figures in Jewish music as Aaron Copland, Leonard Bernstein, Bronislaw Huberman, Cantor Putterman, and others.

Sunday, May 13, 1945. Mom was happy with her Mother's Day present; I guess all mothers are. She was telling me of ol' home-town memories. They are quite interesting.

The Eternal Light presented an adaptation from the Book of Ruth. It was an exquisitely dramatized short story with beauty and dignity. Morton Wishengrad does a superb job of

bringing out much of Israel's spiritual wealth to the American people.

Thursday, May 17, 1945. The club is at a low. I might note that Herbie has assumed that unfortunate position held at all times by some person or group in history. He is the scapegoat of the A.S.C., subject to every punch, whim, and fancy of the rowdies of the club. This was my position in the beginning, but I grew out of it.

Yes, the club is at a low. Nobody wants to quit, and nobody wants to make it a better club. The majority have no moral backbone which a Reconstructionist Jewish Center would give them.

Thursday, May 24, 1945. Mom went to school today. There's a lot that Whalen could have told her, instead he fed her a lot of honey. Sometimes I think that's good, but I believe it really is bad.

I guess any feller, if observant, could write a Studs Lonigan trilogy of the way in which education has failed in America. As Rabbi Arzt says, "The three R's do not add up to righteousness."

Friday, June 1, 1945. I was thinking about Fate and Destiny. Mom wanted me to go to the Horace Mann school (the one Bob Gordon attends). Received word today that I have been rejected—no reason given. I shall have to attend Y.H.S. another year. I was thinking that perhaps it is part of an eternal plan. Deciding the boundary between human will and fate is a most difficult task. It seems that the smallest event changes history for thousands of years. One begins to wonder about fate and man's actions.

It's fun to think of the if's in one's life and history.

Sunday, June 10, 1945. My braces were removed yesterday for good, and the doctor made various records; weight—

one hundred thirty-five pounds, height—five feet nine inches. I looked in the mirror and found them quite straight and quite nice-looking. After all that Dr. Singer put a retainer for me to wear for a year. I'll have to wear it all the time and get used to it.

My discussion of a few days ago on fate holds true; a very striking example walked into my life today. I went to New York with my folks. While on East Broadway, Dad decided to get a Jewish book. We went to Mr. Sales who suggested I should try to get a job at the Hebrew-speaking Camp Massad. That is just what I shall do. I was given the address and a recommendation.

Wednesday, June 13, 1945. Dad is set on Massad. He didn't take "no" for an answer and pulled some strings today that add up to success. I was offered a job as dishwasher with a salary of two hundred and fifty dollars and a possible bonus with all expenses paid. Mr. Peller emphasized that I was getting paid for work, hard work. He went into the job's details. "If I were in your place, I would not take a job like that," Mom cautioned. I know it is not one of the best jobs, but I've decided to take it.

Saturday, June 16, 1945. A shocking incident this week was the excommunication of Rabbi Mordecai M. Kaplan by the Union of Orthodox Rabbis for the heretical utterances in his Sabbath prayer-book, which was publicly burned by the Rabbis. I purchased a copy two weeks ago, and consider it a fine piece of inspirational work. Kaplan, who has done so much for American Judaism is excommunicated—the first Jew in America to be so treated. I see the Orthodox viewpoint, for Kaplan denies Revelation, the personal Messiah, bodily resurrection, Israel as a people chosen by God, and others. Jews are sick, if they kick a man like that.

Friday, June 22, 1945. Yesterday, the first day of summer, was the last day of exams. In the evening I was invited to a party in Lincoln Park. It was a party of poor little rich girls. Girls with money who moved recently to Yonkers and have no acquaintances. Girls without personality, wearing low-cut fitted gowns. Girls whose mothers serve beer and Scotch 'n soda at parties to us kids, for it is smart. Well, I was in that type of philosophical mood, an' so was Lenny. The party was very dull anyway, and after the guests first went on the terrace, then on the lawn, then leaving altogether to ride or sit in cars, Len and I remained in a nook. We heard the poor rich little girl cry and bewail the fate of her party. She received a gift of a hundred bucks too, which did not impress her.

Tannersville, Pa., Thursday, June 28, 1945. Well, today is the day in which I begin my summer job. The place is not as I had pictured it. The kitchen is inefficient. The bunks are bare and somber. The fellers are O.K.

Monday, July 2, 1945. I washed the first regulation meal, and it took us three hours and fifteen minutes.

Mr. Peller had us wash pots. It's a messy job, and I made it plain that I would not do it, and hope he will respect the verbal agreement. While the dishwashers all understand Hebrew, the two Palestinian-born boys want to be "assimilated" and try to imitate us Americans.

Sunday, July 8, 1945. Uncle Bill drove up with Mom and Dad, and they were very glad to see me. I led them to groups of campers so that Pop and Bill might enjoy listening to Hebrew-speaking American youngsters. I showed Mom the lake and the view.

Mom was relieved by the cheerful visage presented. After saying goodbye, I returned to the old job.

Saturday, July 14, 1945. I've always thought highly of the Sabbath, but today I was thrown into the face of the extreme Orthodox laws—the oppressive regulations. For instance, the dishwashing water was cold, causing us to work extra hours and miss a Hebrew play. All this could be remedied by spending five minutes to light the stove—but that, of course, would be work, while washing dishes is not.

I am getting a few of the dishwashers disinterested in Orthodox Judaism, to approach Reconstructionist viewpoint.

Friday, July 20, 1945. Our working conditions are getting worse. The absence from work of an injured worker—the lack of opportunity to learn Hebrew—the dirty clothes I am forced to wear—yes, these and other things make life here less than a bed of roses. Nevertheless, I am making the best of it. It is a worthwhile experience; it shows me the need for teamwork and cooperation in life—it helps me to understand modern industrial men and to understand their psychology, which is molded by so much dreariness to be found in their working lives.

The head counselor of the girls came into the kitchen and said I looked familiar. I recognized her as Miss Cutler whom I met at the Jewish Theological Seminary. She remembered me and was impressed that I was washing dishes in order to be at Massad.

Monday, July 23, 1945. The camp management hired a pot-washer today; our staff has increased from three to five. We worked out a plan on a revolving schedule, which gives everyone a chance to be off at one meal a day until the end of the season.

Sunday, July 29, 1945. Well, one of the conventions of civilization is the birthday. Today I'm entering my seventeenth year.

The campers sang "Let us bring peace to David on his birthday." It is done for all campers and they stand up. Of course it was tactless of me to come out in my dirty clothes, waiting for the singers to finish. The management made a cake in my honor which was served at a party with some milk and cookies. I felt at home, for the guests were all workers. I was introduced to an interesting custom prevailing in Jewish Palestine. Was placed on a chair and held on tight while four strong boys lifted me up sixteen times. It's a great thrill. One feels as if he is flying in space.

Tuesday, July 31, 1945. Today is one of the landmarks in my life, for on this day I took my first shave. We went up to the guest house and there I carefully watched Larry shave himself, and after he finished, I began to lather up my face. Just then Bob, the camp chauffeur, came in and warned me against the move with the wise expression of a man of twenty-five—but it was to no avail. During the whole evening my face felt drawn taut—dry and uncomfortable, but it was an experience I shall never forget.

Friday, August 3, 1945. The plan is working out nicely. Today I was off for supper to be followed by being off the next morning. In the afternoon, after a warm shower and a little nap, it was good to get all dressed up in my white clothing. After Sabbath evening prayers I ate with the campers, joking and speaking only in Hebrew. Then I went to Bialik Hall and danced the dances of the new Palestine with the pretty campers. It was very wonderful, and I'll always remember how I was enriched by the Jewish spirit on this day.

The campers call me "the dishwasher with the book," for I am always carrying a Hebrew reader to study in odd moments. In fact, I present such scholarliness, that people think I'm busier than I really am.

Sunday, August 5, 1945. It is, on the whole, pleasant. We sit and shell peas, peel carrots or potatoes, or clip bean ends. We kid around with Dave, the potwasher, and many's the time there's girls on K.P.

I must say that the girls in this camp are all most wonderful. They are very intelligent, Hebraists, lovers of the Jewish people, and very beautiful. It is self-evident that any girl who, while American born can speak Hebrew fluently, must have the above qualities. There are several fifteen-sixteen year olds whom I would like to know—but us "washers" don't have a chance to operate.

Friday, August 10, 1945. We really worked hard this evening, for we had to wash the dishes of Camp Massad's Fifth Anniversary banquet. I liked the holiday spirit, but felt kind of bad, because I saw all these happy singing people dressed in white through a hole in the wall.

In spite of the "Kogan Rest Plan" and the improved system of work, I must note that the job has been tough and boring. I see the *raison d'être* and the psychology of the celebrated Army gripe. We've been griping continually since the second week. Sometimes it takes comical forms—at other times the gripe is melancholy.

Tuesday, August 14, 1945. Since the entrance of the atom bomb into our collection of arms in the war between the United States and Japan, there have been eager questions on the lips of millions: "How long?" Finally, after supper today, we heard the news. THE WAR IS OVER. I cheered—but my cheers were empty, for I had no stake in the war. Then later in the evening, as I sat, or laid in bed, I thought of what the words VICTORY and PEACE mean. I realized that for the first time since 1935 all the leading and lesser nations of the world were at peace and were not trying to butcher each other. I realized that free peoples had triumphed over aggressor-led

peoples—God's Moral Law prevailed. I realized that there was a lot of HOPE for a better world in the minds of men—perhaps more hope than after 1919. I hope we can achieve peace and prosperity all over the world.

Thursday, August 16, 1945. Last evening was declared Victory Night and was very beautiful indeed. The songs which led America victorious in five wars, songs such as *God Bless America, America, Over There, When Johnny Comes Marching Home Again,* were sung alongside the ancient and modern Hebrew songs of peace, as *Sholom Aleichem* and others. After prayers and speeches the evening concluded with the songs of the Victorious Nations.

Today was my day off. Marv and I hitched to Lehighton. Hitching is fun—the open air—seeing the country—having conversations with different people. One feels as free as the wind, and learns an awful lot that isn't in the books.

Sunday, August 19, 1945. Mom called up today, and before I had hung up, I had spoken to the whole family, including Janeta. Mom expressed her admiration for sticking to my job so long. She was concerned over the condition of my hands. Dad was very glad to receive my Hebrew letter.

Mrs. Peller continually criticizes everyone in the kitchen. We have evolved techniques of negating her influence, which are quite amusing. We say in a fatherly kindly tone, "Mrs. Peller, you're biased," or "We don't care to discuss the matter while you're angry," or "Mrs. Peller, you've been working too hard and are nervous—rest awhile." All these remarks and others are effective.

Boy, do the waiters have an easy job. It is civilized work, short hours, no exertion, and affords the opportunity to speak Hebrew. The whole episode makes me want to apply to be a waiter here next year.

Yonkers, Saturday, September 1, 1945. As I write this at the end of the day, I am listening to the actual broadcast of the surrender of Japan to General MacArthur and representatives of the United Nations. They are describing it like a baseball game. I only hope they don't play the game of war any more.

I gave Mom her first Hebrew lesson today—I hope she will stick to it. There is great satisfaction in teaching.

Thursday, September 20, 1945. I kinda looked around at the possibilities of "getting in with the right people," but found them nil. "You're not one of us," Steve says. Should I want to be? He is doing imitations of me these days—a face on the verge of tears, with continuous open mouth and weak smile. Oh, *nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt*—knows what I suffer!

Listened to *Town Hall* in the evening, and agreed that atomic energy should be turned over to a strengthened United Nations.

Saturday, September 22, 1945. I felt perfectly well this morning, but Mom went with me to Dr. Steinhardt anyway. He really gave me some excruciating pain, puncturing a hole between nostrils and sinus. I received a local anesthesia. Nevertheless, three tears fell down from my eyes. As usual, seen; as usual, silent. The doc also gives me penicillin to take every three hours, day and night.

Tuesday, September 25, 1945. Dr. Steinhardt bade me to continue taking penicillin the next 72 hours. It is only fair to say, though, that I am tired. I shouldn't kick—all I had to do was to raise my head and swallow every three hours. It was Mom, who got out of bed and brought the stuff in from the refrigerator, whose night's sleep was ruined.

Thursday, October 18, 1945. Stayed home this evening. Worked on Pentateuch, finishing Genesis. Was thinking of

ways to fit the English and Hebrew into the small-size books I'll publish when I grow up.

I began an unusual compilation in preparation for my autobiography, taking notes on things I lived thru in my life prior to the beginning of this record at the end of my twelfth year. Starting with such vague notes of the past as "the death of grandmother," "washed in bathtub with L," "future president," "trips," "block-gang," it continues. I have forty-six items so far, and hope, in time, to recall all of the significant events in my childhood.

Received an "A" in my second book report. Maybe I'll be a journalist. O, I made an attempt to do some homework, but quit after five minutes.

Monday, October 22, 1945. Mom had a real spat with me today. She said things like I'm throwing away my future; I never do any homework. I used my latest defense—look calmly, sympathetic, and say that happiness is all that counts. She calmed down beautifully, and then bent over backwards. Still, I know she's right in many ways.

Friday, October 26, 1945. This evening I was to attend Jill's party. Dina Brener clung to me, which greatly amused my friends, much to my discomfort. Towards the end of an evening of dancing and small-talk, I found myself in a dark room with Dina, engaged in mild necking, which I delighted in. The upshot of it was that I took the girl home. Before leaving, she kissed Lenny and Steve good night, altho hardly knowing them. Therefore, you see, it was no great tactical triumph.

Sunday, October 27, 1945. Navy Day. Mother and I saw the President at Central Park and Fifty-ninth Street. I'm glad I saw Mr. Truman. He seems so human, so average, a great honest American. The city was packed. A spirit of the old-

time Roman spectacle holiday was in the air. The government was putting on a show, and the people were happy. It was a worthwhile trip and everyone was friendly. I enjoyed watching two French gobs try their line on some American gals.

Wednesday, October 31, 1945. A thirst for knowledge has come over me. I've developed a desire to know, for knowledge is power. I spent a large portion of the evening surveying the *Britannica* subjects which I desire to study.

Stayed home this Halloween. The stream of little kids in costumes decreases every year—also the mischief. Youth isn't what it was in my day. I guess I'm not really old enough to sound off about generations yet. At that time everyone was in costume, ringing every bell within a mile of his home. We broke windows and turned in alarms. We sang songs for quarters and were given loads of apples and cookies. The kids around these days are just as tough, but their toughness has even less of the old days comradeship.

Saturday, November 3, 1945. Last summer, after the day's work, the old-timers at Cream Ridge would discuss a fantastic legendary character called "Enzo Sereni." I would listen, and the stories impressed me. Today I heard of Sereni's life and death at Dachau. He was a great energetic Italian Jew who worked for his people all over the world, and died a martyr to their cause. It's a warm, human story. I'll remember it and keep it.

I'm living among my family and the printed word. I know it is not a balanced life.

Wednesday, November 7, 1945. Revival Day at the Park Hill found me in the movies again this afternoon, although the members of the family don't know it, and I doubt if they ever will. I saw a famous relic, *The Sheik* with Rudolph Valen-

tino. It wasn't good, it was a novelty. I can't rate it against these modern pictures. It just doesn't compare.

I wonder if Mother ever reads this book? Or ANYONE—it is frightful to think that I mistrust people, but I would be permanently shaken if anyone did. The only thing—to go and buy a strong box with a lock. I don't want anyone reading these books until I'm ready to cut my body into longitudinal strips.

Sunday, November 11, 1945. Uncle Bill was over last evening, and his visit provoked a serious discussion of my educational and vocational plans. Uncle Bill prefers accounting, Dad prefers law, Mom prefers journalism, and I prefer the rabbinate.

I asked Mr. Ansell at the Center for advice. I just came into his office and asked him (with the little knowledge he has of me), what he thinks of the above-mentioned professions for me. He recommended journalism strongly, with rabbinate and law trailing in that order. I just love the way that man talks; he is so concise, accurate, and forceful. Now the trick is to enter the best college that I can, or making the most out of the wreck that is my high-school career.

Sunday, November 18, 1945. As has been the custom recently, my Sundays have been devoted to getting dressed up and going to the Center to play and watch basketball—with the extra privilege of being freer than any other day, for I automatically meet people and am permitted to eat my meals irregularly.

In the evening I was reading three of my favorite stories in Ludwig Lewisohn's *This People.* I like the people who give me things. I know they are not really giving these things away, for everything in the world has a price. Nevertheless, I am indebted. I am indebted to W. Durant, H. G. Wells, M.

Samuel, L. Lewisohn, A. Sachar, J. T. Farrell, R. Lardner, among others in recent years.

Monday, November 19, 1945. I've decided that I need eight-and-a-half hours of sleep every night. This means that my lights go out and thoughts go out at 10:00 on every weeknight. If I have some heavy thinking to do, I'll pass time in the rocking chair on the porch before the curfew.

I went down for my pictures today. The pose came off jolly well, but Mom doesn't like it. She says nothing is too good for a college application. At her insistence, I'll take some photos at Stephen's. There is no need for it—but she's all excited about her 'ittle boy going to college. I shouldn't criticize her so much. Maybe it's because she and Dad are the only people I've really mastered.

Saturday, December 1, 1945. Last evening I became very Sabbathy, coming home right after school, doing a little for Mom and then getting all dressed up. Mom lit candles and I prayed an' slowly walked around the house. As I stayed home during the evening, felt a little run-down and was coughing, the thing to do was to go to bed early. You know me however; I wasn't in bed until twelve, reading and thumbing pages in my Encyclopedias.

I woke up late today and didn't get up right away. Mom noticed this and immediately took my temperature. To my surprise, I had a temperature of 100. Dr. Wilenky came over to examine me. He's a swell guy; he said I wasn't really sick.

Wednesday, December 5, 1945. I returned to school today —the day seemed most ordinary. The *Blackboard,* our Y.H.S. yearbook, is becoming a "pain in the neck"! Joe Roth and I have definite ideas on the book. We wish its theme to be the United Nations. The hitch in all this is Miss Raftery—our adviser. She strongly feels that the theme should be the pa-

godas of China, which I think is the bunk. Nu, what can you do about it. . . .

Saturday, December 8, 1945. This evening I went to the movies with my parents, because I didn't have anything else to do. However, this turn of affairs will develop a one-sided personality.

I went walking around the house—'n around the outside. I even went down to the railroad station and bought a round-trip ticket to New York. Only a Freudian could figure that out.

Saturday, December 15, 1945. Called up Gordon this morning to ascertain if I could come over. Unfortunately he had homework, applications for college (*sic*) and company. About 6:00 P.M. I received a call from the boy—he wanted to spend the evening at my house. We had a very enjoyable time. Our friendship is a breathing reality and we pour out our hearts to each other. He quaintly proposed a perpetual partnership between us. Whenever we meet, I entertain him from the vast storehouse of my mind. I relate the foibles and psychologies of acquaintances, teachers, educational systems, Jewish problems, philosophy, economics, and the like. He loves it. If all of his qualities and all of mine were put in Ken Stone's body, endowed with Steve's health and Meltin's aggressiveness, the world's perfect man would be found.

Friday, December 21, 1945. Boy, am I having trouble getting a date for New Year's Eve. I know I'm no raving specimen of masculinity, nor personality plus prize package. Nevertheless, no one including me wants less than he deserves. I'm out for the best, prettiest, and most alive girl I'll feel comfortable with. Yet the going is tough. I waited too long and the field is limited.

I got a feelin' Dina Brener likes me. She's always moonin' around me, an' makes out as if she's awful interested in me.

Tuesday, December 25, 1945. I went to call on the Blind Date; in less time than it takes to write this she became Arlene Davidson, a beautiful, laughing, intelligent, petite, a blond Sandra in every manner, but quieter. We clicked immediately, and fortune presented me with one of the happiest evenings my sad life has yet experienced.

The company was quite congenial. The Cafe Rouge, our destination, was a very nice place—a night club. We very maturely dined and boozed and danced to the strains of a name band, Les Brown and Doris Day, vocalists. We loved it. Kogan was Cinderella, sparkling in conversation, with his naive wit; Arlene Davidson became Arlene, someone to dream about. We waltzed 'n such. Before leaving I gallantly swiped an ashtray which she would always treasure. There were about eleven other couples from Yonkers. From there we went to the Onyx Club, a "bistro" or some such on Fifty-second Street, where we ordered liquor and listened to Le Hot Jazz—pure jazz with no trace of swing. It is a worthwhile experience. A sidelight of the evening was my first cigar. I like 'em. On returning to Yonkers, we agreed that Arlene would break her New Year's date and accompany me to the A.S.C. party.

BOOK 6

1946

Tuesday, January 1, 1946. I didn't make any resolutions yet!

Thought about the girl and the mistakes I made last night. One minute after midnight saw me end a beautiful romance with a lovely girl. It was the way I kissed her. It was the rude, weak, short, clumsy kiss of a coward. Of course I didn't realize it then, but I do now. Gosh, but she's a swell kid. Howie Lieber drove us home. Arlene was locked out and it was necessary to climb into a second-story window. I let Howie do it! That's what finished me, for this was a far cry from the gallant of the Twenty-fifth. Kissed the girl goodnight and sped back to the party in the Lieb car. Reluctant to go home, just hung around for a while.

Am I really as much of a chump as I make out? In a sense yes, in a sense no. We're all chumps. Every lonely individual in this world. We are concerned with our own faults, and the successes of others. We think that success completely satisfies them, when it does not completely satisfy ourselves.

Saturday, January 12, 1946. My first pilgrimage to the Citadel of Reconstructionism this year. Found it inspiring, and wish a comparable service could be found in Yonkers. Walked Rabbi Eisenstein home and then journeyed to Times

Square. It was my intention to spend the afternoon in the Jewish division of the New York Public Library. Instead my feet took me to a hamburger at McGinnis' and later I saw *Ecstasy* with Hedy Lamarr. It is not sensational or risque. On the contrary, it is a beautiful, slow-moving, foreign-made film.

Sunday, January 13, 1946. The A.S.C. gave Gil Meltin a farewell party at the Horn's this evening. The place was full of stag girls. It was a grand parting. He was smoking cigars, and carrying on in the manner of Le Grand Sophistique.

Gilbert Meltin, the sophisticate and cynic, who does not believe in any of the noble qualities in human nature—does not believe any woman is virtuous or any man faithful to his wife, or that anyone ever does a kind act except make a gesture—the worldly-wise is going into the army tomorrow. I, a student of life, have studied him, and he fascinates me. He is one of God's creatures, both failure and success, a mental giant and a romantic fool.

Saturday, January 19, 1946. Called up Arlene twice today and verified my date with her. Dressed in one of the prevailing men's fashions of the day, a white shirt and tie covered by a heavy colored flannel shirt, I got there about eight o'clock. She looked happy, pretty, intelligent, and cold. I knew I shouldn't have taken her to the movies, but it was too late. Contrary to fond expectations, the time in the movies hung heavy. She was reserved and reticent. I resigned myself to the picture, a romantic adventure, *Frenchman's Creek* with beauteous Joan Fontaine. After walking her home, she quickly dashed upstairs, leaving me to ponder *"Ma chayenu"*—what is life?

On the way home I dropped in at a "sweet sixteen" party in time to kiss the "sweet young thing" (look who's talking) good night.

Thursday, January 24, 1946. No one knows when tragedy will strike. I was greatly touched today to hear that Ellis' mother died suddenly. Only last year his brother Joe was killed over Germany. I never really knew Mrs. Berkowitz, and yet she did one kindness for me which will make her memory abide always within me. Once the club had a party at Ellis' while I had a slight cold, and she talked Mother into letting me attend.

The folks and I went to visit the Berkowitz family. Mr. Berkowitz is a saint—he was full of good cheer and great understanding in his mourning. The place was crowded and many wore *yarmulkas* [skullcaps]. I realized that religion is the handmaiden of death.

At the A.S.C. meeting this evening I talked the fellows into planting trees in the Jewish National Fund forest of Israel as a memorial in her memory. I think this is better than flowers or fruit.

Sunday, January 27, 1946. How wise were the words of Harry Fisher who said that hanging around with girls encouraged jealousy, envy, unhappiness, and conceit. Or else you might say that mingling with girls was a necessary evil, and provides experience for the future. At any rate, I know I am a failure in regard to Arlene. On the other hand, I know I hurt Dina Brener by constantly spurning her.

Dina acts like a siren. Ran into her at the Center, and she lured me into walking her home, for no one else would. She was teasing me. When I complained, she said I wasn't an "enterprising lover" (which is true). I'll have to really speak to the stormy petrel.

Thursday, January 31, 1946. I got a letter for the club from Pvt. Gilbert Meltin today. The boy is already using his shrewdness and world-wisdom. His letter contains transcripts of the Sarge's cuss-words and his own first attempts at gold-

bricking. Literally it is not great, but its coarse humor is full of merriment and provoked great laughter at the evening's meeting. A thought seizes me—what will Meltin be like in twenty years?

Gil will soon be joined by other A.S.C. members. Mike Kornblau has enlisted in the Marines. Herbie is enlisting in the Navy. I do not believe any of these boys would otherwise be conscripted. Behind all their motives is the idea of escapism and glamour.

Wednesday, February 6, 1946. Jill called up this evening and invited me to her party—provided I would take Dina. I said "no." Now I realize I was wrong. I need experience and confidence. Perhaps I might have had a good time. At least I couldn't say "Saturday Night is the loneliest Night of the Week." I am not the one to woo a girl—so if one is wooing me, that makes it all the easier. As Garloff says, I'm "old country."

I learned something important: intelligence can be of at least two kinds. Practical and intellectual. Beware, when you think you have it "on" someone.

Friday, February 8, 1946. Joe Roth and I went to the Yonkers-Roosevelt game. Our team beat their opponents handsomely. The fact didn't make us happy though. We were both looking for the same vistas, and they fell from our grasp. We looked for rides in cars, the ability to converse wittily, the friendship of beautiful girls whom we slightly know. (The latter fall prey to dumb, dissipated, well-built Adonis'.) No, we didn't find what we wanted. We were in a reflective mood and walked home talking, self-criticizing, pipe-dreaming. He is better raw material, but I've thought about the problems of life more, and believe that I am less disappointed in life.

Joe and I are both two lonely, neglected souls, who try to do good by the other fellow. (Although my new friend Tom

Wolfe says everyone is lonely.) Joe has less interests, but more assets—the reverse is true of me. This inherent loneliness makes us seek each other's company.

Saturday, February 9, 1946. Why don't I let my parents in on the bleak, proud, lonely, and desolate castle high on the moor which is my social life—perhaps they would not understand—of course they wouldn't.

Thursday, February 14, 1946. Have long been interested in the thought that the wise man seeks out the proper expert and is thus guided through life. Never susceptible to modern advertising, and yet not wishing to let all things I consume depend on experience, I purchased Mom and Dad a year's membership in Consumer's Union in honor of their anniversary tomorrow.

My parents do not understand each other's egos and soft spots. Mom craves appreciation; thoughtfulness however is not a part of Dad.

Monday, February 25, 1946. "Ring the bells!" We were awakened from the lethargy of our daily educational grind by the announcement that General "Vinegar Joe" Stillwell, Yonkers High's most distinguished alumnus was visiting the school and would speak in the assembly. We repaired thither and Frank L. Baker pulled out an introduction. Then Joe spoke, and quickly disarmed and won his youthul audience by his lack of oratory and his extensive use of the vernacular. He told of the "wind" he has to hear at dinners. How he was a lousy student in high school, always fooling around and playing pranks on the principal. He seriously said that this generation was better physically and mentally (didn't say morally), and urged us to work. All in all, it was a grand homecoming for this humble man who wore no decorations. He was cheered and ovationed, and many shook hands with

him at the door. "Hometown boy makes good." Live and be optimistic.

Tuesday, March 12, 1946. Last month I was elected president of the Yonkers High Melethian Debating Society. I conducted a Melethian meeting today. There is something in human nature that makes people like to be presidents and fathers—it's the same thing. I'm firmly guiding the organization. Its star is rising. Attendance is good. Membership is increasing. Interest is reborn.

Saturday, March 16, 1946. I heeded the injunction of Hillel—"Separate thyself not from the Congregation"—and went to Elliot Avenue Synagogue. At first I sat among older men. It seemed to me I was seeing the slow decay of an aristocratic old club. Then I realized that in the other room Junior Congregation services were in progress. I repaired there. Here the atmosphere, altho at times boisterous and religious (the elders was the same), was musical and alive. O, how I love to sing out the old Jewish liturgy. I was called up to read the Torah blessings for the first time; was thrilled and honored.

Thursday, March 21, 1946. The corruptness and sordidness of it all! A group of potential delinquents from school came up to the A.S.C. meeting this evening. The topic touched upon were the corruptness, drunkenness, and lecherousness of the Police Force; the big-time gambling and book-making in the city. The lack of interest of parents in their sons; the lack of warm relationship between the two generations. (In general Yonkers has first generation of Italians and second generation of Jews.) The amount of sex prevalent among youth, and the low standards of morality prevalent. These are things social workers can't cure by activity projects. Step number one: legalize honest gambling!

Saturday, April 6, 1946. Couldn't sleep a wink last night, and frankly worried about exam (scholastic aptitude). Met Bob near the station. The exams were difficult and scientific. I enjoyed the intellectual and mental gymnastics of the test—worth $8.00. (All my college attempts will be wasted if I don't mail a few applications.)

To Arlene's birthday party. Arlene was having a wonderful time with George. In the early morning George and I were given the come-on by two pajama-clad girls in a window of an old house. Hindsight tells me I should have accepted the proposition on challenge.

Wednesday, April 10, 1946. Arlene was at the *Seder* at Temple Emanuel tonight. I wore my new suit and it looked swell. If the fellows wouldn't always try to find out where my shoulders end, and those of the jacket begin, I'd enjoy wearing the thing.

Saturday, April 13, 1946. The *Herald Tribune Forum* today was most interesting. The Waldorf-Astoria is a beautiful place of the same type of sumptuous dazzling modern simplicity as Rockefeller Center. It is a center of wealth and material splendor. In its Grand Ballroom were over one thousand well-behaved kids who listened to a few of the nation's leaders in science, government, and military affairs speak on the whither or not. I was particularly interested to hear David Lilienthal expound his atom bomb plans, and listening to that progressive conservative warrior, Justice Roberts, urge the gradual building up of a World Constitutional Government.

Sunday, April 14, 1946. Dad took my suit back to New York today; thus I gave up the beautiful thing. It does not look good on me, the folks say. I like it, because it would look good on a fellow who is somehow my ideal; a husky, strong, loud, good-natured, bland, prudent, aggressive, shrewd

leader of men. Alan Ladd, Clark Gable, Tex Richard rolled into one.

Saturday, April 27, 1946. I am pessimistic as to the winning of the State Scholarship. Perhaps Kogan luck will do it. I feel that the twenty-odd hours of study this week only gave me about 10 points out of a total of five hundred.

This Sabbath afternoon, the first after Passover, I traditionally studied the first chapter of *Pirke Aboth* [*Ethics of the Fathers*] in English and Hebrew. It is a wise book. My favorites are: *"If I am not for myself, who will be for me?" "If I am not for others, what am I?"* and *"If not now, when?"* These sayings contain idealism, materialism, worldliness. Tempus fugit, and do it now.

Sunday, April 28, 1946. Hardly slept last night, for I was thinking. I'm becoming psychosomatic. I live in a vague, frustrated, lonely world, in a city of 150,000 people. Major problems are the choice of a career, getting into a college, buying a car, and minor problems such as who to take to the prom confront me. I feel very lonely.

I took *Pirke Aboth* over to the Junior League meeting and felt like an alien reading it. The people are so far from religion, it wasn't a go.

Saturday, May 25, 1946. I take up the pen again after a lapse of weeks. This diary is one of my strongest records of character. (1) The entries are tardy. (2) They are introspective. (3) They are interested in completeness (born out by frantic efforts to "catch up"). (4) They show a definite lack of application and stick-to-itiveness.

I've begun to study *The English Vocabulary Builder* by Johnson O'Connor. It is fascinating in that it shows the shades of thought in various words and clear definitions of ideas and

actions. I'm studying seventy words a day now, and shall decrease the dose, as the difficulty increases.

Kogan is in the underlining business. He carries around a folded card and a sharp pencil, underlining what is worthwhile in everything he reads. He's a born condenser.

Saturday, June 1, 1946. THE YONKERS HIGH PROM—a stormy rainy night in which I finally break off with Arlene. The evening was worth forty dollars—the tuxes, cars, dates, cigars, the splendor of the Astor Roof, big tipping, sentiment. Nevertheless, I'd do it differently if I could do it over again. I missed the IDEAL DATE, the IDEAL environment.

What do I remember? Alvino Rey's singing guitar? Arlene's perpetual warmness-coldness. The way I took her home and she asked me to kiss her and I gave her a weak emotionless peck—that finished it—the ultimate conclusion that the male animal is a liar in his bravado of amour—somehow the real lover speaks either not at all—or differently. Driving around Westchester from three to five in the morning, Nick piloting Dad's car, doing nothing, feeling that the experience renewed my friendship with Garloff.

Tuesday, June 25, 1946. Dropped up at school for a while and got my Regents marks—Chemistry 91, English 95, History 98. Then, after a few hours signing yearbooks, Garloff and I went swimming at Tibbetts. Met Lucille Hersh at the pool and she did not give me the chill by any means. The girl is boy-crazy, smart, shallow, attractive, and friendly; her conduct a curious mixture of old-time legality and modern liberty.

Received a card today from Massad telling me to report for work Friday morning.

Tannersville, Pa., June 28, 1946. Established quarters in the same bunk I occupied last year, and took some time to

compare the motley existence of the dishwashers and their filthy tasks to the esteemed position of my present status, a poor but proud waiter.

I enjoyed dishwashing last summer, because it was a dramatic challenge. It meant continual thought on ways of improving efficiency and securing better working conditions from our employers. Another year at such labor would be dirty and dull.

Hit the hay early.

Monday, July 15, 1946. The work is more difficult than I thought. To complicate matters, after I figured out a system and finished the dozens of waiter's duties faster than anyone else, they established a system under which the first to finish his work cannot leave as heretofore, and thus have torn away private enterprise.

I moved from the barracks to a bunk of thirteen-year-old boys, to keep order for a few minutes at nine, when the kids go to bed. My presence with the campers enables me to learn more Hebrew, enlarges my circle among the counselors, and saves me from climbing up the hill many times daily.

In the library tonight I looked at a picture of Lily Baum, taken while at Cream Ridge and appearing in a Jewish youth magazine.

Monday, July 29, 1946. Seventeenth year of my LIFE, fifth in the BOOK; in which I win honors at High School, Valedictorian, President of Debating Club, graduation medals. Do not make any gains in physical strength, athletic prowess, or work-habits. Also in which I bring great happiness to my parents and master the art of more or less pleasing them; see the A.S.C. break up after five years of influence, make significant Hebrew progress, but almost completely abstain from Jewish activity.

In which I meet a hundred-odd new people and record the

fact; make diary entries about 20% of the time and make no progress at all in deciding in favor of a future vocation.

In short, a poor unproductive year; a few stars in a bleak sky of evasion and the despair of lack of fulfilment.

Friday, August 2, 1946. My day off began 1:00 P.M. Thursday, until 6:00 P.M. Friday. Three counselors and I decided to travel in the Catskills. One of the boys, Hillel, my age, has a car, so we drove up to Monticello. We visited the town with its kosher delicatessen, Yiddish newspapers on the stands and other vestiges of transplanted Brooklyn. Then we decided to see the various types of resorts. Asking for rooms, we stopped at gigantic hotels, places with entertainment which are quite expensive, and small dirty places with Jews sitting playing cards on big porches, without any recreational facilities.

Overheard: "you feel on Bronx as we on Brooklyn?" (the illusion of equality in the world) . . .

Sunday, August 4, 1946. They gave me the signal honor of being waiter to the Massad Council, the men who control this camp. It is a responsible position. The work is more exacting, but this is balanced by less people to wait upon. I thus served some of the outstanding figures in Hebrew culture, such as Ribalow, the editor of America's Hebrew weekly *Hadoar*, Zvi Sharfstein, America's greatest Hebrew educator, Rabbi Moshe Davis, dean of the Jewish Theological Seminary, Efros, the Hebrew poet, Moshe Feinstein, dean of the *Herzliah*, and Shulsinger, founder of this camp, a fanatic with a magnificent obsession of this spreading idea of intense Hebrew environment—yes, all luminaries in Israel.

Monday, August 11, 1946. Obtained leave of absence from camp to register at New York University and decided to hitchhike to New York. Was picked up in Stroudsburg by a lonely

man traveling in my direction. He inquired whether they were treating me well at that "Jewish camp," adding "I don't like to do business with Jews, they are always trying to take advantage of you." I told him he evidently had some bad experiences, but it was not fair to generalize. He surprised me by saying, "If you would know Jews as well as I do, you would agree with me."

It is not unusual for me, being fair and blue-eyed, to be mistaken for an "Aryan." I told him I've been living with Jews all my life, that I am a Jew myself. The man looked at me closely. "Like hell you are, a nice kid like you." I asked him to stop the car and leave me off. I didn't think we were going to enjoy each other's company. He went on: "Let's not be too hasty. Perhaps you can enlighten me."

We had a long conversation on the way to New York, discussing various phases of Judaism. He asked me how our Rabbi's feel in regard to Palestine, "are they all of the same opinion?" I told him that some of them believe Palestine should be a haven for refugees, the majority that it should be a Jewish Commonwealth.

He gave me his card and offered to call for me at the camp the next time I decide to go to New York.

Sunday, August 18, 1946. Camp is fast drawing to a close. Suddenly I realized that I was supremely happy. I obtained an optimistic view of life, and developed spiritual reserves raised from the well of Judaism, which will insure me a long life of spiritual contentment. I also awoke to the fact that although my mind and personality were prepared for life's battles, I need first, an education, and second, a vocation. I thought how a school like Columbia or Cornell would give me a rich college life, while I'd wilt in a place like New York University. The crowded conditions and traveling almost four hours daily will drive me into the world of work before I am eighteen.

Yonkers, September 11, 1946. Kogan luck (?) did it. I was awarded the State Scholarship and a Cornell Scholarship. The latter of course admits me to the University.

I think too much these days. As an inquisitive person seeking the laws of the Universe, I have found that no completely good thing is gotten without work or without luck.

I have always been self-critical. Now I am also a keener student of others. I have changed my views on girls, raising my standards four hundred percent, and suddenly realize that few come close to these standards. Lily Baum in England might.

Tuesday, September 17, 1946. I went to the movies with Joe. We saw a thriller in which the hero tries to be great by being powerful—as if a man playing loudly on the piano is a better player.

Thursday, September 19, 1946. It is about time that I start doing something about my friendships and acquaintanceships. For a while I didn't have any friends, now I dangerously veer towards the point where I can be accused of insincerity. I believe that you get only as much out of life as you put into it. You, furthermore, can be really happy if you enjoy putting into it.

I hold that everyone is nice, except that some have characteristics which others consider undesirable. A human being rationalizes everything he does. Therefore, instead of speaking ill of your neighbor—praise his good points, and limit the sound criticism to his ears.

Thursday, September 26, 1946. The Jewish New Year began, and I made the mistake of sitting next to Evelyn Preslow during morning services. Now I see why Orthodox Jews keep pretty girls in balconies.

Friday, September 27, 1946. Rosh Hashanah. I really studied religion and acquired a strange warmth which gladdened the hearts of everyone about me. I prayed devoutly in Hebrew at the old Hungarian *Schul* on Prospect Street. Heard Rabbi Rosenberg speak on Judaism and relate episodes from his work among the D.P.'s in the "Valley of dry bones" which are the Jews of Europe.

Fisher and Bauer have analyzed me as a part of my repentance program. Immaturity, flightiness, the idea that I am always doing the bizarre and unusual, irresponsibility, procrastinator—those are some of the things they've mentioned; much of it is true too.

Tuesday, October 1, 1946. Uncle Fred died today, the first time I know of an uncle's death. I feel sad and sorry. At best I'm conscious of his death and re-interested in his life. He was a good mixer, a homely, good-natured man who was always laughing. Twenty-one years in America—twenty years a milkman, a father of two sons, and one of the best-liked men in his community. Oh, why does God strike down a man like that at forty-four. The news was expected for some time, when one has cancer.

The older folks, including Grandma, who naturally was hardest hit, talked about the fullness of Fred's life. One thing will always remain with me—all summer he has asked me to write him a letter. I procrastinated—when he finally got it, he was too sick to enjoy it. Oh, what a tragic lesson.

Thursday, October 3, 1946. Took a vocational guidance test today at the Jewish Vocational Guidance office, and had a long interview with Miss Potash, who was very sympathetic. They are on scholastic aptitude, intelligence, personality, and interests. The results will be known Monday. Among the questions were hundreds of this type—"Would you rather visit a slum, dissect a frog, sell a fur-coat?" The personality

test was very personal, they even solicited an answer on crying! It's amazing what human engineering does!

Mom was interested in such questions as whether I would prefer being a barber or book reviewer, taking it for granted that I filled out "book reviewer, of course."

"Why, the 'of course'?" I had to disillusion her. Would I enjoy discussing day after day what other people wrote? It would kill my own thoughts. I would much rather be a barber. How colorful is the life of Sam—his place is practically an American institution. There politics are discussed together with current events, and local gossip is sprinkled with a fine sense of humor. Why, I am always glad his haircuts are not too close—gives me a chance to come back oftener.

Friday, October 4, 1946. KOL NIDRE—the Eve of the Day of Atonement and I repent for the sins—sins against God's Moral Law—(a) relationships with my fellowmen, (b) sins against my own self-fulfillment—sins against God's Natural Law. I must cleanse myself of *Procrastination, Immaturity, Disregard of my fellows, Wasted effort, Insincerity, Failure to discharge obligations.* Less ethical but nevertheless sins against self-fulfillment are *Day-dreaming and Frustration.*

On the natural side I must watch *Posture, Exercise, Weakness, Lack of sleep, East more of more.* Then, too, there are specific sins to my fellowmen as unkindness in word and deed, not answering letters, absence of appreciation, etc.

The service this evening was beautiful—it was religious in the finest sense of the word, it was a solemn artistic pageant—mysterious and yet comprehensive to everyone.

Yes, the Day of Atonement—let me MAKE UP FOR MY SINS—let me live, give, laugh, study, love, know, and understand—I'm but little lower than the angels.

Sunday, October 6, 1946. Concentrated on relatives today before leaving for college. "Jewish scribbler" that I am, the story of my family will somewhere be told sometime. First we

went to see the Sterlins (poor Sam is quite sick and loves to talk about it); on the maternal side we went to the Jaspers where Aunt Lil is still not over Fred's passing. There's not much to do at times like this, just be gracious to the grown-ups, make conversation, and let yourself down a peg to take part in Lloyd's merry antics.

I went shopping with Dad these last few days; he loves to wardrobe-shop for his Cornell son. Suit, snazzy sports jacket, my first man's-type hat, gloves—O yes, my first bow tie and also collar stay. I could use a nice tie pin. Asked Mom to get me one with DSK on it. For then, if anyone in Yonkers curiously inquires about my initials, I can quickly answer them. Since I am not correcting them if they call me other names, they'll pick the one they like best. I don't want people to think I am really name-conscious, when the truth of it is I am not.

Monday, October 7, 1946. Of importance were the results of the vocational guidance tests which I took: My I.Q. is 139; I have an inferiority complex; am primarily interested in the social, literary, and service fields, with things mechanical, musical, and computational secondary. Mine is a hard case—I should continue to explore—have good language power. Rabbi might be fine. Miss Potash was very kind.

Ithaca, N. Y., Tuesday, October 8, 1946. Left Yonkers about 11:30 and had a fine trip up. I took along my guide book to New York State and over the long sections of the route delivered an historic, sociological, and scenic commentary.

Mom said now that I'll be away at school and Janeta's parents are leaving Panama to settle in the United States, she will have a lot of time on her hands, and may go back to designing dresses. I told her if she were the "mink loving" type to go and do it. But such not being the case, why make life harder for herself and Dad at this time of their lives?

Mom, always sentimental about nature, remarked how rich a palette nature is using to paint the Catskills at their loveliest this time of the year. "Makes me wish I could paint," she sighed. I suggested for her to try. She sketches well; perhaps painting would be her medium of expression.

We soon picked up a hitch-hiking Cornellian.

On arriving in Ithaca we find that the Kline Road houses (where I was to stay) burned to the ground barely twelve hours before our arrival. This gets the Mater down. We toured the campus at night. Some buildings are of the Y.H.S. variety—others are of the newest Yale-type vintage.

Wednesday, October 9, 1946. My first full day at Cornell! In which I start off as a parent-pecked anxious boy without a place to sleep—am then placed in a fine dormitory at the University's heart as the unwelcome extra in a large room already occupied by a likable, talkative blond from Forest Hills, old stock with plenty of chips, and another fellow, sneakier and shrewder. I was shorn of a desk but retained a favored bed—we'll get along.

I also joined the band today. It is part of the R.O.T.C. (Reserve Officers Training Corps) and football, and spent five hours marching and playing.

Was surprised to see Morty Weiner walking around Cornell this morning. He takes physics at Ithaca College and is jealous as hell of Cornell and quite lonely. We had supper in Willard Straight cafeteria which serves fine food.

Friday, October 11, 1946. In which I am a day closer to my death—how did that enter? I write in my diary trying not to be discovered by my two roommates. Why is diary-keeping considered effeminate?

Saturday, October 12, 1946. Saw my first football game today under adverse conditions to say the least. The stands were

uncovered and a pitiless rain unceasingly shamed itself on the field. Then to top it off, we took off our red coats for the spirit of it all, and shivered to death as we marched down the field. NOTE—I'm still alive.

Registered at last. My approved courses are English, Physics, Logic, Government, Psychology. Also received were chest x-rays and tetanus injections.

Sunday, October 13, 1946. President Day delivered a thrilling, meaningful, and humorous welcome speech to the assembled Frosh today. He spoke of Cornell's tradition, "Freedom and Responsibility."

It was like old home night for Yonkers boys, Jaffe, Stone, Weiner, Kogan, et al. We met at Hillel House opener—wolfed together (only Morty was successful) and then went into town for dinner.

Monday, October 14, 1946. In which I am thrilled by my first college classes and meet a girl.

I discovered these professors are personalities—their lectures quicken and embrace the learning experience.

Sally Simmons sat near me in Logic—gifted with beauty and build, she expressionlessly stared at the prof and I at her. Tossing aside the failure complexes of countless experiences, I ventured to know her and surprisingly did. Conversation—witty and clever—flew readily as she responded. Then one hour later the girl, eighteen years old, raised her finger—engaged! You didn't have to look for those things in high school! Took the two-hour basic math test with her and found out she's brilliant—finished in one half the time it took me—ah sweet mystery of life!

Saturday, October 19, 1946. There's a lot of neck going around in these parts. And even more serious activities. Ah, the Spirit of Co-Education.

Crossing the Bridge of Sacred and Profane. First Hillel Service was not particularly impressive, being about seventy-five percent Reform and twenty-five percent Conservative (that is merely hats, no organ, a bit of chanting). Nevertheless it is a necessary compromise.

Went to my first Cornell dance—taking the stocky girl from Rochester I met last night. I can't understand the morals of her position. We dance so closely—I am continually hot—the dips and hand-holdings are breathtaking. We then go out—I kiss her and it falls flat! She then fed me a line about she "didn't think I was that type." I devoted the next ninety minutes to brilliantly talking—at 12:29 I had completely won her heart!

I've come to the conclusion (a) either I don't know the art of kissing or (b) I am not emotionally responsive to it or (c) both.

The Cornell-Yale game was marvelous—beautiful weather and thrilling play. The band formations went off in perfect precision.

Sunday, October 20, 1946. Went to Chapel this morning for an inspiring service. Heard Reinhold Niebuhr—he's terrific, a neo-orthodox Christian, he lashed out against fascism, communism, and statism; says every man should feel himself wrong.

I had thought that my courses would present an opportunity to distinguish myself. This is not so, as I would have to steadily grind to climb from good to excellent. Competition is too keen. I used to say "gafoodle"; here the expression is "goof off," and boy do I do a lot of it. The high resolutions of the past few years must be kept in mind forever, if I would make a success of my few and vain years here on earth.

Sally found out I was Jewish today by watching me write a Hebrew letter (no words were exchanged); we just looked at each other.

Friday, October 25, 1946. At the *Oneg Shabbat* at Hillel it was good to sing Palestinian songs and dance the *Hora* again.

I've been studying the Jews here on the campus. Of the approximately fifteen hundred, about one hundred are truly tied to Jewish values and traditions in the modern sense of the term. Then there are about sixty who are Orthodox and do not have anything to do with Conservative Hillel House. Another one or two hundred enjoy going to services and are sympathetic to Jewish traditions. A factor almost unknown among Yonkers youth are the three hundred-odd radicals who work for the P.A.C. and the Negroes and Russia, but have nothing to do with anything Jewish, even refusing to come to Hillel House for social activities. Nevertheless they hang together at the "Universal" meetings where Jews predominate. The remaining nine hundred are in between; some come to occasional services; most going to Hillel House, but not at all really concerned with Jews and Judaism.

Friday, November 1, 1946. Tomorrow I journey to Paradise. Hello Yonkers! Mecca—yes, a place where I have watched people through the years. A place where I have failed again and again but kept on fighting and drooling. Has anyone read the five years of LIFE which are carelessly placed in various drawers in my room?

Yonkers, Saturday, November 2, 1946. A full day—in fact, I slept only the first two hours of this day. It was home-coming. I shan't forget the special menus engraved "Cornell University Band En Route," etc., nor my first experience of eating a regular meal on the train. Then we arrived in New York. I called up Mom and wished her a happy birthday. Marching around the field in our splendid uniforms, we beat Columbia 28-0 in a sensational upset. The reunion was marvelous. O, to fully describe the day! Dad and Mom—and then aimlessly

walking the streets with Joe, Lennie, visiting Horn, going out with Evelyn, and a pleasant morning with the family.

Family living was like it always should be—fresh exchange of news and pleasantries, helpfulness, discussion, reminiscences.

Ithaca, Tuesday, November 5, 1946. Watching beautiful women with hungry looks, and then spending almost four hours in the library, making lists of books worth reading.

As I write this, someone just told me that Mead has conceded the election. I guess the pendulum of politics is swinging to the right, and I predict a reaction. The true liberal is grieved. Why do literate people vote against their interests? In terms of both democracy and national welfare, how much should the government's role in economy be increased? I see deeper moral questions, and also realize it is considered more important to talk of your food and of your operations, than of your thoughts.

Friday, November 15, 1946. In which Cornell has a really religious service, a Jewish musical evening, and I am somewhat jarringly mated with a sophisticated sophomore.

Real culture flowed from an American-born *Chazzan* [Cantor], as I enjoyed a concert of sentimental Yiddish songs, modern Palestinians, a moving liturgical strain, interspersed with a charming talk on the Old Country and Jewish musical origins. It was also a successful attempt to get the audience singing. It followed services, and there will be more on Sunday.

After the services Alice Harris and I went to Leonardo's, a dimly lighted place with modern fixtures, bars, and dance floors. We both had Tom Collins (Cornell women drink at every opportunity). There was no evidence that she was attracted to me, as I calmly said good night, but her phone number, the experience, and a few contacts were an asset.

Was requested to move to temporary barracks.

Sunday, November 17, 1946. I ate my breakfast at Hillel along with about one hundred others. The food—lox, bagel, etc., did not particularly appeal to me (the strong influence of the *American Woman's Cookbook* on our family). Mort, Walt, and I were there listening to the *Chazzan* whose sweet voice inspired us all.

Gil Meltin would call us suckers—the Trio "volunteered" to clean up after Hillel breakfast, and it took two hours—long ones (in the psychological sense), yet I was not sorry. It hurts to see the attitude of superiority worn by the rest of the breakfasters (I am guilty of that attitude many times myself).

The weekly reading of almost every word in *Time* and *Newsweek*. The news of the world becomes a marvelous blur, a dim human comedy, a saga humane. It is a worthwhile experience—reporting is excellent. As I proceed with this last in an ever-changing number of extracurricular activities, I shall assimilate the never-ending pageant of Current History.

Monday, November 18, 1946. I looked at my body in the mirror today, and it seemed that I am beginning to have a masculine build; the faintest beginning of a BUILD was there. If this observation is correct, it is now or never—I must devote ever-increasing amount of time to body-building. You can't pass eighteen without a body, and expect to have one!

Wednesday, November 20, 1946. I called up Alice (I use too many "I's," but then I'm talking to myself). WHEN TALKING TO OTHERS, AVOID THE I'S—BE INTERESTED IN OTHERS—KEEP YOUR CARDS IN ORDER AND PLAY WITH SOMEONE ELSE'S DECK.

The Band was reviewed by a General today. In my contacts with Barton Hall I learn to detest militarism—the sharp disciplinary cries and the endless marching with rifles is abhorrent. The officer caste which the citizens support seem parasites needed and tolerated, because nations cannot learn to achieve security without them.

My English instructor, Mineka, wrote a long book on Unitarian Periodicals from 1790 to 1815. Anyone writing a thing like that could not possibly appreciate the talents of David Kogan as a writer. Seriously though, I can't understand where the others in my freshman class learned their grammar, for I certainly did not. The intrinsic dullness of grammatical principle. . . .

My physics instructor wears long hair, is a shabbily dressed young man about twenty-five, doesn't know how to teach and smiles, giggles, or laughs after every word. (It is more of a course in abnormal psychology.) Colleges never pick or promote instructors on teaching ability. They are solely concerned with the amount of original research or the degree of the man in question.

Saturday, November 23, 1946. In which I learn of the powers of song and dance, become a good friend of Walter Jaffe, take out sweet Alice, and do not in any way make time.

More on Miss Harris—brilliant, dark-faced, full-lipped, smiling, very enthusiastic about everything. She is a masterful piano player, good dancer—well, if I were a masterful dancer, the best place would be a dance—but I'm not. I mean nothing to her—I do not feel I love here—but I know she is an ideal date. My confab was weak and the know-how sadly lacking.

To Hillel, and more people not having a good time. The last hour of the evening was featured by Walter's rendition of college songs. Alice joined in and I felt icky—yes, I must master the tunes of sentiment, the drinking songs, and the folk-songs of nostalgia.

Sunday, November 24, 1946. I believe that the physical exam I took this afternoon was the most thorough I have ever encountered. Vision is 30:20, my back is not straight and tonsils embedded. Weight 138, and height 5′ 10½″, were some

of the things I learned during the fifty-minute trial during which various medical men fondled and looked into, as the case may be, the most intimate portions of my body.

Saturday, December 14, 1946. Cornell is becoming Christmasy with cards, signs, trees, and lights all over the place. Old gray alumni from various classes come here every weekend. Last weekend there was the semi-annual reunion of the class of 1893, and this weekend 1907 and 1909 came back. I enjoy overhearing these old characters. One learns a lot about America, a lot about people, and a lot about Cornell.

We are to begin preparing a term paper based on the reading of three books on related subjects. I secured approval for Kaplan's *Judaism as a Civilization, Judaism in Transition,* and Steinberg's *Partisan Guide* as a trilogy for the Reconstructionist philosophy.

Yonkers, Sunday, December 22, 1946. Yonkers milieu today. Kornblau comes in with big talk of women and whiskey untactfully as the family was sitting at the table. . . . Janeta cut from her moorings, friendless at twenty-three [1] . . .

Up at the Center talking for hours. While in the next room Dad was raising three thousand dollars for the people of Palestine from three hundred people who saw a movie of Israel and ate potato pancakes.

Searching blindly for New Year's dates with none in sight, and we conceive the party the be-all and end-all.

Then two hours at the Radford Cafe and the old-life talk with Roth in the parked car which led to nothing. No—can't see a date for New Year's.

[1] Ben Black was killed in action on the Italian Front.

BOOK 7

1947

I must intensify the learning process, the education of Kogan. I must learn from all experiences. Catalogue the past, map and plan the future, determine the wants, satisfy the drives. Perfect the arts and acquire the sciences of living. To do one's best—to think, think, think. To analyze, penetrate, work, help. To live in a world of spirituality and materialism.

It is that feeling of "what I should have done" or "what I should have said" which weighs the personality and destroys the tissues of optimum living. Always it must be "I did, I am doing, I must and will do!"

Wednesday, January 1, 1947. Kissing and D.S.K. don't go together. I neither give nor receive a charge out of it. Naturally New Year's Eve is the time for it. Reached the acme and pinnacle of my dancing last eve . . . graceful, smooth, varied. Took Jill home at three, went for meaningless rides, and was home at five.

Friday, January 3, 1947. Dropping in at the Reconstructionist office resulted in the acquisition of a great deal of literature. Later I saw Miss Potash of the B'nai B'rith Vocation Guidance. She didn't guide me much, though deprecating the idea of a legal education before future specialization.

The evening was spent finishing Kaplan's opus. I fundamentally agree with his thesis, so that I would rather spread its message than enter into polemics with him.

I've been profitably re-reading old entries. More talk on my family background is needed.

Saturday, January 4, 1947. A date with Lucille Hersh. Joe Roth got a date with Evelyn Preslow. It is not an overstatement to say that two of the community's prettiest girls traveled in our car tonite. The Post Lodge in Larchmont cost me fourteen dollars. Their alternation of one slow to one fast dance could easily drive anyone crazy. Thence to Ruby's, a dive literally off the New Rochelle shore. The atmosphere was slow, beery, and pleasant. The beer made Lucille sleepy, and I cruelly dragged her around the floor. The talk was gossip or daring ditties . . . this awful society.

These two weeks at home—a sense of living to the hilt was missing. The Kaplan report could have been crystallized.

Ithaca, Monday, January 6, 1947. A momentous decision. I went out for the Cornell 150-pound crew team today. I had long felt the need for strenuous athletic exercise to build up my physical condition, and realized that working out with an athletic team would furnish the most discipline. It's a sweaty life, hanging around with a combination of blue bloods and morons.

Thursday, January 9, 1947. A freshman dance at the Straight tonight. Alice gave me a pretty cold shoulder. Still—she's the nicest girl I've gone out with here. I realize they're all too old for me—all of them. They're eighteen, while I'm seventeen. This confines me to freshmen and then some. Perhaps it would be worthwhile to explore the possibilities of Ithaca High School. (Perhaps it would be worthwhile to get down to work and get a few A's.)

Sunday, January 12, 1947. Ithaca is clothed in white, and snow is about eight inches deep continually. Some students ski to their classes. Life here is a constant variation of icy walking with muddy walking, slipping and wallowing.

Hillel breakfast this morning—gafoodling with magazines —snatching at *Times* and the usual round of pool. A pair attached to a girl bouncing around the dance floor during the early afternoon, contributed a definite hedonic sensation.

I gathered up a text book—perhaps as a lame excuse—and trudged over to Jaffe's. After the weekly steak dinner, much of the time was devoted to a bull session discussing what percentage of Cornellians of each sex are virgins on entering and leaving after four years! Naturally none of was was armed with statistics. Thus my sole profit was received by studying the personalities and attitudes of various participants.

Friday, January 31, 1947. Attended yesterday a debate on Fraternities. As I see it, their chief points in favor are houseparties, especially on the big weekends, conventions, more secure friendships. I would somewhere thrash out segregation, basis of choosing.

Joined the Cornell Rhythmic Club, a group devoted to the appreciation of the best in Jazz, or as the white-bearded music professor at its head says, "Indigenous-American music."

At the services this night we saw a movie showing the great work of the Anti-Defamation League, and the Committee on the fight against Anti-Semitism. It is a subtle, intense, vigorous, and also expensive campaign.

Saturday, February 1, 1947. Just received my English term paper on Reconstructionism, and found that I received a B. I had belatedly realized that my topic was a difficult one to set down on fifteen pages, that it was vague, non-factual, partisan, argumentative. Nevertheless I learned a great deal. I am in college for knowledge, not numerical ratings. In spite of a

great deal of mechanical errors Mineka liked it, because perhaps he's interested in modern religious subjects. (We Jews don't realize how interesting our peculiar existence is to the intelligent Gentile.)

Attended a meeting of the Hebrew-speaking club. I find that I can speak the language fluently, but my word range is not very wide. Half a dozen of the members are obsessed with maladjustment and nationalism, and want to go to Palestine to be "normal." O how they need the calm philosophy of Kaplan.

Yonkers, Thursday, February 13, 1947. Visited Lucille Hersh this evening. What a crowd! I believe she is just about the most popular girl in town. Meanwhile Miss Hersh—who has the most delicious smell in the world—was waiting for a date. If I knew how to make love, and had the physical and financial equipment for it, she'd be the target. Can't talk to the girl tho; brain and no knowledge—intelligence and no interest in the world. I keep on thinking: shall I invest all in her? Met the girl incidentally in the Square, where she was on the way to mail a Valentine to me.

Friday, February 14, 1947. At the Temple to hear Rev. Caswell, guest of the staid Conservative Temple and such remarks as "value the person and not the label." Mom is good in remembering these speeches. . . . She is quite the clubwoman. Active, energetic, helping Dad, busy with social causes, Seminary studies, Christian and Jewish friends.

Saturday, February 15, 1947. The Coopers and Bergmans were here when I awoke (including my great-aunt Molly). Aside from exchanging pleasantries and playing with the kids, I talked quite a bit with Ben Cooper. His advice is specialize —be able to do something in one small field to perfection. The word waries me—I'm not a pin-head, I'm a cloud. I've

come to the conclusion that my "idea-dreams" aside, Rabbinate and law are the most generalized specialized fields. My first step is to do a great deal of vocational work between now and Easter vacation, so I know exactly what I want by way of a summer job.

The evening—ice skating at Rye; looked at some of the most beautiful girls anywhere. Then to the Radford—the hangout, for a hamburger and french fries . . . witty company.

Ithaca, Tuesday, February 18, 1947. Intensive crew began today. They are quite serious about the whole thing. I had to run around upper alumni field twice in my sweat-clothes—rowed twice as long as usual, what amounts to three and one half miles, they say. In picking his boats for Freshmen, I was chosen twenty-third out of a possible twenty-six. If the great amount of personal and indulgent instruction received today would serve as an indication—I'm due to fall even lower.

Saturday, February 22, '47

Dear Mom and Dad,

I really enjoyed being home those few days. It was good just to sleep in the old bed, eat Mamma's food, and listen to the old topics of our family: the house, Mom's clubwomen, and Dad's healthy liberalism, which is realistic enough to reckon with all the corruption and selfishness in the political and economic spheres, and yet idealistic in the sense that better will, must, and should come.

About the crew—I believe it is worthwhile, for although I spend six hours a week at it, I would have to devote three hours to gym. You know Roger Bacon said a good mind in a puny body can be compared to great stores of precious metals crossing the seas of life in a leaking boat.

Laboriously I crawl among the gold in Durant. Read on Plato in his Story of Philosophy. *I was beginning to get bored*

and discouraged with reading the original, and these score pages have made me return to the assignment with renewed enthusiasm. Read the Durant selection, both of you, and tell me what you think.

Folks, I believe that since both of you are college material who never had a chance to do college work, I should share my college experiences fully with you, so that through me you can both absorb the atmosphere and activity of Cornell.

Your loving son,
David

Saturday, March 1, 1947. Last night I went to a lecture given by the City Judge of Brooklyn, Sam Liebowitz, a sixty-year-old Cornell grad and formerly one of the greatest criminal lawyers in the business. In his time he defended eighty-five persons on murder charges, and none received death sentences. The audience was enthusiastic over this tough, kind man with the warm Jewish accent, as he imitated various lawyers and pantomimed their behavior in court, as he told stories of murders in a way that no jury in the world would convict, as he gave delightful word-pictures of men like Darrow, Untermeyer, and Steur in action. He spoke for over two hours. I have heard great speakers, but none was so great an artist of hand gestures, timing, moods; he told of the fine points of winning cases, picking juries, getting cases from the underworld. If he shot me, he could convince me he was innocent. Today the whole campus was telling his stories, jokes, and reflections.

Friday, March 14, 1947. After services I went back to the United Religious Building and saw one hundred fifty Jewish students listening to the entertaining talk of the most lovable professor on the campus, Thompson, the head of the American literature program here. He's a roly-poly cheery man with

twinkling blue eyes—a third generation American of Irish descent, and his specialty is studying man's folklore. He spoke on Yiddish folklore, playing rare Jewish records from his private collection, telling about his walks in the East Side during the summers ten years ago with a Jewish friend, picking up legends and songs of the immigrants. He told touching stories he got from refugees at the Ontario Camp near here. Read the words of Yiddish songs in English (they sounded so funny) and read other song-titles in Yiddish with English letters (that sounded funnier). The audience loved it. Sunday night the little man is giving a presentation of Irish-American humor at the Browsing Library and I can't wait to hear him again.

After the lecture Professor Thompson expressed the desire to see Palestinian dances. He ran out and returned in twenty minutes with some Hebrew *Hora* records from his collection, as well as a haunting Arabic folk song he thought we might like.

Saturday, March 22, 1947

Dear Mom and Dad,

I received the letter in which you narrate the events of Sunday; quickly reflecting on its content, I share your opinion. In a job like Rabbi, depending on people's religious faith, one must subject himself to frequent votes of confidence and abide by them. Only then can we avoid a fat, dulled, contented clergy in Israel.

The main task this weekend was to write a three-thousand-word philosophy paper. Writing is only good when one wants to say something. These frequent assignments are as if one would go up to a great man once in a while asking him to say something great.

What did I get out of Job? First, it is a piece of subjective literature; it is thought-provoking, and provides no answer. Therefore the question should be "What did you put into Job?"

That is why it is so great—it is a drama of a tortured man. In the course of the story we are presented with all the factors; God's omnipotence; the failure of the friends to answer him, even the failure of God to answer him (God satisfies him, but does not answer him). I thought of this a great deal. Using these materials, I build up my own structure; with the tools of Job, I have reconstructed what seems to me an excellent view of God's justice.

That's all,
Dave

Sunday, April 27, 1947. Yesterday Jaffe and I, both with forms of the common cold, hitchhiked to Geneva to visit our mutual friend, Bob Gordon, at Hobart, and found him hard working as ever.

Lily's brother, Ed Baum, is a senior at Hobart. Today I went to see Ed. He is a fine fellow, typically English, with the best American frankness and friendliness. (Two years at Oxford University and two years at friendly Hobart is a good combination.) He goes to Law school, works for the U.J.A. [United Jewish Appeal] is a mild Zionist (I told him to convert Bob—Gordon laughed). We talked for about two hours whether pioneering in Palestine or Buick convertibles were higher aims. Unlike Lily, we both see values in each. We discussed our futures, our past, women, careers, friendship, people, and so on, far into the night. It was youth burning the candle at both ends, but with a bright flame.

Tuesday, April 29, 1947. A group of journalism majors are planning a weekly Sunday newspaper for next fall, and have asked me to be one of the founders. *The Cornell Daily Sun* does not present the human side of Cornell, nor does it evaluate campus life. We, with the sponsorship of the University and with their blessing, are launching this enterprise to fill such a need. The struggle for interest, subscribers, publicity, adver-

tisers, writers, material, printers, is an exciting one. Have been working on a number of feature ideas.

Thursday, May 1, 1947. As an example of conspicuous consumption and as an indication of the return of the University to the gay and flamboyant normalcy, a group of Cornell Beauty Queens select the Apollo of the Cornell men on the steps of Willard Straight. Some of the criteria of this hilarious contest are points awarded to the boy with the longest necktie, engaged to the most sorority sisters, the richest costume, teller of the best jokes, good looks, etc. It is a colorful, entertaining spectacle, Cornell's answer to May Day. And meanwhile, inside the building, members of the Marxist Discussion Group were holding a May-Day celebration. That's life.

I could write books on what I see. Am called a Communist for getting *In Fact* and a reactionary for subscribing to *Time.*

Sunday, May 11, 1947. Never have I felt as low as on this spring weekend, for I was alone in the midst of one of the most ideal situations where two can best taste the elixir of youth and college life. I had thought of getting a date, but let things slide, and then it was too late.

Gosh, some of the girls looked good—I got a good look at them for I was an usher, trying to live spring weekend vicariously. *Maid to Order,* the musical, was terrific. Three of those tunes are still in my head.

All during the weekend I was the boy with nose pressed against the window, fairyland on the other side. The red starlight and Greek Goddesses of the decorations, the gowns and formals, the convertibles outside, and I stood there feeling useless, escorting an occasional chaperon to the seat.

Now I see why almost two thousand Cornellians left the campus Friday. A college campus is no place to be alone on a big weekend. There may be a dozen of your acquaintances in the same boat, yet you are alone.

Friday, May 16, 1947. I received a fine sun-tan today. At my suggestion we prevailed upon our philosophy teacher to hold the classes outside, and I convinced him partly on the basis that Plato taught out of doors. The whole school stopped to watch our peaceful class on the beautiful grounds.

Last night I went on a marvelous date—total cost was thirty cents. First services, then the open-air dance on the specially treated concrete square in the front of Bailey Hall. To Fuertes Astronomical Observatory where we looked through the giant telescope at Mars and the moon. Then to Johnny Parson, a place run by the hotel students, dancing on the patio terrace overlooking Beebe Lake.

Today I saw a twenty-five minute feature showing the highlights of newsreels during the last twenty-five years. I could have sat through hours of it: the early Mussolini ranting from his balcony, the comic Hitler, the Hauptmann trial, the Lindbergh flight, Roosevelt's campaign, fashions of the twenties, the view of Hoovervilles, and many others.

Saturday, May 31, 1947

Dear Mom and Dad,

Today the director of the exclusive Camp Mooween, of which Bob Gordon is head counselor and Walter Jaffe counselor, sent a letter which in parts reads as follows: "Find out whether your friend Biff can take care of Saturday services. If so, we may be able to find a place for him." I think I can do it, since the job is Reform, and I have the knowledge to think up weekly sermons. I have been promised a rather free hand, and the chance to be a temporary Rabbi and teacher appeals to me. The rest of the time I would have a bunk of kids as a regular counselor. The job will make me a better father for one.

Here is some good news. Your son was among the six out of seventy who were exempt from taking the final examination

in philosophy, because of the excellence of his work throughout the year. He also has the highest average among the two hundred forty Cornell students taking State and local government, in spite of the fact that he has not even read the book, nor taken notes. I think my study habits were better this year than they have ever been, which still makes me one of the least studious Cornellians.

More good news. I have been made feature manager of the Cornell Sunday Observer. *Everyone is always asking the person who has the memorandum to see "Dave Kogan's latest Ideas."*

Have only one exam after Janeta's wedding—literature on Monday. Thus I plan to go home Friday and go back Sunday by Pullman. I enjoy saying—I am going to my "sister's" wedding.

With love, your son
David

Yonkers, Wednesday, June 18, 1947. Rode around with Dad for a large portion of a dreary, rainy day. Business seems inefficient and old-fashioned. Can't see how he makes money. Saw snatch of Ibsen's *Doll's House* on television, heard Garloff tell of his married women, the moanings and boastings of youth going nowhere, read the letters of the boys getting theirs in Japan. Ate a hamburger at Musto's, and went to bed at 2:00 A.M.

Thursday, June 19, 1947. In which I meet aristocracy at the home of Madame Lydia Kagan, Guy's mother, at a party for the Staff of the *Cornell Sunday Observer.*

Arrived at the same time as Grey and date. Steered away from Brooklyn brains I know over to Helen Wechsler, the most brilliant girl student at Cornell. Felt I looked young and poured wit ultra-selfconsciously, but made impression. Made up with Helen to take her to S.A.J. [Society for the Advance-

ment of Judaism]. Kagan home—visibly furnished with *objets d'art*. . . . Madame—Muscovite aristocrat—fled Communists; looks young; interested in people; made much of Kogan-Kagan similarity; called me Jimmy Stewart.

Stepfather—dapper, smooth as an ante-bellum Balkan diplomat—collects rare books and showed us a handwritten copy of Dante as large as a card-table, filled with world-famous paintings in it.

The display of food was an artistic masterpiece; a delicious mystery drink in which strawberries floated, hors d'oeuvre—included imported caviar (shouldn't have passed it up), turkey. Steered Helen into eating with me—she took conversation lead.

Grey was irrepressible—came with a beauty—blackhaired, out of this world. The All-American boy—always active; first to be asked to be introduced to hostess; dances the Charleston with her; goes into story of American history for the foreign guests and does Indian war-dance for their amusement; sang dozens of songs, plays snatches from tens of tunes in own warm tricky style—good on modern, jazz, and classical. After wonders and atmosphere, left at eight-thirty.

Packed trunk—dawdled at it until late at night.

Monday, June 28, 1947. Didn't sleep a wink last night; was busy discarding things and planning useful summer activities. I was wondering what it will be like at Mooween, how to prepare a weekly sermon to reach the campers as well as the staff.

I remember reading once that King James used to invite his whole household to Sunday services. The preacher, asked how he prepares his sermon for such a diversified audience, replied that he addresses himself to the scullery maid, then he is sure the King will understand him. I was thinking of preparing my sermon on the flute. I will have to start on a low note and work up until high pitch, building up each sen-

tence in several stages, addressing myself first to the youngest, and varying it until I reach the top.

Gilmore, Connecticut, August 5, 1947. The basic difference about this job and all the others which I held is that I am a leader and a follower. In all my other jobs I was practically in business for myself, and could look for ways to make my work easier. In this job I have to lead, lead people continually. I measure my success not in my own happiness or efficiency, but in the way in which I make others happy.

I enjoy working with the kids. Shelley is my problem. In many ways he reminds me of myself a few years ago, and thru him I see my own life better—he is the poorest athlete, is very imitative when with others, has a head full of intellectual information which he has no use for here at camp, and thus follows others around. He is self-conscious and is very affectionate towards me.

If I were to have children, I would present them with all the facts since the time they are little. I would explain to them what could happen at its worst and what at its best—urge them to take time to think it over and then permit them to make their own decisions. It would make for stronger personalities.

Gilmore, August 25, 1947

Dear Mom and Dad,

It will be less than a week and I shall be home—at least until college. I am beginning to get a fatalistic feeling of futility (Die Reider drehen sich—die Jahren gehen sich)—*I am young though and it should pass.*

Saturday services—I talked on Jewish spirit and tied it up with Mooween spirit. For instance, I spoke of a common bond between Mooween men because of a summer of living together, and of common memories—and then worked in as I went along, the analogy of the common long heritage shared by

Jews all over the world—for this spirit can be brought about thru knowledge, and once brought about can enrich our lives. I talked on what Jews really are; not a race, not only a religion, not only a people, but we are definitely members of an evolving religious people, slowly changing—it is this double tie which keeps a Jew a Jew if he loses either his religion, or his group feeling.

This definition has lessons for us. The values in American life are easier found, in its sports and habits, its customs and entertainment, its tolerant spirit. We would be twice as rich if we would enjoy Judaism, the incomparable Bible, a history of suffering and glory stronger than fiction, and older; the building of Palestine, the knowledge of Jewish problems and of Jewish contribution to American life. As a highpoint of the actual service, I thunderously read the Ten Commandments, with a few words of commentary on each. Nevertheless, I can't sense any great receptiveness as a result of my work.

Love and kisses
David

Ithaca, September 21, 1947. At the wheel of our car, heading for Ithaca. The weather was balmy, rich sunlight pervading the atmosphere, radiating the feeling of wonderful days. We sight-saw for a while—Watkins Glen—subterranean passages, the broad Finger Lakes in the sunset.

Took the folks around the campus—Willard Straight, Goldwin Smith, Library Slope, Myron Taylor, Sage Chapel, Hillel House. The four gorges crawling with waterfalls, the beautiful view down the winding blue Cayuga Lake, the hills and rolling farms and swift streams.

For the last three days—freshman orientation committee, in which I wear an armband, and answer silly questions.

Monday, September 22, 1947. Rushing days—the stuffed shirts are all out, the missionaries of fraternities seek the right

boys. They cautiously approach Temporary Dorm three—dozens. I suggested hiring a uniformed flunkey to show them.

Mom called. We didn't have much to say, but home sounded good. My admiration for her grows with distance.

Time is running out and on, and again and again loneliness grips me. I must transcend it. Walked Helen home and neglected prepared spiel. I'm not a sensualist.

Thursday, October 9, 1947. At a staff meeting of the *Sunday Observer* I was officially named assistant to Grey, the editor.

While discussing whether to rent an office for seventy-five dollars a month, Grey and I happened to pass a large store with the sign "City Taxi Company." I peered inside and saw a middle-aged woman reading a magazine. Dragged Mel back to the car, told him to drive to the downtown office of the taxi company, and showed the owner how he could give us the back room for developing pictures, and we could take telephone calls free, saving labor costs during the day. I got him interested; we went with him to see his landlord on subletting, and got permission to put in some improvements.

Saturday, October 18, 1947. It is just before the Navy game for which, in this country town of 20,000, 34,000 tickets have been sold. Why?—because of the annual homecoming week, when all the successful fraternity Cornellians and their wives take their new cars and come back to face their classmates after ten years.

This morning at seven-thirty several Pullman cars of alumni and their families came in and have chartered luxurious cars as temporary hotels, parking them on the side-tracks of the railroad station.

At that time, we of the Big Red Band took military trucks to the station to wake them up with Cornell songs, officially welcoming them back. After tooting for a while, several

sleepyheads pulled up the shades, but did not show much enthusiasm.

I spent some time studying the phenomena: interchange of success stories, fragments like "O, Mildred, I want you to meet Joe Brown, he's in steel now and we took English literature together."

The contact work on Journalism is so much fun.

Thursday, November 13, 1947. *The Observer* suspended publication for the time being. I am glad there was an *Observer*. It enabled me to meet a bunch of swell people, to study the promotion of a new enterprise, to witness some of the shadiness of the firms with whom we have dealt, and to generally get an insight into journalism and publishing.

Time with Rabbi Gelb: he is disillusioned and to the point of damning youth of Ken and Steve convictions who comprise the majority of Jewish students on the campus; spirited argument in which we agreed all Jews should make contribution to Jewish life.

Have consented to teach an elementary Hebrew class in the School of Religion, sponsored by all the Churches and College Foundations at Cornell. I will learn by doing, and will see to what extent I enjoy teaching. Will also take an advanced course of Hebrew taught by Avima Dushkin.

Monday, November 24, 1947. Avima Dushkin and I are the two leading spirits in the Reconstructionist revolution. Avima thinks the time is ripe to institute the Reconstructionist Prayerbook service.

Sorry that I think too much, and am too old to lose myself enthusiastically in a movement. Even Reconstructionism and Zionism itself are only in the provinces of excellent but imperfect ideas.

Heard Rabbi Saltes talk on "Why Religion, Why Judaism?" Some of my assimilated friends can't see either.

What are my wants: to study the Jewish heritage—to be

well-groomed and in the best physical health—to catalogue my faults and correct them—to satisfy sexual desire consistent with an honorable character and wholesome personality—contemplate, evaluate, and improve my living—to successfully pursue Cornell studies—to read wisely and record the reading—to plan and complete the action which make me a better being . . . to honor my father and mother. . . .

. . . and perhaps more. . . .

Montreal, Canada, Sunday, December 7, 1947. We got to Montreal after stopping for a typical Adirondack storm. Open house at Hillel, then to a dance given by a French Catholic Youth Organization. Spent a delightful three hours with a girl who spoke no English, and three other couples who spoke very little English.

We scored a unanimous victory against the Hillel team of McGill University, taking a negative viewpoint on "Resolved, that Anti-Democratic and Subversive groups should be denied Freedom of Speech in a Democracy." We maintained that altho we fully realize the undemocratic and dangerous nature of subversive talk, banning it would decrease the amount of democracy we possess and, furthermore, is not the most effective method with which to fight subversiveness. I brought out that a democracy must fight force with force, but ideas with ideas; freedom of speech must never be denied under any circumstances.

Called up Esther Rosenthal (met her at Camp Massad) and was invited with Bill Kluger, another speaker, for dinner. They live in a flat, upper-middle class section which is heavily Jewish, and the small apartment houses and broad tree-lined streets reminded me of parts of Brooklyn. The parents are lovable; Mr. Rosenthal is much like Dad. We discussed Jews and Jewish life in Yonkers and Montreal, in Cornell and McGill.

Took out Esther after the debate. She's a wonderful girl.

Ithaca, Friday, December 12, 1947. Cornell is host to McGill. They sent one of their best debaters, Jack Strauss, a senior at Law School.

Our team had to argue that "All Zionists should go to Palestine"—and in ten minutes, I, starting from a broad meaning of Zionism given by the opposition (something they didn't expect), proceeded to show that assimilation and Anti-Zionism, and the need for manpower in Palestine support our belief. Helen and I brought in a changed character in Zionism, now that the State is achieved and could not be refuted. Finally I tore apart Ahad Ha-am's theory by showing that the mere imitation of Palestinian culture is largely doomed, because it will not exist where positive Jewish creativity is not possible. We smashed their arguments of the diplomatic influence of Palestine against Anti-Semitism, by pointing to the Mexicans in Texas and the Negroes in the South. We also gave Kaplan's own arguments, that while the Jews survived for eighteen hundred years in *Galuth*, there have been sweeping changes to show they are not necessarily likely to do so.

Though we won, I would have preferred to take the negative viewpoint. Fortunately we were judged on the point system, in which factors such as delivery, poise, logic, courtesy, humor, and many others count.

Sunday, December 14, 1947. Economics is concerned with the theory of employment. It hints that perhaps the Commies are right in their belief that Imperialism and Capitalism are inseparable.

I am very worried about the world situation, being convinced that Russia feels it is strong enough to apply its traditional neglect of means for the end, of making the whole world into Socialistic dictatorships.

Heard Henry Wallace. His was just another influence making me more radical. My will however refuses to follow my brain, so that I stop myself from thinking about what is

happening in the world today, and refrain from any form of political action on the campus. There are hundreds like me here.

Wednesday, December 17, 1947. Had an interview with Dr. Perry, head of the Guidance, on the basis of the extensive tests which I took. He advised me to join a fraternity in order to make contacts, and is a very wise man.

Was appointed chairman of the Hillel Cultural committee. I'll be in charge of the Jewish section of the Cornell Volunteer School of Religion, and of monthly forums.

Yonkers, Monday, December 22, 1947. My complexity, self-interest, combination of ego and auto-depreciation baffle me. Less consciousness of self should be advocated—always diagnosing, prescribing, and leaving the pills in the jar.

The day's impressions include Mother's great love for me, and her own complexity—and Dad's nervousness and inability to live freely. Their anxiety over my room state, late hours, and playboy tendencies; the swift passage of days.

The greatest adventure in the world is that of a man winning and molding himself. That is what I must do.

BOOK 8

1948

Love to walk alone in the open. When walking, I think of the words of the sages, about the head not being too high, nor too low.

Kogan, be an interpreter; get a notebook and think as you walk through life. Think and write and talk and listen and sing and rise to the top in your dreams.

Ithaca, Monday, January 19, 1948. Today I was struck by the great adventures in human life, particularly due to the millions of alternate decisions which our free will gives us each second. Life is seen as the sum of millions of decisions—seen thusly, life is the most plastic thing in the world; its fashioning the most difficult, the most fascinating, and the most adventurous of man's opportunities.

Last night I went on an old-fashioned sleigh ride given by T.D.P. (Mel had me invited). We had horses, large straw-covered wagons, tinkling bells, blankets, and sang college songs. Afterwards we went to a party at the fraternity.

Read the *Proper Bostonians* in *Omnibook*. A competent book I could have done without. You plan and plan and then read by chance; you plan and plan and then live by chance.

Saturday, February 14, 1948

Dear Mom and Dad,

Your son is living an intense life and enjoys it; eating a lot (my weight is at 150 pounds), working and thinking and playing and socializing and reading and organizing.

First, there is the matter of vocation. I vowed to spend several hours each week in the vocational division of the library, narrowing down my list of possibilities.

Then, picking the right fraternity has been anguish. Just critically studying the various houses has helped me to formulate philosophies of life. For instance, some houses have representatives of the best families, but they are snobs; still others are careful to be just like the Gentiles; none of this satisfies me. This leaves two groups; Tau Delta Phi with Melvin Grey, and Phi Sigma Delta with Nat Neuhaus of Yonkers, where I seem to discern echoes of my varied interests. Since this is Melvin's last term, I have finally decided to join the latter.

Then, too, I must participate in the welfare of Cornell, in order to be considered for Law School. This will involve debating.

Also, my aim to determine my summer plans. A friend in the dorm, whose Dad is a production manager of De Soto, can get me a job on the assembly line. Should be interesting. I think working a month in Detroit and then hitching to California is good; or getting odd jobs and moving from place to place. It will not yield as many Hebrew words as Massad, but all the country's leading writers have realized that a man is only free before he is twenty-five, or maybe he can travel with his wife when after sixty. I'd like to do it twice.

With love, your son,
David

Saturday, February 21, 1948. Nothing like dating at Cornell with Mel and car. I dropped over there at nine-eve, and

he was on the way to get Gladys Appel. Mel broached a date for me and I knocked it, but not hard, and he found a fairly cute girl, Gladys' roommate, Anita Peters. Got a date with her—then to Phisig. Like a tornado, Mel and Co. rushed in with open beer cans—squirting—trying to steal the piano—me in Mel's hat with red ribbons—Helen 'n Dan—Kernis at accordion singing, acting—us three couples transformed the party—Peters very impressed with Mel's energy—me thus and such—the boys wondered how I came up with date.

Found out Peters thinks I'm young—could I act older—and if I could and did, would she have had as good a time? When you are older, you can get away with more kid stuff.

Wednesday, February 25, 1948. In which I was formally taken in by Phi Sigma Delta in an impressive candlewick ceremony.

This evening to the Palestinian Protest Rally. Newman was excellent as chairman in the packed room. Konwitz is a great lawyer and thus talked. Ernie and I telegrammed White House.

Tuesday, March 9, 1948. Time is raw material of everything . . . one cannot borrow . . . college is life, not preparation.

My fraternity brothers—all kinds. It is hard as yet to discuss individuals; of the fifty members, twenty-five have cars; on the other hand, about ten are in a smaller or larger measure working their way thru college. We are the only group where all the waiters are also members of the fraternity.

Seem to have adopted a definite personality in Phi Sig—a fast-talking operator, a butt-throwing wiseguy. One of my gems—"my diary entries everyday are so long that I don't have the time to live"—is making the house rounds.

Thursday, March 18, 1948. Began U.J.A. work this week. I welcome the opportunity to discuss various aspects of Juda-

ism with my fraternity brothers, as the subject comes up in the soliciting. Views range from Orthodox background to extreme assimilationists, from rockribbed reactionaries to Truman supporters. There are liberals, but I doubt if any Wallace supporters.

I'm not feeling well—something on the chest—maybe T.B. A letter from home—I am letting them down. Read in desultory manner Wolfe until 4:00 A.M.—that's one thing that must stop—cut down—cut down!

Yonkers, Tuesday, March 30, 1948. Visit to UNESCO. Evelyn met me at Dr. Hordes where I began a week of drilling hell. The girl looked good—she can get along with any and every. Mel had terrific date—quips and gems flowing. We ride out to Lake Success—on all six cylinders.

Then exploring—sneak into delegates' lobby, visit the pools of translators and hear the piping of Gromyko's translation in beautiful swivel-chaired Unesco.—To the other wing. We wander into the five-nation conference room, where they talk about Palestine.

Wednesday, March 31, 1948. Saw *Medea* with Mom; couldn't put myself into the part. Judith Anderson was the whole show. I am not intellectual enough for it. Mom enjoys when I go with her. She takes so much from me she never takes from Dad.

Raw New York; outside the show matinee was a string of Cadillacs, Lincolns, etc., and a man who started at the waist and was piteously put on a round piece of wood and begged. And a poor Jew selling ties for thirty-nine cents at a packing-crate outlet versus people selling it for four dollars on nearby Fifth Avenue (and relative rewards). I started to ruminate on the profit system.

Thursday, April 1, 1948. Center Palestine Rally—was gladdened by Rabbi Goldman's voice, by one or two of Van

Paassen's stories, and by the wonderful Yonkers people who turned out eight hundred strong, thinking they were doing the world some good. Rubbed the wrong way by repetition and platitudes and semantic inaccuracies of the speakers. Distributed telegrams.

Mother's painting is almost excellent. She has turned out about a half-dozen now. She's really going at it and I'm glad. Uncle Joe had some lascivious drawings he offered Mom as models for her art work, in his innocence. I've got to get my hands on them.

Saturday, April 3, 1948. Thinking of asking Preslow to Big Cornell weekend. . . . Late awakening. Fisher over and he and Mother hit it off. She knows more about art than I thought; I was bored.

Kornblau called—get along with him, but he's common. Just sex on his mind; he gets it too, and then leaves them when marriage comes up. Gordon was here for supper. Same old Bob—we talked about me and me and me. He's really tops and has sincere intellectual interests.

Vacation about over; no work; no sex; little rest; a little progress on a summer job; some time with the Yonkers crowd and a driving license.

Ithaca, Wednesday, April 14, 1948. Begin to see that Independent life has advantages. Our fraternity dinner conversation is so dull and sparse. The brothers are indifferent to each other. It is like the A.S.C. with me on the outside again.

Heard from Preslow and Rosenthal today—pedestrian letters both. If only I were as sure of my love-making, as I am of my verbal approaches to the subject.

Sunday, April 18, 1948. At Hillel's—just ten showed up for discussion. The guest, Rabbi Abrams, gave a glib memorized talk, especially prepared for college audiences, which had all

the answers. Listened with fascination to Gelb and Abrams exchange shoptalk—he putting on a front, attempting to conceal discouragement.

With the trouble in Palestine, I'm considering making inquiries as to the possibility of my going there under a new program in which I would do farm and defense work to release a full-time *Haganah* [1] member.

Thursday, April 29, 1948. Sneaked out to the Soph smoker, my first. Peter Donald was there. He told jokes, stories, quips, slightly off color, slightly on. Ajax Cassidy . . . Abe Fafufnick . . . Sadie . . . you realize Jewish fraternity men are in a ghetto. . . .

Didn't do any work—and I think I should already, with time running out. Semantics was dull—history duller; are there alternating periods of light and darkness? Energy and torpor?

Saturday, May 1, 1948. Slept 'til eleven—wasted two good, golden hours.

The day of the workers of the world is not recognized at Phisig. The boys picnicked—I went to Hillel House and erratically took scattered notes for the Zionist term paper.

My room is such a mess, and I'm such a Shmo. Went through the clean-up ritual too. I start from my desk and clean it; as a result of this operation my bed and top of bookcase become much cluttered. I disregard this and clean up the floor (an ancient prescription of Dad's says that comes first). By this time I'm tired of it all. Take the things from bed to desk and start writing lists of things I have to do. Very elaborate.

Sunday, May 2, 1948. Small men have only their habits to serve as indications of positive action, and they glory in these habits, forgetting that the little things in the business of living

[1] The self-defense organization of the Jewish settlements.

are not growth, but only repair and maintenance. Such men lose sight of the goal by raising the little things of daily living to such heights, that the vision of more vital activity is obscured.

Habit should be relegated to a lower form of consciousness.

Tuesday, May 4, 1948. Initiated into college horseplay yesterday. Pledges got into the spirit of situations so similar to the canons of college novels. They circuitously carried me far up Cayuga Heights Rd.—I called from a farm house (inhabited at that time solely by a young professor's wife, whose blouse was half unbuttoned down front) and asked Mel to pick me up—he came immediately. We all tried to tell our own stories as often as we could, and tried to avoid hearing the boring tales of the others.

With Ernie and Richard studying American history. It is most easy for me to get along with these "Independents" (am beginning to understand the full wonderful meaning of the word—nevertheless, I am still glad I'm a "Greek").

A big event—I walked into Professor Cushman and asked him to be my adviser—he said yes. This will give me the best man in Government for adviser, someone whom I've euphemistically called my ticket to Law School.

More important—want to live in the fraternity house next year to please parents and get close to the House. The answer was no—the House working on soph-senior basis. I went into Housemeeting—faced the boys—read my brief (why an exception should be made), explained it, joked, answered questions, and left. Later in the eve I got the verdict—I live in the House next year.

A persistent campaign brought to a close.

Thursday, May 6, 1948. Bought two trees for Mom on her mother's day—hope the Arabs don't get at them. Also bought a Chinese greeting card and hastily hacked out a poem.

Read in Beard on the causes of depression. Terrific philosophical history which makes me realize that the whole system is rotten. I am swayed by blind economic facts—a solution implies a radical revision of the system. (I'm in just the mood to fall for Marx—but won't.)

Heard an excellent lecture by Enaudi on Marxian economics—theory of Labor's value, and of the dilemma of Capitalism—I confessed to Mel I was a mild Socialist. Leadership is necessary to tap the idealism of college youth.

Saturday, May 8, 1948. Phi Sig served over a hundred tonight, and what caught my eye was Josh Greenwald's sister Julie, sixteenish.

Hung around her until I wangled an introduction—was awkward for a few minutes, and then asked her for the date.

We went to the Dutch with two other couples. She ordered a daiquiri. While there we sang; I showed off with my notebook and hit it off with Julie. She is tall, dark-haired, intelligent, has been around; has curiosity, wit, congeniality, and we were rapidly falling in love.

Things were getting too beery, so we went to Leonardo's. Low lights, soft music—and we danced and danced, very slowly, very closely, and got along famously. Another daiquiri —I switched to rye and ginger.

We went to Beta Sig—but they had a formal—so back home to Phi Sig—it was most crowded. Julie and I put our arms around each other, and danced dance after dance to *Beyond the Sea.*

Sunday, May 9, 1948. Couldn't sleep much all through the night. I fall in love so easily. Got up at eight—wrote home—puttered, and then to the House. Julie looked almost as pretty as last night—but she'll never look that pretty again. Her folks were hard for me to reach. I was with them, and we brunched at ten.

Then began three hours which dragged. We were both tired, hadn't much to say to each other, and just sat. She'd talk to the folks—I'd go and come back in ten minutes. I did, tho, develop an appreciation for good piano—she played, Josh and Ben dueted, and recordings of Rubinstein and Horowitz were heard.

I asked Josh if I should ask Julie to house-party, and he was non-committal. Did it; she asked her folks and it's O.K. It's been so long since I've met parents of girls I've been out with—at Cornell they're orphans, in Yonkers I know them—at Camp they're orphans—only exception were the Wechslers.

Saturday, May 15, 1948. I am thrilled about the formation of the Jewish State. Last night the beautiful Cornell chimes played the songs of modern Jewish Palestine for a full half hour.

This weekend I was elected President of the Hillel Foundation for the coming school year. The work is most challenging, trying to minister to the twelve hundred members of Hillel and the two hundred members of Ithaca College. It involves myriads of detail—when to do the work, when to delegate it, conciliating, complimenting, introducing, arguing, studying. Offering suggestions to committee members and have the ideas appear to come from them.

So far I've risen to the test. Prepared a plan on reorganization: called a special meeting on the purposes of Hillel—vaguely, social and religio-cultural, etc.; got out some publicity.

Was one of the speakers at the Zionist prayer meeting for Israel at midnight. Things look bad for the new State. I wish the great nations of the world still knew the meaning of words like justice and responsibility.

Friday, May 21, 1948. The Bacchanalia began today. There is no institution in dating which has such a terrific impact upon the individual as Houseparty.

Julie didn't get here until eight. She didn't look as pretty as the memory (no one ever does). After a quick bite, to *Octagon show*. The show was fair, the seats hard, the laughs far between. Holiday spirit though—the audience laughs at themselves, and Julie and I talked cute things all through.

Back to Tau Delta Phi to beer party and singing. It was midnight when I took her back to our fraternity house. We talked about us.

Yonkers, Friday, June 9, 1948. Home and glad to be. I am so confident, brash, and witty in the confines of home. I spouted and oozed my stuff for several hours, talking until bed at 9:00 P.M.—definitely a shrewd move.

Habimah presentation of *The Golem*—empty theater—got lots of Hebrew. Went with Eli Goodman. The play worthwhile, good cast. It symbolizes: force is not the answer, but what is. Eli—pleasant, witty, soft, idealist, works a great deal for Judaism in Tulane—but there too the soil is barren.

At five-thirty to National Hillel office—Rabbi Lelyweld is charming and says our building is ill-kempt. He is going to talk with Gelb, so there must be more to it than my dictatorial phantasies of pulling the strings. Then to Massad office —signed a contract. Walked on Forty-second Street with Eli. A lot of goodlooking stuff at the Artery.

Supper at the Goodman's and the table did talk politics, the kind where folks impatiently listen and make irrelevant stabs which result in faulty connections—I thought any try at synthesis would smack of the autocrat.

Saturday, June 10, 1948. Spent much of the morning going thru all the *Yonkers Herald Statesmans*. It gives you the picture of something—but a paper is never the town. The town is the town is the town. Many are married and engaged—pictures of the ones I went with on the Page, the cheap politicos, news of business men and such.

Met with Joe—he working in luggage wants to be stimulated by lit and math—overvalues as I undervalue college—he can't have it and I am sorry and so is he. Procrastinates, dreams, and wastes his time with the corner gang.

Arthur is sharp and bitter, and whenever I drive my personality near the big time Cornell track he comes down on the fold like a wolf. Arty imitated Mom and Mrs. Jaffe bragging about their sons in college—wrote Helen a come-on—how does the gall write—Nat called—Bob too—was snappy all day—mannerisms of Mom and Dad, the endless advice of Harry to Joe and both to me, the talking and talking, and what is accomplishment, and what is success.

It boils down to the great question in life: why are people different, and how?

Tuesday, June 22, 1948. In which I travel to Poughkeepsie with Mel Grey and crowd, to witness the Regatta.

The morning was devoted to feverish attempts to get a date. I am in Yonkers too little to explore the unexploited warm-sports. Then called Linda Horn after her morning in Regents.

Mel meets my Mom and she is much impressed with his dynamic personality. We pull out of Yonkers. Cloudy day. We park in a niche on the road—almost vertically, and see the thing from the Mid-Hudson bridge. Mel at machinegun pace—satirizing the announcer. It wasn't Cornell's day—the races were thrilling—and all for Washington.

Linda was young, oh so young, and proved what the Kinsey men said about sex and the sharply differentiated outlooks of the various socio-psycho-eco classes. Mitzi, like Sandra, had it all—emancipation, looks, bounce, wit, and brilliance.

Thursday, June 24, 1948. In which Lloyd and I go down to B'nai B'rith Guidance to see Miss Potash on Lloyd's future.

I think you can divide people into short-term and long-term, as their actions are determined by short-term or long-

term considerations. Lloyd is short-term, torn between his dreams of going thru engineering and his desire to get out of the stifling heat. Another concept relevant is that of the game and the candle, and their comparative worth.

At home—enjoyed looking at great paintings in Mom's new *Treasury of Art Masterpieces.* Sitting around the house wasting time—so much time. Tunafish spaghetti supper—love the stuff. Aunt Lil was here—she's so pleasant. Lloyd's out of high school, and the social pressure puts college as the ideal. The woman has the feeling Lloyd likes her better than I like Mom. I doubt it.

Monday, June 28, 1948. Glorious day at the beach. With Jaffe—Kogan as navigator to the Gordons at the Atlantic Beach Hotel.

Magnificent living: lavish for eating, dining, card rooms, smoke shops. Eleanor brown, smiling, and golden—and then Bob with his disarming, naive view of the splendor.

Nothing like ocean water—got a rich reddish-brown tan. Good company. Swam, played, sang songs on the beach from jumbo songbook of Walter's—at times he can sing as Burl Ives at times.

Harry was at the house with his paintings. Too damn cultural. After a snatchy supper, to N. Y. National Guard. The lieutenant thinks it's a cinch to transfer to Ithaca.

Then Joe and I went to Y.H.S. graduation. They were just literally pouring out, the happy parents and normal kids. We were dramatic outcasts—got myself a beer at the Radford—talk with sexy Dina.

Finally did the packing and went off to bed. Thus, three weeks at home; didn't do the Hillel work—perhaps searched for happiness too hard and read too many papers, dipping in stray books and spending too much time phoning girls. To Massad.

Tannersville, Pa., June 29, 1948. Took the train at Ludlow, then the hot, sweltering bus. Sat next to Bauer, and we entertained each other on our usual intellectual—wisecracking, giggly-sexy level.

Waiting for me was a letter from Julie—she enjoys being in love and writes that she is. . . .

Nat'l Guard Camp, Peekskill, N. Y., July 20, 1948. Typical full day of basic training—drilling and marching back and forth—yesterday it was under a hot sun—and today under downpouring rain. My mind wanders, and I mitigate the drudgery by concentrating on posture-improvement and abstract thinking.

This place stifles individuality. In spite of the greasy mess kits, and the chronic fatigue, when I take the long view, that it is a big world, with all sorts of "kicks," and I want to drink as much experience, and swim in as many situations as I can, then it's something I'll be glad I had, once I get the camp period under my belt.

I've gotten to know numerous men and boys from all walks of life.

Sunday, July 25, 1948. Drove this eve to Massad B. Got a royal welcome at the other camp—and sorry am I that I am in A—but then you can't undo what is done—and besides, every action and every inaction has so many consequences that history's strands can never be really fathomed.

Interesting confab with Hoodi—clever girl, religious background—all these backgrounds fail to give the needed perspective.

What basic immaturity and curious fear of males is exhibited in Malkah's conduct! Attracted by her bizarre beauty, interesting visage, and amusing carriage, thought I: "Here is a girl to help and a love-object," confident of my line—in which the virtues are pleasure and wit, and the sins inconsideration and falsehood.

Her vacillation—coupled with a lack of attempt to find a mental basis for spending time together needs a bit of refinement to become the rich, happy, mature personality.

Saturday, July 31, 1948. Home last Thursday for the Nat. Guard. After a fine birthday party—my nineteenth—had to leave for the drill. Stopping off home, several of the boys and I went to Greenwich Village to have a wild time. I've completely lost any sense of guilt concerning the sex drive—multiply that by thousands, and one sees the effect of Kinsey on sex.

Back at Massad. I looked upon waiting today not as a drudgery, but as an opportunity for service. The kids helped me to clear the table, and being one of the first ones finished, I thus plunged into helping others. Rested, listening to my portable.

Monday, August 9, 1948. Last night I stayed at camp and listened to a singing session conducted by Noah Nardi, a Palestinian song writer. This morning Harry Fisher, Arty, and I drove down to play golf. It was the first time for me, and I enjoyed it immensely. Since I'm here, I have gotten very close to Arthur. It is partially due, I think, to the fact that he has changed to a mellower individual, and secondly, I have grown to understand him better.

Used this line in a birthday letter to Julie—"love—from a troubled heart not mature enough to love one woman, and not great enough to love them all."

Saturday, August 21, 1948. After an afternoon rest, the waiters were given a talk by Shulsinger who speaks Hebrew beautifully; covered many topics—economic-philosophy, general and labor Zionism, Christian legends about Jews and others. Could have listened for hours.

Rudawski, the adviser of the waiters, led a discussion on

Reconstructionism. The boys, in the majority, are so Orthodox, that the thing to them seems un-Jewish, blasphemous.

I was free in my criticism of the rabbinical students' Conservative Orthodoxy:

"What kind of Rabbis do you expect to become? A Rabbi means 'a teacher'—you know that. How can you teach Judaism if you are acquainted with only one phase of it—Orthodoxy, and you mingle only with Jews who think like you. Why don't you step out of your confined circle and learn more about life! Perhaps then you will stop thinking of the Reformed Temples as the Jewish Church, and will find something worthwhile in every phase of Judaism."

Ithaca, Thursday, October 14, 1948. My term has not been very happy. I miss a close friend such as Mel Grey or Bob Gordon. I've let fraternity disrupt my life—the room is noisy, and much of the atmosphere is superficial. One should systematically order his life, and then take the values of fraternity and add them as a supplement.

Then, too, the burden of Hillel is heavy. I lack the selfless idealism to really turn in a successful job in the face of the apathetic situation, and the lack of help.

Monday, November 1, 1948. THOUGHT. Ethics causes me to postulate on an amoral force which is Omnipotent, creating the Universe, which has since then developed through the natural laws of the amoral force. Everything is not for the good. Secondly, there is a God, the symbol for the beauty and goodness in the world—not all-powerful, but all-good. The Being who helps us to be good, to whom we pray—He does not exist in the amoral world, but permeates some of its areas. He is a liberal, loving both the standard, and the standard-bearer. He does judge, but only in those areas in which He has won—thus, if there is no justice, He is not there. He, inside of, and outside of man helps us towards salvation, gives

purpose to our lives, and both works for and symbolizes the general good in an amoral this-world.

Wednesday, November 3, 1948. Awakened with news of Truman riding high. Yesterday afternoon someone offered me a bet of 25-1, any amount I desired. By ten this morning Harry was in—Phi Sig in general went crazy over the winning team.

The Con Law Prelim—it was an enjoyable thing. I wrote an opinion—something I looked upon as among the unattainable when the idea was related to me last year—then I had felt as I felt before entering YHS and heard theorem, or before college and heard syllogism.

Studied with that clever, "sophisticated" little girl Helen. It wasn't very efficient.

Friday, November 5, 1948. Sorority Service—my idea. We got a crowd of about 85–100 people which would be pretty damn excellent, if we could be sure of having some carry-over. There is a great deal of latent material in those Houses. The service was lacklustre, the choir ruined the few opportunities for participation of the worshippers, but the student service was welcome. Downstairs was the scene of talk by Rabbi Jack J. Cohen on "Religion in Israel today." He did a great deal with the topic, although I would have preferred the subject, Reconstructionism. His alluding to it several times led many to question me: "What is it?" This question was also frequently heard at Hillel Summer Institute. The question period was much too long, but on the whole it was successful. Unfortunately, I committed the sin of flirting here and there with chest too far out. It shouldn't, but it seems prestige does nourish men.

Be not wise in thine own eyes.

Monday, November 8, 1948. KOGAN LEGEND. Every once in a while it is good to stop and think of views of oneself in

the minds of others. From the information of my confidants and from reactions, I've been piecing out the notion of being a brilliant character who never studies—doesn't seem to give a damn, has a lot of personality, is incongruously interested in Hillel, and is a combination of operator and jerk when it comes to women—let us say, a Gatsby without money. Is this observation a pose for fanciful introspection? As we are wont to say—probably—possibly.

Tuesday, November 9, 1948. Rubbing nerves with Al Norberg—his speech a foot over him.

There exists between Al Norberg and myself a personality conflict, which exhibits itself in frequent flare-ups. His nature is one combining extreme laziness with delusions of grandeur and typical lower-middle class insecurity and pushiness. Norberg is one of the few of whom I can speak with a constant feeling of superiority on my part. The only solution is in minimizing the relationship.

Did a bit of desultory Hillel-work—realize that it is time to speedily actualize my dream of a great Hillel newspaper. That organization is taking a lot out of me. The whole situation is that of the Council not participating in discussions, except to criticize. And yet I also see all the little things which are my fault, a lot of it due to my impatience.

Thursday, November 11, 1948. Grey blew in, and I jumped from the desk, for here was the adventure which led to so much happiness the previous year—an understandable market for my wit, and I met Bobbie—bouncy, pretty, witty, and a good moll for Mel. If anyone can permanently be at his side for life, she's number one.

Friday, November 12, 1948. Gave a great speech today—theory of two opposing forces, the good and evil in the Universe, metaphysical and plausible. Mel sat in and applauded.

I understand the professor spoke of it enthusiastically to other profs.

Mel and Bobbie are pinned, and it's a good thing. I'm not exactly sure what pinning means, but in this case it's an initial sign of definite seriousness—engaged to be engaged to be engaged.

Monday, November 15, 1948. Honeymoon is over. Got orders last week to report to the National Guard in Elmira. Donned uniform slipshoddily and hurriedly walked to the bus terminal.

Finally to the old Guard building, adorned with colored sketches of officers in our army of the '80's. Criticized by a looie for sloppiness. Joined the men to hear lecture on the mortar and machine gun. The boys are mostly high school—and I have nothing with them. Only then did I realize that there were no busses back to Ithaca 'til the morning. I wandered over town—not knowing whether to hitch—or to find a cheap hotel with possibilities of company.

Hotmilked and froze at cross-roads—the local cars continually stopped, but the Ithaca cars speedily snubbed me. At the next corner was a fellow hitchhiker. We exchanged several words, then unexpectedly—he invited me to spend the night at his farm house, a derelict structure two miles from Horseheads. The bed was divine—the chap was of the best in the poor, sturdy rurality, going to Elmira College at night, while admiring my study at the University.

Wednesday, November 17, 1948. Continued like a house on fire, taking notes, and the class hours went swiftly, enjoyably. If the will is there, the stoic in me says, everything is there. There is nothing outside of us which can make us unhappy.

Called Helen in the afternoon to find out the temporary end of l'affaire. She had broken the date I had for Saturday,

promised to reconsider, and the break stands. This is a monkey-wrench. She's most sweet about it, but this impasse is very dead. With Helen, it is still mostly thrill-of-the-chassis. She, the object of conquest is now Everest. I wait.

Yonkers, Saturday, November 27, 1948. To S.A.J. with Bob Gordon—had him reading the prayer-book introduction, gave him a little of Kaplan myth. Bob is O.K. We have a lot to talk about, since the waters swirl and eddy, with walls being completely lacking.

Sunday, November 28, 1948. Got a great deal of musical appreciation, sitting with the family. For the first time the folks have a radio-phonograph—and we played through Beethoven's *Ninth*. I listened carefully, read all manner of program notes, and did, in fact, enjoy it. I must find some information on what a symphony is, and how to listen to it.

Went back to school with Willy. Got seats in the old-fashioned coach. My body was on the wreck, as I sought positions in which to sleep—for hours I tossed—with Willy's hair in my face. LESSON: You just gotta have a girl for company on a night coach.

Ithaca, Wednesday, December 1, 1948. A fraternity brother, X, was caught stealing from another brother; the red-handed victim admitted to about 30% of the six instances of theft in the house this year—including $1.00 from me which I'd never missed. This enabled me to participate in the meeting which was to decide what to do with the guy. I had talked with him, and liked to believe he took what he said to took, and we should give him a chance to re-establish himself. But more vindictive heads prevailed, and, under threat of divulsion, he left. It was a nasty business, and a fascinating one. It showed that there is a great amount of mercy in my own make-

up, and also showed the anger and revenge motives working themselves out.

Thursday, December 2, 1948. Was laid low by a slip made almost two years ago—at that time, in the spring of '47, I had drafted an original plan for the development of regional and local associations of students at Cornell—and today I hear that there is a committee going on with much the same idea. Thus my delay prevented persons from acting much sooner. Invention and originality are without merit or value unless brought to the attention of the world. "It is not for thee to complete the work, but neither art thou free to desist from it."

Saturday, December 4, 1948. Jay beat me to Helen. Dated Marilyn Davis—cute, well-built, egg-shaped head—all that one can ask—and yet I wasn't satisfied. There is still the girl of my dreams, who unfortunately does not exist at present in real life. Conversation was forced—as it usually is with females.

My relations with dates are now fixed into a pattern—I usually try to put the best foot forward on the first date—the confidence is in my own personality, and not in the relationship. And yet—as the young gentleman in Goldsmith's *She Stoops to Conquer*, I lack the necessary knowledge of when, and how, and why. Some exceptions to this have been certain blissful occasions.

Read an exceptionally good piece by columnist Grafton. It too is ONE of the things I'd like to do in my time.

Sunday, December 5, 1948. Wasted TIME, wasted time, wasted time. O God, I wasted time and Dick Lasker said he wasn't worthy to be the son of his father, for he wastes time. And we all waste time and hate ourselves.

Today was almost all HILLEL. Did call an executive meeting the morning on needs of Hillel, etc. Some said "you," and some said "we," and in general, they were not interested in the religious; the fraternities were not interested in the social. There WAS great interest in the cultural, in the problem of anti-Semitism, of status. We must do something about this.

IDEA—A national Hillel newspaper for council members to give them information, ideas, and techniques, as well as morale.

Monday, December 6, 1948. National Guard eats like worm-wood into my very system—I'm not even smart in it—for instance, today was my first taste of manual of arms drill with a rifle—and I Sad Sacked the thing—guess my subconscious didn't want to learn. Featured was a lecture and demonstration on handling crowds in riots—led by a fat, beardless, effeminate sarge. What a bunch of militaristic hicks who enjoy playing soldier!

Pictures I ordered, taken at the House, came—the shot isn't bad—after all, what usually comes out is something in between what we see in the mirror, and how others see us.

Wednesday, December 8, 1948. Still in the valley of the Shadow of pressure, caused by the bugbear of procrastination.

My first function here is learning. Looking for some homework this afternoon and early eve, I fell upon the pleasantest —all the reading I should have done the past month in American Lit. It was wonderful—*Tales of Hawthorne,* poems of Poe, and most particularly, Emerson. He is the greatest. Most interesting were the Journals—so reminiscent of this recording of my own inner life—and then his essays, with their healthiest of philosophies and their epigramming nature. All readable and re-readable.

Wednesday, December 15, 1948. I'm terrifically run down. A tired, oh so supremely tired feeling brought me to cutting most of the day's classes.

Took first blood count within my memory. Felt sick during the day—half wished I had T.B.—thus showing the psychosomatic tendencies.

Yonkers, Friday, December 17, 1948. Journeyed homeward with Seyfert and Norberg. Was very glad to get home—and Friday night at our house.

The folks, as usual, reached a stalemate on the question of going to the Temple. Read until 10—and then went to Park Hill to see *I Know Where I'm Going,* a hauntingly beautiful film of the Northern Isles—very British—the title melody, an old folk song, unforgettable. It led me to reflect upon NATURAL CULTURE. How much easier it is in that environment to learn the clan-dance than it is possible to learn the *Hora* here. Judaism, in America, is an artificial culture, and its reconstruction is analogous to building an artificial oasis in the midst of a wind-blown desert.

Friday, December 24, 1948. In which Mel Grey comes to Yonkers, but then we go to his home in South Orange for Christmas.

The trip down, and the afternoon in Mel's beautiful home at the dead-end of the street. Family goes for Christmas presents. Mel gets radio-phono. After dinner folks left for party, and Mel and I drove around South Orange looking at Christmas decorations.

Christmas affects me peculiarly each year—it is the test of Judaism in America. It is the great challenge; popular, beautiful, with great appeal to all—a continuous consciousness of the dominant religion and its strong place in the dominant culture. I wonder if the solution is "to build up a Hanukah."

Saturday, December 25, 1948. CHRISTMAS DAY. Breakfasted at the Grey's, and Mel drives me to the suburban station. Thence to the S.A.J.—surprised to see the folks at the services. Was especially impressed by the prayers before the removal of the Torah. Ira sermoned on Mann and Joseph with didactic asides.

With the folks lunched on Second Avenue (can't bear to see the deformed ol' Jewish waiters in the downtown greasy spoons). We saw *Hershele Ostropoler,* a horrible pseudo-musical Maurice Schwartz vehicle, completely lacking in sophistication, depth, dialogue, melody, or plot. The one thing I liked was some Chassidic dancing—in particular, a method of gesturing with the right hand, which I imitated the rest of the evening. Waste of time.

To Yonkers . . . and about 100 minutes reading Maurice Samuel's essay reviewing Mann's *Joseph,* this so reminiscent of the lecture I heard him give on the subject in High Point. *Joseph* is high on my reading list.

Tuesday, December 28, 1948. In which I see *A Streetcar Named Desire*—(with the folks in mezzanine). Great play. The acting of Jessica Tandy was superb, the nerves of mankind were manifest—and the passions and desires. The contrast between nerveless Stanley and the aristocracy brought out the whole problem of sensitivity in man. Audiences went for ingenious earthy dialogue—and the expert treatment of desire in life. Messages tie in—it is necessary to compare with *The Philadelphia Story*—and both show the need for an understanding and loving heart, and a clear conception of evil, and at the same time seeing universal good. And remorse is evil, and pride is another.

Wednesday, December 29, 1948. Picking up Annette, then, by East River Highway to Rathskeller—the replica of the

college hangout on the wooziest street in Gotham. It's a good place to go with a crowd, large enough to dominate singing—a couple is too small, and we left soon.

To the Columbia Room at the Astor; no cover and no minimum—dancing and rather intelligent conversation—talking of Wallace and death and religion. Annette—smooth-skinned, crooked-toothed . . . her blemishes can easily be reduced to writing—her attractiveness not.

Parked in Van Cortlandt Park for two minutes—she not confident, so in front of her home. I used phrase, "there's no reason not to have confidence," and she said at the door, "Biff, you're so unique."

Friday, December 31, 1948. New Year's Eve. A peculiar evening—in which all go berserk because we hang a new calendar on the wall. . . .

We get to the party at tenish—"the old bunch"—generous Joe, comedian Steve, brilliant athletes Howie and Ken, shrewd Gil, clumsy, lovable Willy, Nick and talkative Herbie, mechanical genius Gene, and clever, scheming Mat, and more with dull, vaguely attractive pieces . . . a crowd not in the slightest interested in me—but with its own fascination—for each of us believes the old bunch are characters and we think we understand them. . . . Annette, natch, didn't have the interest in the dull party I had. We were almost bored with each other—dancing and singing and a little talk. And then Annette wants to go—naturally I say no, for she intrinsically has the old morality and lacks confidence.

We left, and the area was attacked by hail and wind and heavy snows, the roads treacherously icy, and no sane person would drive that night. Escapes were narrow, near collisions; I was fascinated, getting stuck on inclines, and in trolley tracks, shuttling and ferrying.

In the wee hours of 1949—in the course of taxi-ing and necking, to her home; she aspirined me, put my socks into the

double-boiler, and upon her urging we danced (me in bare feet) and kissed—finally I take my parting; she is a good girl, and I like her in a way, although my enjoyment is merely like crashing a Park Avenue coming-out party.

BOOK 9

1949

The New Year, and no resolutions. I guess the only one needed is a prayer to God to show me the ends and give me the means.

Ithaca, Wednesday, January 5, 1949. Was in a delightful two-hour bull session with Josh Greenwald and Al Norberg on the subject of Judaism and its values. Speaking mostly in parable and analogy, I found myself expressing the idea that Judaism is a pack on the backs of us all, and the smart thing to do is to see what is in it. Later I developed a theory of God through taking two objects in a room, having them fancy they were connected in some kind of unity, then describing the attributes, or things in common of that unity. I built up into larger unities, until I had a unity of the spiritual and material universe—around this point I showed how it was possible to entertain varied conceptions of God. Earlier I had, in answering if I believe in God, pointed out my ideas were shifting ones and reflected when the mystical or the rational was dominant. The whole session did tell me that I can teach Judaism.

Maurice Samuel is somewhat the Emerson of modern Judaism—I might like to be such an Emerson of the generation of my adulthood.

Sunday, January 9, 1949. It can be conservatively estimated that being sociable with frat brothers takes up more of my time than anything else. I generally enjoy their company, and am gaining their respect.

I've developed a sense of timing in dealing with people. I observe whether the person is interested in what I have to say. The moment I notice indifference, I either stop, or change the subject.

Had dinner with Ken. I realize how stimulating is the company of this "liberal" assimilationist. What distresses me most is to find a lack of social consciousness. Ken is concerning himself with the great awakening—initial acquaintance with the names of notable Jews, who couldn't be known as Jews, either by name or achievement. It is reflected glory, and also the hope borne with the idea "these are the people for whom the game offered the same rules it offers me."

Friday, January 14, 1949. At Hillel Services. Had the always pleasant and very rare experience of a pretty girl bouncing up with an "I know you"—what is more, she was my date on Ocean Beach in the summer of '47.

THE SERVICES are very dull and completely fail to satisfy me—what I should desire is opportunity to meditate, actually meditate in the supplement of beautiful surroundings, whether natural or man-made—and my only other requirement would be having a constant stream of Jewish liturgical music as background.

I finally know what Pain is in the world, solid, unendurable pain. My left hip has been paining me for a week, but walking home from service—and then, in bed—it sent shots of excruciating nature through my nervous system. I hated my body and that part of it. I realized that there are many parts to it, but could not tell that other part of me what to do—it's an infinitely helpless feeling—I suffered for several hours, and

Herb Seyfert was most helpful, and finally it eased off and I was able to sleep.

Saturday, January 15, 1949. Began work for the paper on Thoreau and Franklin. Can learn a lot from study of their lives.

Saw *Brief Encounter* at the Straight. A great, clever movie with an intelligent, lingering, and sensitive camera which gave us a beautiful two-hour slice of life. Realization of what the camera is—the greatest art form ever developed. Also was interested in a newsreel on Israel. Never tire of seeing our land.

All around me, in my weekly jaunts to the theater, I see the dozen girls I adore. It is getting a bit ridiculous, my avid and from-far love of all the pretty, taken, intellectual girls on the campus.

There was the wild song of a beer party floating thru the house, but I wasn't up to it.

Sunday, January 16, 1949. Sixteen of the prettiest freshman girls were over for dinner today. I found a Jean Vogel at the doorsteps, and was happy to leave the other fifteen alone. Jean is architecture, bright, strong-headed, pretty, very mature—and I gave her a whirl. The high point was she and I sitting on desk in my room—wagging our legs, while I expounded the philosophies and psychologies of Cornell social relationships. She's one of the best—called her at night, spieled, and made a date for Friday.

Went to the Presbyterian for the interfaith get-together. A bit of homey singing, a vile meal, some beautiful vespers, and then we Jews presented a three-man panel on Jewish religious traditions—I gave Reconstructionism and did an excellent job—it was an enjoyable affair—met some nice people, and was for the limited time, in this limited area, successful.

Thursday, January 20, 1949. Was thinking about the problem of BEGGARS AND BUMS AND GETTING THEM ON THEIR FEET. We are stopped by a bum, our eyes are subjected to the staring on the city's unfortunates of dead eyes and face—crippled, impoverished, hopeless. A bit of charity seems important —we lose something of ourselves if we turn our face—and we're in a hurry and lengthy contact is frowned upon. Meanwhile we continue to subsidize the impersonal charities. NEEDED: An attitude towards unfortunates in which all are seen as objects of reconstruction. As there were once soup kitchens, there should be adoption centers, where we can take our brother men from the streets and adopt them, all of them —where bums can tell their stories, and men of good will can give time and money and kindness, under guidance of social workers to rebuild a John American.

Friday, January 21, 1949. Taking the consequences of gafoodling for a term, saw Brown and thanked him for accepting a paper so much overdue.

There are two deadlines—the deadline at the point between gain and its lack, and then that between the life or death of the particular project you happen to be completing, in the changing framework of time.

Date with Jean Vogel. To the Football Recognition Rally. Then to Joe's for pizza, candlelight, and talk, some dancing, not too much fun. I need tools with which to hit her sophistication. She is so pretentious—the look of rapture when I talk, the air of knowing it all, the favorites—all sophisticates have favorites—music and places and the like. Sophisticated talk is a kind of sport, with elements of book-learning, elements of experience in the playing, and a great deal of bluffing. The desire of the pseudo-sophisticate to make the impression robs her of two things, the ability to calculate if such is being made, and secondly, the reception it is getting. Talk of music and

ballet and art and places is a game, with clichés for terms, and novel openings, and broken-field changes of the subject.

In relation to dating—it stunts progress, this sophistication—it doesn't allow the growth of either party. It's like playing gin for three months with the girl. The thing to do in dating, once ingenuousness is achieved, is the sharing of many types of experiences which call for observations of interest and varying pleasures.

Tuesday, January 25, 1949. Too much writing and speaking is getting lost. Perhaps I notice this because of my own rich inner life—but I see gems in talk, and in private letters, and in diaries, as well as deep thoughts in the daily press, which should be sifted and stored.

It is my idea some day to extract and published the "nuggets" of literary creation for the benefit of the general intellectual.

Home is sad about my not coming home—it is all my fault too—bad management with papers, fatigue—laziness, etc. Also received a money order—college is costing too damn much.

February 4 to 6, 1949. To the Syracuse Airport to meet Esther from Montreal for the house party. Plane was late—and then it swooped in—Rosenthal looked terrific, a beaut of a girl, and most well dressed.

Funny Frankie, in his obscene manner, was assigning girls, as they entered their rooms, hours and prices. I enlisted Al Gans into giving us La Grande Tour de Campus—for which Esther expressed strong appreciation. After the cluster of architectural splendor and natural beauty, dinner at Smith's colonial dining room—a steep tariff, but quite the meal for company. A tour of the drinking spots and a champagne party back at the House. However, we did not dance in one

piece as we did over a year ago. All is sweetness and light, with smoldering undertones.

To the chapter room with its out-of-this-world decoration theme and the flickering lights. The first kiss was probably the beginning of the end. I don't put anything in them, maybe I don't concentrate.

Day began in dead manner—ate a bit of breakfast—and then we sat around the House, not getting along too well with each other. It was rainy, and dismal, and she didn't play bridge (and neither did I).

Esther was late for buffet supper. Her gown was exquisite and made her the most beautiful of all House Party Queens. Smooth olive skin, regular, proud features, gorgeous body and legs and hands. But *"I'd rather have a paper doll to call my own."*

Warm-hearted Al Gans shuttled us up to Glee Club concert. There is nothing like a well-directed male chorus—all the Cornell songs built around the team of the forty-nine years. Esther thoroughly enjoyed it too. The evening showed me that the presence, the company of a beautiful woman regardless of her feelings, is a certain and definite end in itself, whether you even love her or not.

The "Formal" probably impressed Esther, but was a dull affair. I found it increasingly a trial and a panic to dance with her. Naturally she was blaming me—I wasn't making much effort to accommodate—not covering up her foot mistakes.

Sat around early Sunday morn, with melancholy.

GOODBYE MY FANCY. It was all over, like the very unsuccessful marriage of mean and small people. The last supper was full of barbs and digs, not without mutual self-righteousness. And so I didn't go home, and spent almost fifty dollars —and she had one of the most unusual experiences of her life, for the events, time, place bespeak glory, but the poor girl caused and was caused to have an aching heart. So long —KICK ME KATE.

Saturday, Feb. 12, 1949

Dear Mom and Dad:

Walter Jaffe told me how keenly you felt about my not coming home—it is regretful that Mom wasn't home Friday night when I called—for as I said before, the three factors—tiredness, shortness of time, and expense—were all relative.

In frankness, I was a little run-down from Junior Weekend —it meant a lot of wine, women and song. I've been feeling much better since I called you last evening. Still a slight cough, but the throat is almost not sore at all, and the nasal drip is getting much clearer. I am going to the clinic for it though. I hope that neither of you should have any more trouble than I have now—for it is definitely a mild disappearing thing.

Keep up with your painting, Mom—I think it would be a good idea for you to limit yourself either through original subjects, or technique, or style. I think you have the talent to be an artist with definite contributions to make, and the pattern I suggest is the only manner in which you can make such a contribution.

Love,
David

Saturday, February 19, 1949. LAW SCHOOL ENTRANCE EXAM took eight hours today—it was a stiff enough thing, and included legal reasoning, logic, reading comprehension, word and idea relationships, and some spatial relationships, equation, reasoning and work with tables and graphs for which I felt I could have done better had I pushed harder. It was a beaut of a day, which made it all the harder—as did the fact that Law School has not as yet my application.

The new term is starting—and I approach it with a sense of dedication. It really is hard to determine the worth of a general college education. Nevertheless—since all four years, in-

cluding all expenses, is equal in cost to two small machine-guns, or a Lincoln convertible—I'll admit that there are some things worth less than college.

Monday, February 21, 1949. Finished reading Lerner's *The Mind and Faith of Justice Holmes* today. It was a volume of great men and great ideas: the philosophy of leaving the cosmos alone . . . Holmes's attitude towards war . . . accepting the limits of history and of nature . . . law as power . . . life as joy, duty, end in itself. Withal, I got from it breath, and fight, and a philosophy of law and scepticism.

Exchange dinner with Beta Sig—my idea, and I ran it through—mixed and mingled—very good company, and they made me good company too.

Saturday, February 26, 1949. Again failing to harness the capsules of time with which we are endowed.

Date with Vogel. Mistakenly brought her to supper—so that after dinner we were in a position of persons coming to a party two hours too early. She maddeningly flirted away, and I felt small, inadequate, and incompetent. An Esther type—but Jean has so much more—brains, sophistication, and flirting sex. She is probably the most beautiful girl in the freshman class—and I'm not the cowboy to lasso the stars.

Sunday, February 27, 1949. Rushing season. Wolf Tokolski, a freshman refugee, was here with his aunt, only surviving relative. Both made a fine impression in their humane gracefulness and their confirmation of the philosophy of carrying it through. Because Nat Neuhaus slipped up, we probably won't get Wolf. Naturally, I, as rushing chairman, got blamed.

And we blackballed Albert Katz, small, dark, spectacled, beaked, and ugly, with the warmth of an old stove and a heart

of gold. A snob led the blackballing—but Al had friends—hence the fight was long and longer—of course the snobs couldn't understand Al—he repulsed them and they shivered in his sight.

It makes me realize again how important the gate-keeper theory, that the Jewish Fraternities at Cornell may be ranked according to their power and desire to effectively conform to gate-keeping. Whenever there is active Jewishness, there is a feeling of losing stature with the gate-keeper.—I never had such views before coming here, and now find myself in the anomalous position of both being a pseudo-Christian gentleman snob, and a person who perhaps better than any other at Cornell can analyze such snobbery.

We take Tokolski, because, as in the eyes of the gate-keeper, Tokolski is a foreigner, one step above one who can't or won't adopt the white man's ways.

Today was high in fraternal feeling, with sentiment, high ideals, reminiscence, camaraderie, and good cheer—with wine and song—with transition for nine men from pledge to frater.

The ceremony was pretty enough meaningless, but impressive—the banquet lavish—and the after-dinner warm. Some sang with a great expansion of hearts to a new group, which is always good, and usually temporary.

Then the traditional trek of the old and very-new fraters to a local movie.

Friday, March 4, 1949. Debated again, in non-decision scrimmage, and was at height of my powers so far—really have my economic rationalization of the need and solution to education, instead of the monetary one—very down pat.

Phone talk with Helen lasting an hour—very intimate—in which we analyzed her needs in dating and possibilities of us. She just went thru her first great emotional crisis, and this should generally aid my activity. I applied mental gymnastics to show her she needs me, and I'm not to be denied.

Saturday, March 5, 1949. KEUKA DEBATING TOURNAMENT —wonderful day. First, the trip, including a piece of virgin territory along the west shore of Cayuga. I bubbled, and we had quite a time.

The debating was fun—as the day went along, I increased in power and confidence. Cornell came in second; we succeeded, then, in bringing back a cup, and I won myself a bronze medal (as the best individual debater). My case (on the question of Federal Aid to Education) seemed to get many to shift their opinion to the negative, although the more I study it, the more I'm in favor of aid.

In the course of the semi-finals my eye picked out a brown-long-haired, tall, spectacled, beautiful, and intelligent-faced Keukian Junior—called her up a bit later and then went ahead to spend from six 'til midnight with her. Ruth Henley—farm Yankee, soft and slow-voiced. It was almost impossible for me to restrain myself from looking, staring, contemplating, ogling her at every opportunity. After dinner we danced at the jukebox establishment and general store—the only thing in miles not Keuka.

Dancing with Ruth was without comparison—I would walk, wheel, turn, strut, break—I would dance to Lindy and even fox-trot at just regular speed, and get all the comedy I could out of exaggerating my motions, over-expressing with face, and satirizing other dancers—never knew I had it. And then we went to the College Hop—where she'd slap her big, well-formed body against me, while I stared and exchanged smiles with her Madonna of a face—even tried to teach her to shag, when we requested *Four Leaf Clover.*

We sat about and talked rather intelligently. I found someone I could love, and was sorry when we had to leave.

The situation here is pathetic—a school of three hundred and fifty lively girls, crowding the dance floor balcony to get one of the dozen visiting debaters. And the school is very

denominational—so that we lost in the semi-finals because Bill profanely said "Oh God."

After hamburger at Geneva diner—got back to Ithaca, proud, pleased, just as Sam was climbing into bed from date.

Sunday, March 6, 1949. Was curiously sick this eve—and tossed and tossed—full of thought on the many me's inside a certain physical frame outside called David Kogan. And thought, too, as I tried to fall asleep, of the narrow border between sleep and awake, and the difficulties of passing it, which sometimes are directly proportional to the desire to do so.

A Hillel Executive meeting, but none of them are executives. The trouble with all the Hillel posts—the people that can take them can't do the jobs, and the people that can do the jobs won't take them. Hillel needs so many more of me—marred though by my lack of power to make decisions.

Interest in women dropped a great deal, partly because of the high value I put on Helen and on a Ruth Henley.

Tuesday, March 8, 1949. LAW SCHOOL APTITUDE RESULTS came in today—putting me in the 98.9 percentile. I consider this phenomenal, since I completely muffed the math—I didn't realize how much brains I was wasting, and it did a good thing for me.

Spent the aft. at AEPhi, copying notes. Being there over a long period of time like that is an education—listening to the cats, the phone conversations, watching all and sundry enter and exit.

Saw *A Foreign Affair,* very smooth-witty bit of realism. Objected to the newsreels which continue to parade the latest advance in expensive and terrible military equipment. It sickened me.

Friday, March 11, 1949. Date with Helen. She had to be in at ten-thirty and I neither believed it nor liked it. Marry

the girl is just what I want—but can't get. I am rejected on grounds of lacking physical appeal and not offering any serious possibilities.

Maxim—after James: live as a person on whom nothing is lost.

Tuesday, March 15, 1949. Dad's birthday, and I sent him a fine Yiddish letter for it.

Len Sobel was elected new President in Fraternity elections. It is a victory for those who believe in the worth of man, over the superficial elements of personality.

LIVING—Instead of living on the basis, don't put off till tomorrow what you can do today—I've been living, do today what you can't do tomorrow. It needs the corollary though—don't fail to do today what will take more time tomorrow.

Yonkers, Saturday, March 26, 1949. Drove home yesterday with Paul, Nat N., and Hauser—very pleasant company and delightful conversation—Paul speaking on his travels all over Europe, America, and Africa. We went over our fraternity brothers, spoke on Jewish lore, quipped and gemmed. All liked each other, and all were happy.

It was the longest I've ever been away from home. Slept late . . . thought about some *truths*—the things one learns from life—and distills. Mainly, I thought of the egoism of man, and the egoism of altruism—and that some men buy television sets, and my Dad gives four hundred dollars to Jewish causes —because they want to. We each have our own scales of values—and none are good, and none are bad. And some are high, and some are low.

Sunday, March 27, 1949. Dad's cousin once removed, Abraham Haft of Degania, Israel, and his daughter Tamar were here for dinner. His qualities are those of a European pioneer of broad tolerance. She is a stocky kid, very oriental

looking, native born Israeli (*sabra*)—woman as farmer and soldier, not as doll. Dogmatic, excitable, believes in "One People, one Language, one Land." The magnitude of her nationalism shaded and stunted other ideals.

To the Temple—for good old Junior League meeting—small arguing group. Rabbi Goldman is a terrifically personable and bright young man. Dr. Levy spoke on Zionism—he was fluent to the point of having diarrhea of the mouth, but didn't tell the kids what Zionism was.

Wednesday, March 30, 1949. Mom saw I had some fever this eve—I've had such for some time. She called Dr. Wilenky, and so I didn't get to the A.S.C. meeting. He discussed a million topics before asking for symptoms. I threw a half dozen at him—no impression, until I told him I have swollen glands—he felt them, and said this was most serious. In fact so, that I should see Dr. Blaustein tomorrow.

Thursday, March 31, 1949. Will have to have an operation tomorrow to find out what is in the neck.

Spent most of the day reading *Naked and the Dead,* a very great book.

Gordon was here for supper, and we got along famously—although much of what I once considered greatness in him, is merely an instinct to do the right thing most of the time, combined with a hearty personality.

Friday, April 1, 1949. To Yonkers General Hospital, for my first visit since birth, and for my first operation. Waiting around for the Doctor, talking to the nurses—giving and receiving the eye—boy but they must know the score. . . . I am anesthetized, but numbly feel it all, the pain of the cut in the skin, the tearing of the flesh, the probing, the pressing, the ripping, the searching, the easy talk and confident uncertainty of the surgeon—finally he snips off a piece of gland, after his Sher-

man's March to the Sea among all sorts of precision mechanisms. Glad I felt it—for kicks—but then, the stitching was holy murder. Again, the nurses, a quick thank you and I leave. They will know the composition of the gland by tomorrow.

Saturday, April 2, 1949. Recession, pain, and 102 fever. Guiltily I feel it was due to going out last night. Let them know I won't be in school tomorrow.

Evelyn Preslow called, and called again, and came to see me—never realized she was that flat-chested—superficial—but sweet—and nice. She brought chocolate cigarettes. Joe Roth was the other visitor, a great guy and a great friend.

In bed all day, got a shot of penicillin, felt that my ship pulled out and they'll get me for desertion. Slept a great deal, and when not sleeping, lolled and dreamt fantasies.

Tuesday, April 5, 1949. Day spent around the house, unsuccessfully trying to convince folks I ought to go back to school tomorrow morning, but my heart, deep down, real deep down, wasn't in the convincing.

AN INSIGHT. American Jewry reminds me of a grandparent having joy with its grandchild Israel—it doesn't have to bring up the kid, or diaper it, but it helps, it baby-sits, it feels young again, it gives advice, it glories in every word of baby-talk and every action of the new kid-state. The figure can be stretched, for the analogy goes a long way.

Spent much of the evening with the rich collection of Jewish Humor in Ausubel's *Treasury of Jewish Folklore.*

Thursday, April 7, 1949. Went to see Dr. Blaustein again. The verdict—stay home a while longer.

At Wilenky's insistence, I went to see Dr. Zimmer from Yale Med School. Very nice guy. He talked me into getting treated at home—and by the biggest specialists. I have a

prejudice versus "the biggest man." Limbs and lives are valued differently by families in different brackets. For instance—my family couldn't spend $20,000 to save my leg, but it could to save my life. It couldn't spend $50,000 though, to save my life. Then too, I'm prejudiced against Park Avenue doctors. Most strongly, and those on Central Park West too. But tomorrow I'll see Dr. Tacconi, who sounds like less of a phony than the other medics and addresses suggested.

At night went to Yonkers' Jewish Community Center which seemed very strange. Some of the girls remind me so much, in their equivocal prettiness—general dullness—and all around nice girlishness—of Linda and her friends.

Friday, April 8, 1949. To St. Vincent's Hospital in Greenwich Village—old, forlorn, superstitiously religious. . . .

Mom antagonized Dr. Tacconi, but in doing so discovered his capability—so Dad and I went and signed up. Was then queried by a pleasant Dr. Farlan, bloodtested by a beautiful Chinagirl. And treatment will start Monday.

To an A.S.C. card game in the evening. It was horribly repulsive. We played Twenty-one, and Joe and I as partners won quite a bit. Gil Meltin was so adept at hurling all manner of insult, and I was so stunned I hated him for it—I froze, incapable of any clever retort, just looked sad. They all joined in, Meltin and the others: "Look at idiot" or "watch idiot play." It didn't hurt much—I only thought, here they are—and they need goats to crucify to amuse—like Stromer in the National Guard Camp, and Melvitski in Elmira, and, in a milder manner, B.G. in Phi Sig.

It's no longer A.S.C. for me, though they will not know it—it's only individuals—some of them be damned.

Saturday, April 9, 1949. In the evening, to a party with Bauer—almost no girls. I met Jesse Weiss, an N.Y.U. bright boy and head of the Federalists, whose party it was. (I sup-

pose theirs is a good idea—but I am very little the partisan.) After ninety minutes of this we left—itching for the fleshpots was Bauer.

We shopped the signs on Fifty-second Street, and then went into the dive featuring Winnie Barrett. It was crowded with serious, unsmiling men—boys and middle-aged—and we almost took a table, but I checked on minimum. Had Old-Fashioneds—a ticket letting us stand and strain our necks. Stripper was very good—tall, flaming red-head, she comes on stage to sexy beat of a tom-tom. She grinds, and bumps, and sheds—down to G-string and net—and she plays with her body in heated manner and gets into contortions . . . very beautiful figure. We shuffled out, with Bauer disgusted with himself.

Walking along Broadway philosophizing.

Monday, April 11, 1949. First treatment. I was disappointed because they didn't aim their machine on the neck, but on the chest. A nurse aims—could've had it done in Ithaca. They did mark up my chest in indelible ink. Slept through the afternoon, but no after-effect.

Finished reading *World History of Art* by Cheney, which has given me an acquaintance with names and traits of all the good painters of the Western world. According to my plan, now I shall look at all the reproductions, about four hundred in color in the house here. My art education is really getting somewhere.

Jaspers were here this evening, with the latest stories of Grandma and others in the family—pretty Aunt Lilly and theoretical Uncle Joe. Good company. We discussed, too, kids when they are growing up, and they concluded I was the stubbornnest.

Listened to *Echoes of the Big Time* all-star vaudeville. The whole musical atmosphere of the twenties has always caused it to be a favorite period.

Wednesday, April 13, 1949. Had my treatments sped up; felt tired, and belchy, and burly, and so took it easy through the day—most of the time reading *Modern Jewish Thought.*

The three of us got to the Goodman *Seder* about seven. Although it took a while for the thing to thaw, I soon found myself enjoying every bit of it. Beautiful table—twenty-four persons, all manners of connections to Goodmans—guests bringing guests. They used Kaplan's *Hagadah,* so that all participated; and many there knew the traditional melodies.

What made me enjoy every minute was the presence of Eli's sixteen-year-old girlfriend, very very good to look at, and to talk to: lives in Greenwich Village of artist and writing background—very much the flirt with me. She was much the leftist—and I acted and talked like the well-informed intelligent liberal who is anti-Wallace because he reads only one side. Here she offers literature—(already she is itching to convert me)—I said it would be much pleasanter getting it in the give-and-take of discussion with a pretty girl.

Thursday, April 14, 1949. To the Museum of Modern Art, to see the big Braque exhibit with Bob Gordon. The exhibit was eminently worthwhile. Braque paints so you don't know exactly what it is supposed to be, but you're impressed —especially he does women and mandolins (both in the same picture). Toured the galleries, and viewed other dramatic pictures. Bought a book on "Modern Art."

Shined the shoes in the neck of Crotona Park and 174th street as I listened to *fils des environs* talk of the petty small life and pathetic dreams of the East Bronx.

Went up to the Jaspers for the second *Seder.* The folks brought Reconstructionist *Hagadahs* but we skipped a great deal due to lateness. Lloyd's Catholic friend came, and he joined in the reading. We ate, and while Grandma droned, without comprehension, the old-fashioned Orthodox ritual,

Lloyd played recordings he made of his folk-singing, and cowboy ballads—very excellent.

Saturday, April 16, 1949. Grey breezed in, on the way home from Boston—and spoke with much enthusiasm of how he was pushing me to the John Harvard director of admittance. I so love having that guy around.

Called a girl of Ken's, Edna Herman, of the Bronx—unknown—and rose to the challenge. Carried on a beaut of a phone confab—and made a date for this eve.

Good-looking, like Greenwald in many ways. I snowed, and snowed, and snowed, with a combination of laughter, '49 car, erudition, and college-boy sophistication. A typical Kogan first-date at his best.

Driving around the Parkways, and the streets—and to the Patio dancing and talking—she the greatest listener; we drink —loved the small bust in the silk print dress.

To Ruby's—beer-dancing, until they break it up—it seems the police of New Rochelle don't like dancing there. We leave and sit in the parked car—we neck—Edna was getting very excited, and the hour was the pleasantest. And it was clean—we drove home—she in at four.

Wednesday, April 20, 1949. It's all over in New York. I left St. Vincent's hospital in a blaze of handshakings, etc. Treatment ended, and it reinforces my belief that it never should have started.

In the evening to South Orange. In sixty-one minutes from my house to Mel's—with Mel and likable Bobbie—we talked for over an hour—the question of law school—summer plans —he favors traveling. It has appeal, but I don't know. If I go to law school in the fall, it means summer school.

Called Edna today—messed by giving her an awkward rush. And bought a Parker 51 pen—now I know the feeling it is to own a Cadillac.

Friday, April 22, 1949. BACK TO ITHACA. I "flashed" fraternity life in front of my parents, and was sorry I yielded thusly to the cheapest kind of impressionism. It's often enough a sin of the first generation.

We saw Olivier's *Hamlet* in the evening—by far the greatest film I've ever seen. The vocabulary of Shakespeare, and wonderful staging and terrific interpretation of Olivier made the thing superb. The marriage of these men far removed in centuries was "the greatest."

It was good to be back. Dean and faculty very sympathetic. Took the folks to Art class and was very proud of them.

Thursday, April 28, 1949. Got myself an honorable discharge from the National Guard this eve—it is best for them too, as I was a lousy soldier, etc. This way, with a note from Dr. Blaustein, it was easy to have me out on illness.

Am taking treatments for the glands downtown by Dr. Larkin, a competent radiologist.

Monday, May 2, 1949. House meeting—till all hours. My big fight, singlehanded, was against a rule that persons must have a minimum scholastic average to get initiated. Felt that one hasn't that much to do with the other, to deprive an occasional boy of the right to be a brother.

Friday, May 6, 1949. Spent a great deal of time with the *Oxford Companion to American Literature*—have an overpowering desire to read the Cornell Libe reference-room right through.

Called Helen for a date, and mentioned every day in the week—and it's no go. And so naturally I want it to be a go. Why she is so dead against taking me in I can only guess. Meanwhile she follows success with success—Phi Beta, Student Leadership Conference, etc.

Sunday, May 8, 1949. Enjoyable evening as guest at the Quaker meeting charged with speaking and discussing Judaism. I went into the historical development of Jewish civilization, and into sidelights, and its contributions, and the story of the life of its people. Many questions were asked, which I handled with wit. The whole experience made me interested in inter-faith, renewed a failing devotion to Judaism, and made me think of teaching.

After the session, had long talk with Burlingham, one of the boys—unusually frank—and that did much for inter-faith relations. The Jews must be well-informed, proud, and friendly.

Monday, May 9, 1949. Saw Helen in the libe and smiled, and said a few words, but it was like throwing out a rope which falls short of crossing the canyon; in such cases, it doesn't even matter how often you throw the rope out—the problem is to get a longer rope.

Tuesday, May 17, 1949. Worked on the *Gatsby* paper—Fitzgerald is one favorite author, especially in *This Side of Paradise* and *Gatsby*. There is so much empathy between us —but I must pour out, instead of fermenting wild juices which serve only to nourish and frustrate the soul of a failure.

The unsuccessful should not glory in failure. That should remain to be a humbling, deftly played technique of those close to the stars. And I but continually ask for attention through advertising the deficiencies of my will—in particular to Kernis and Seyfert and Sam and Lasker—the closest neighbors, who view me with lovable contempt.

Wednesday, May 18, 1949. It is interesting to note arrangements, physical and psychological, for House Parties. Did a little reading on "bundling"—it was the respectable thing circa Puritan New England, of all times and places.

Attempted rapprochement with Helen, but it was no go—which makes one pant. O, tempora, o mores.

May 20–22, 1949. The ticking away of hours, to HOUSE PARTY. Mat Bender was very kind—lending his car—me driving to station, and Edna Herman, pretty, short, well-built, very Bronx, susceptible, wonderful voice, sensuous mouth, somewhat coarse black hair—a girl whom I want, but whom I'll never love.

Dinner at Sunnyside—steak and the campus tour—the oh's and the ah's and to Octagon show—the songs rather poor. Then the outdoor carnival, and Edna who lacks poise—she got me to buy her a hat, and tried to back out at the price.

Back to the House—and a very impressionistic Edna, and we go eating and a-beering. We sat, embraced, petted—and then she was trying to get me to kiss her—I delayed for almost an hour, and then passionately soul kissed her—one after another. And we dance—as one body, watch charades, and idle away, sitting and dancing 'til the thing breaks up. To my room—I can easily and honestly reassure her the boys are on the way back soon.

Up—we missed the boat races, but see a wonderful float parade, sitting on the curb opposite Straight. Banquet, and then the "Formal." Fairish. Edna got some recognition as piano singer and I moped. Relations are a bit strained (jealousy should not be among the passions of a high minded stoic).

She "loses" her watch, but gets most of her clothes and keepsakes together—and I kiss her midst the Lehigh Valley's send-off crowd . . . and she repeatedly professes her love.

I've finally seen: that some girls are good for themselves, others for company, still others for the chase, and others still for sex. And yet—we all want to be loved—can I do better?

We sit around the upset house—talk is hard—people are dead tired.

Wednesday, May 25, 1949. Stern and I had discussion over my philosophy of "the worst possible thing"—in which I say, "Look at life as a whole and face the worst possible thing"—and at love, or the passing of a course, and face the worst possible thing. This is in essence stoicism, but he sees some defeatism in it—and in my case, such ideas lend themselves to the rationalization of postponement and failure.

Have been reflecting whether to take the cross-country trip with Mel Grey in his car.

Friday, July 8, 1949. Will meet Mel in Chicago.

THE TRIP. The folks and I waited for the Pacemaker—and I find my seat, reserved, next to short-haired, cute, pink, intellectual soph of U.C.L.A. In front, a very funny, crude, gentle businessman, who spoke continually of his air-conditioning business.

The ride, familiar to Syracuse, and then darkness—my first view of Rochester—a tinsel-lit street and Kodak sign—railyards and factories of Buffalo—glimpses of Erie—new states and cities, and the gray morning over Indiana field and factory—neither Ethel nor I slept a minute. Talk came easily. We quipped and gemmed, and we had our first kisses in Indiana and Illinois—but easy to like. We pulled into La Salle Station at Chicago at eight and shook hands goodbye—to write.

Saturday, July 9, 1949. Every minute there is consciousness of being further west. Before meeting Mel at 11:30, I walked through the Loop, taking in the architecture of Louis Sullivan, my impressions aided by the W.P.A. account of Chicago—then I went to the Board of Trade building and watched the hectic transaction in the pit, and, above, the shouting.

The view from the roof of this Chi's tallest is wonderful, railyards, buildings, river, lakefront—and their version of

Cue made me love the town—but New York is still ahead. Dinner with Mel. A few hours at the Pessl's (Viennese friends of Mother, whom she brought to this country in 1939). Martha, sweet, practical, very feminine, and so proud to be an American—and Paul, weak, good, quiet; a kindly refugee Jewish doctor in a Catholic hospital, who very self-consciously works in American slang—O, but they should have had children. The visit was warm, and talk flowed.

We headed up Lake Michigan shore. Beautiful Outer Drive: with its swimming on the lake, Northwestern, and gems of architecture in the Library and Technical Institute.

Then the fantastic Bahai Temple of universal design, curious form, and inspiring presence—here, near the Hog-Butcher, should be the most beautiful sanctuary of a simple Eastern sect, who preach the lovely myth that the founders of all the great religions are equally the Lord's messengers and the best of their teachings are the same, and so brotherhood should be universal.

The road traversed some of the most beautiful suburban areas ever seen. Visiting Great Lakes Naval Training Station was rewarding. Mile on mile of military streets, and impressions of peacetime sailors, their living and recreational opportunities.

I slept, for it was dark, and we arrived in Milwaukee at eleven—toured its darkened streets, and found our way to a stripper show at the Milwaukean, where a bumper and grinder named Peaches woke me up by her exotic manipulation of muscle, flesh, and more flesh.

Monday, July 11, 1949. Monday evening—Mason City—crossed the Mississippi this morning—three hundred miles west of Chicago. Today we went to see the home and fellowship of Frank Lloyd Wright, the world's greatest architect, and we talked to him personally, after introductions. The man hates lawyers—but our stay there was a wonderful experience.

Wednesday, July 13, 1949. Badlands today—South Dakota —in an hour we'll reach the carved heads of presidents at Mount Rushmore.

Buffalo, Wyoming
Friday, July 15, 1949

Dear Mom and Dad,

Yesterday was a fateful day in my life—I lost control while sitting at the wheel of a fast-moving automobile five miles west of here. The car turned over three times—I escaped with only a few scratches. Melvin got a concussion, and now, twenty-eight hours later, is still unconscious. However, his skull is not fractured, and it does not appear that he has internal injuries. Mr. Grey is flying here tomorrow. Until then I have all the responsibility—getting him the best of medical care, sitting by his bed. As you can imagine, this is quite a strain.

The main thing—we are both alive, and I am well, to help him. I pray to God he gets well; chances are good, but no one can be sure, with brain injuries. For the first time I feel tragedy. I realize a lot of little things do not count. I've learned to get up after falling and keep on moving.

It is rough country—the nearest city, Denver, is 440 miles away—the population here is 3,000. Cowboys and old frontier people walk around, but I spend most of my time watching Melvin.

Will write every day. Love to you,

David

July 16, 1949

Dear Mom and Dad,

The Greys are here—Melvin is still unconscious, but there are some favorable factors—he has all his senses at one time

or another—but it was a very severe concussion and we all worry. I plan to call this evening—Mr. Grey told me he spoke to you before coming here.

The people of Buffalo are all wonderfully neighborly in the truest sense, and helpful in every way. But the doctor is overrated and the facilities are not too good.

July 17, 1949

I've spoken to you on the phone but a half-hour ago—since then Mr. Grey's brother-in-law, calling from New York, informed us he arranged for the best neurologist in the West to fly here from Denver as soon as possible.

Mel was x-rayed today, and for the first time, a skull fracture was discovered. He is seriously ill, but seems to have a better than even chance.

The Greys are most wonderful. They assured me that they do not hold me in any way responsible. I wait anxiously, knowing, though people contradict me out of politeness, that there was no need for the accident; but I can't undo that. I am a lucky boy—unhurt—but I sometimes wish I were in his position.

July 18, 1949

We got a lift yesterday, when Melvin about reached consciousness, talking, and even holding a glass in his hand—and drinking.

The Denver specialist said the next two days are critical. I am tense, but in good health physically. We must be patient, and hope, and pray.

July 19, 1949

Melvin is more or less conscious now, but very tired—sleeping a great deal. He was shaved today—I'm shaving today too.

We saw the wreck again—it is the worst wreck I've ever

seen in my life—it is a miracle I live without a scratch, and that he lives.

July 21, 1949

Melvin seems to be getting a little better each day—today he ate some food and continues a large intake of fluids. The Greys are rather controlled, but very anxious.

I'm still under a great deal of tension—the high ground, 4,600 feet altitude, makes us tired and very sleepy. There are whitecapped peaks 13,000 feet high within seeing distance.

July 23, 1949

Melvin is progressing wonderfully. He is as witty as ever, and has more energy than the Greys or myself. This morning he discussed parts of the trip. I doubt if he'll ever remember the accident—that is a fortunate thing.

Have been having long talks with the Greys, bringing me closer to them. The feeling of guilt is gone—but a definite sense of responsibility remains.

July 26, 1949

Mr. Grey just came into my room to tell me that Melvin can leave for home this Saturday or Sunday. He is in good physical condition and my great hope now is that he can go back to Harvard in the fall.

I am not going with the Greys—Melvin is still bed-ridden, and they are crossing in a drawing room. I plan to leave tomorrow and spend a day each in Chicago and Pittsburgh or maybe even Omaha, thus breaking up the trip—it is forty-four hours from here to New York by train. Will catch up with them in Pittsburgh, and will wire the time of our arrival.

I'll call you on my birthday; I am very anxious to be home.

Love,
David

Ithaca, Friday, September 23, 1949. An exceedingly low day. The great permanent cloud between my dreams and their realization, that has assumed such fixed shape since the accident, hovered lower and thicker than usual today. My feeling is a macrocosm of those of the pinball-machine player who listlessly releases the remaining balls upon a mute and darkened table, following an early tilt.

My room is cheerful—more quiet than living in the House—nice being with Nelson.

Monday, October 17, 1949. Mom over for the weekend. Friday night at Hillel Services. Saturday, after dinner at the Fraternity, took her to see *The Glass Menagerie* at the Straight—a great play. Introduced her to Professor Angell. The man is rating me rather highly.

The Jewish values discussion group fairly successful. Atkin, the Brettlers, Nelson, and a few others are its nucleus—but this is not even a sop to my previous ambitious dreams.

Today began my teaching job at Cortland. It's rather adventurous, the beginning of what may be a full year of regular sojourning once a week in a strange town. Made my way to the high school—and then met the women: smalltown Hadassah people who want to learn the tongue of Israel. I'm using Rubenstein's textbook, and went right into the introduction of vocabulary and conversational Hebrew. It is very enjoyable.

Letter from Cambridge. Must do a lot of thinking on Mel Grey.

Saturday, October 22, 1949. A very full day—Alumni Weekend, a great opportunity for mixing and mingling.

Began dabbling again in the *Book Review Digest,* taking notes on all the books I'd ever want to read. Also thought of the great synthesis of the written word I'd someday like to undertake—but am unlikely to do.

To the Tau Delt for a while, sparkling there and seeing a fine show by one Arny Packer who, as a newlywed, never knew that so much fun could be legal. In the evening I became saddled with old friend Gerty, whom I can't even enjoy talking to, because she knows and feels that I don't enjoy her company.

One of the causes of my melancholy is my unsuccessful search to find a girl whose company I could really enjoy, whom I could really appreciate, and who would appreciate me.

Sunday, October 23, 1949. As pleasant as any date at Cornell, with pretty, witty Syl Frankel, very smart and intellectual. We had dinner at the Spa, and spent some time in the Straight in the large room with the piano. Streams of confab, with the tinkling.

Then we went up to Barnes and heard Horace Kallen—confusing, but he said some fine things. I liked his phrase, "no man is born the son of any group." He got me thinking at one point, and I wonder what makes a face beautiful, or interesting, and are all the interesting faces beautiful.

We walked across campus then and Sylvia continually speaking of so having a good time, and I glad.

Shouldn't be in school—robbing myself of needed rest; very underweight and continually tired.

Wednesday, November 2, 1949. Those glands are really up—more than ever, although I've had them for a few weeks now, not doing anything about them. Wrote Tacconi suggesting I can see him later in the month.

I think today is Mom's fiftieth birthday. Bought her Franck's *Symphony* and the *Hungarian Rhapsody*.

There is pitifully little to write—am exhaustingly tired, and scared.

Thursday, November 3, 1949. Felt miserable, and suddenly decided I'd have to go home, although I should have done it long ago. Called Mom and told her—and told everybody. Miss Wooley of the College seemed sympathetic.

Cornell Review came out today—it was very poor. Perhaps I could have done better. But then I've never tried my hand at poetry or the creative.

After ten the boys all helped me to discharge my responsibilities and pack for the sleeper home.

Friday, November 4, 1949. Pullmans are pleasant. Folks met me—Tacconi had us come back in the afternoon, and then he had me admitted.

They gave me mustard treatment which last time worked wonders. A good excuse not to eat the hospital food—it isn't bad, just that I'm a picky eater.

The other two patients were each interesting in his way. One a fat, big, simple Jewish immigrant who was very redundant, and said it was a wonderful hospital and what a close call he had. But when they couldn't find his socks he damned the place.

The guy next to me was getting a cure for alcoholism. He was very pleasant considering he had made with an anti-Semitic outburst, and then I told him I was Jewish.

Monday, November 7, 1949. Tacconi came about early and noted the treatment didn't work. He said I could go home, and see him Tuesday. Was by then sick of the hospital. Finally I got home about three.

Spent quite some time with Frank Lloyd Wright issue of the *Architectural Forum*—almost filially admire the man and visionary.

Saturday, November 12, 1949. Went to a Center basketball game. Many of the young married's look *ausgeschpielt*. Krantz

turned out husky and handsome, and he was once more of a skinny weakling than I.

CLASSICAL MUSIC. Have been listening to WQXR, the *Times* station featuring classical music, off and on, but today decided to expose myself through the life-span to as much of classical music as I can, and to appreciate it, and to become a connoisseur.

Tuesday, November 15, 1949. I had gone yesterday to see Tacconi with great desires of getting back to school—but it is pleasant here, and I can save the term if I stay out 'til Thanksgiving. So I was prepared for his "stay home," although he isn't treating me, and he never gives me a chance to talk to him. We went to Dr. Starr, a Yonkers refugee, and I don't know exactly why, but he'll speak to Tacconi.

Saw *Holiday* with Hepburn. I think I'd rather marry her than ninety per cent of the heroines.

Friday, November 18, 1949. Classical music is developing into an obsession. Went to the library and read on Bach, the Violin, the Concerto, the Overture, the Suite, this from Thompson's *Encyclopaedia of Music,* an excellent book.

Sunday, November 20, 1949. Uncle Charlie was here. He's a big man, who likes turtle-neck sweaters, hiking, whiskey, and sailboats—who is a competent chemist, a lover of music and literature and art, and good talk. He and Mom are the only intellects on their side and are each other's favorites. He is a father of two kids, a pillar of the P.T.A. We went into Materialism versus Idealism. Dad took the idea that idealism is the best policy; that Israeli terrorism didn't pay off; that Russian production would be higher under a free system; that the ends never justify the means. I clearly perceived the ideas of why the Russians can't be the users of democratic process; why they can only achieve power through revolution. I de-

veloped the idea that the lasting opportunity for the democratic process must be the main aim of the liberal forces. This would justify our preventing the Communists from ever achieving a parliamentary majority. We went on and on, and enjoyed it for a long while.

Monday, November 21, 1949. Tacconi is putting me on x-ray and I can go back to school after Thanksgiving. Mom wants me to see a private man—and reluctantly I consented.

Park Avenue doctor. Nice office, beautiful, substantial, classy. Nurse weighs me, kids me as she takes blood count. Henry Korn, smooth, makes the impression of being discerning, meticulous. We talk. He has me nude . . . and the nurse walks in, gently covering me with a blanket so I won't get cold. The examination is over-thorough. He says Tacconi is on the right track.

Friday, November 25, 1949. To Tacconi's, with all my tiredness, and he says it isn't good to go back to school. For some reason, Dad then cried—he looked beautiful crying; he is a great man, and I'm beginning to love him with all my heart. I looked upon the verdict with mixed emotion. Leisure versus wonderful activity. My happy college years are speedily drawing to a close.

Monday, November 28, 1949. Another x-ray treatment. There doesn't seem to be progress.

Mordecai Kaplan lectured at the Jewish Museum tonight and I got our family down there. He was magnificent—the essentially humanistic attitude; the clever smile. The paper was on a new contribution to ethics—a system based upon the architectonic approach—and its concern for man as an end; all men, reconciled with reason, beauty, truth, justice, the drives of men, personality, God, all in pattern, and all in philosophical terms, in paragraphs rich with quotations. His

concepts of attitude, potentiality, conditional acceptance—his belief the great decisions of life should be made by inner needs. The glorification of the attitude of detachment and, without contradiction, of commitment—purpose as the moveless mover. He sees God as a personality in a unique idea. Am sorry I did not take a logical set of notes.

Friday, December 2, 1949. The evening with Arty, Harry and Joe. Boredom as with guys guzzling beer, or playing cards, or wenching, only more so. I expounded on the Red threat (part of an increasing fascination with Marxism) and we talked of this and that. It all convinced me of the sterility of life in Yonkers, especially for a youth—when in comparison with living in out-of-town schools. It has made one of my aims—though versus the family purse—going to Harvard or Yale law school in preference to Columbia.

I'm inclining towards being a juvenile delinquent judge—it's the least overcrowded, if the least lucrative, and sounds interesting.

Monday, December 5, 1949. Got up late and did not keep my morning appointment with Dr. Tacconi. Walked into his office after lunch, met a guy who had all the symptoms I had (we had a long talk), can't work—has been sick for four years and can look forward to such a state of health for the rest of his poor natural. I was scared, but Tacconi assured me I've a different variation, lymphoma, I've been as sick as I'll ever be—and may even be getting back to school next week.

A.S.C. meeting. About six guys, with nothing better to do, no plans for future, the only organization these boys belong to. We talked for a while, and then a card game. Willy sees it as I do: sentiment.

Then to Bull Moose for talk and hot-pies—joined by a fine Italian who nobody, naturally, took the trouble to intro-

duce to me. Yonkers assumes that if "I know the guy, you know him."

Ithaca, December 11, 1949. Train to Ithaca. Love them, the long train rides. Was a bit moody through the Pennsylvania "Swiss" country. The drab rolling country from Sayre to Ithaca, and finally the dim-lit collegiate station.

CORNELL is a wonderful place, or maybe it is youth, or me, and away from home.

To Hillel Party—mixing and mingling and telling of my recent. The pitch is built around the awful incurability of my disease, it has elements of sadness, in contrast with the opinion that I have but so little work to make up.

Chatted, and a Miriam Snider caught my eye—brainy, cute, and Presbyterian—it was interfaith. Took her home.

Saturday, December 17, 1949. THE BLUES. A feeling of being inferior has come over me—the people do not look into my face when talking in crowds—nor do they listen to my speech—nor can I joke and mix and mingle—I feel old and tired—no physical presence—alas no consistency to turn scholastic aptitude to ability—and so—even personality has assumed a wan aspect.

A little browsing library reading—a rarity for the fraternity man, and to bed, with a discussion, as frequent of late, with Nelson; this time on literature.

BOOK 10

1950

It is the day and the minute which are the most important units in life—and one must learn to fit into those two spaces.

Yonkers, Tuesday, January 24, 1950. Homeward. The train ride featured Marj Becker, a junior from White Plains whom I've known, but never really appreciated until now—with a fine voice and memory for all sorts of lyrics; very attractive, restless, and witty. We sallied forth with barbed tongues.

In New York to Tamar Haft's wedding—was I snobbish? or just tired.

Saturday, January 28, 1950. To the Museum of Modern Art—it was fun, even alone—and I love it all—the specials were photos of Pablo and a comprehensive exhibit of Klee in whom I found great art and wit. Called Janeta, who was hurt that I hadn't called, and whose voice was hard. . . .

Pocket books are again the craze. Browsed in my favorite bookstore, the one near MacDougal's Alley, first looking up criticism, and then buying. Got *Symphony Ballet, Eighteenth Century English Poetry, Passage to India,* and several others.

To Bauer's in the evening—and talked too much—and provoked a quarrel. I am "emotionally immature, irresponsible,

and coarse." (I really think I am a terrific guy. And that A.B. is too serious and idealistically high and mighty.)

One must place the empty and harmful pleasures of shooting one's mouth off as as great a sin as masturbation. Both take the place of achievement. Kogan, work and get tightlipped—you'll enjoy it.

Monday, January 30, 1950. Evelyn Preslow's picture in tonight's paper. Betrothed. The nicest thing I was ever fond of. It bit at the heart, for "I played it wrong." Do I flatter myself? Yes, it was much more than all that, and she probably less. I wrote her a letter—but it should have been slept on—for its combination of generosity and sadness didn't scan. Then the maudlin crept in, and the corny, and the juvenile—but also some wit and originality.

Tuesday, January 31, 1950. It seems I am getting a car. I can't afford it, neither can the family, but we've drifted into it; I will try to enjoy myself and make some money out of it. We looked at some things. The only '47 model I love enough to marry is the gray Chevvy.

I'm outrageously expensive—I figure to cost the folks seventeen hundred dollars the next four months. Dad doesn't realize how evil I am, and I hate myself. It may be dreams—but the solutions are to apply any business ability I have to business, and earn on my own. Merchandizing idea—the selling of *Britannicas* to the various fraternity houses. Gordon is doing the same in Syracuse.

To the Center—the crowd is so high-schoolish, that there is nothing wonderful, mature, and single. Cornbeefed and beered with Roth.

Ithaca, Monday, February 6, 1950. The car is running wonderfully, and is a great thing to have. Glad I came to the end of the house-party weekend, as it was both interesting and enjoyable to watch the whole university go crazy.

A fraternity meeting—the discussion concerned whether or not to admit a boy who has been pledging for four months, and refuses to completely subordinate himself to the group. We discussed every one of his character and personality traits, his actions, his potentialities. The line-ups on each side produced some beautiful speeches.

Ken and I talked Jewishness—there was no common universe of discourse—his feeling is pathological—vague program—his only solution is complete assimilation.

February 20, 1950

Dear Mom and Dad,

I am glad you were out enjoying yourself on your wedding anniversary. (Although if I were home, I'd probably tease you for seeing a war picture on such an important occasion.) It was good to call and let me know you liked the silver present.

I always hesitate to speak of my sickness on the telephone, for I fear it well offers occasion to cause you worry. Please try hard not to worry, as my health is rather good, and the effects of the sickness itself is something that we can do little about, that is not already being done. Dr. Larkin is treating the glands which are very slowly going down.

It seems that the expenses of my college education, necessities, and conveniences, are all out of proportion to our income. I think of all the boys who are working at my age, the fact that these four years have not prepared me for any particular job—and then the robbing of my energy by sickness. Even though I have this guilt complex, I am very cheerful. The studies are interesting—the weather is beautiful—and just being alive is a wonderful feeling.

This evening, I listened to Mrs. Roosevelt. She impressed me as being a grand lady; she is intensely feminine, somewhat illogical, with a screeching, poorly modulated voice, awkward delivery, and a talent for speaking about little things,

but well. She has at the same time a wonderful intenseness and moral earnestness linked to a burning desire to better the world. And she likes young people, and they like her.

In some ways certain circles are recognizing me as the elder statesman of the College Jewish community. The Graduate Faculty Club had asked me to discuss Reconstructionism at their meeting. It went over very well. I only found out at the last minute that it was a non-Jewish organization. The talk and discussion lasted three hours, and they asked me to come back. Many told me I have a wonderful insight into presenting religious philosophy, and a speech professor complimented me on the delivery.

I hope that you both shall have many years of happiness together until your Golden anniversary. I also pray that I may not do anything to mar that happiness, and may soon be contributing to it rather than continue to cause sadness and anxiety to myself and my parents.

With all my love,
David.

Friday, April 14, 1950. Hillel is at its low point, and the largish auditorium of CURW (Cornell University Religious Worship) where we set up the Holy Ark, and where a much-loved picture of a little Jewish boy in Nazareth and the Rabbis hangs on the wall left-front—this largish place is dark and deserted. I wanted to pray—and so sat in the back of the mumbling remnant of Orthodoxy and meditated and read in Prayerbook Kaplan.

Saturday, April 15, 1950. Beautiful day, and Ithaca is wonderful on such a day. The convertibles are top down and full—the golfers are out, and the boys and girls loll on the libe slopes, resting on the topcoats not needed for warmth.

At the end of the week Cornell is having poets and critics celebrate Wordsworth. I began reading a goodly selection of

his poetry today, to the appropriate background of Beethoven's *Symphony Pastoral.*

Met well-formed, pleasant, and enthusiastic Susan Blickner, and asked her to Houseparty—her answer was non-committal.

Sunday, April 16, 1950. Hauser and myself get to be closer —based upon a healthy appreciation for each other and a knack for both being good audiences half of the time. We are both seniors who sampled the rich man's area of Cornell University. He however has the advantage of non-intellectuality, handsomeness, business ability, and the remainder of practical virtues. And what is worst—I am a shade more faced with the vagueness of the path.

My anxiety over the future stems from the conclusion that I won't be making much of a living, or ever amount to anything much. And yet, I know how to live—so I'll be a successful failure. Enough pessimism for now.

Wednesday, April 19, 1950. A two-hour-long bull session with Nelson on anti-Semitism and prejudice toward minorities. My position is that we must fight prejudice by not consciously, or worse, self-consciously doing so. The Jews are in a fine position to study technique, falling as they do between whites and Negroes. The solution is a basic realization of the importance of treating an individual as an individual—and then doing so, with as much play and insult, as a married person would treat his better half. With Neuhaus and others we then got curious as to Judaism—and they don't know what it is, or what is could be. The whole nation needs Reconstructionism—in slang, if need be.

Saturday, April 22, 1950. With Susan—to Hillel Carnival. Pleasant band—but we can't dance close in public. The girl is not a novice—on the last dip of the last dance she almost swoons.

The party was a good one. The famous Tau Delt "rat race," in which a dizzy white mouse hesitatingly chooses one of the fifteen wagered upon holes to crawl down.

Sunday, April 23, 1950. Raphael—a wealthy boy, maladjusted, brilliant, witty, and tremendously dissipated, tried, in a half-hearted manner, to convince a very self-righteous freshman to join the path of the devil. I'm glad he rejected it and remained with the narrow straits of ambitious and fraternal Babbittry.

Saw Helen and it did things to me.

Wednesday, April 26, 1950. Wonderful sunny day. Awakened by Dad's phonecall—visiting. We had breakfast together at the Straight.

Dad's a great guy, and I play his heart-strings wonderfully, giving him as much pleasure as I know how. It's mostly surface, as I withal neither work, nor plan, nor save, nor carefully conserve health. Talk was of present health and rosy future, Judaism, the wonder and glory of being at Cornell—I listened to his ideas and events in his role in the Jewish community, his interpretation of the main currents in the more or less immediate branches of family activity—but with sympathy. The guy brought up some pills which will postpone the next attack past finals week and past graduation—and happily left for home.

Tackled the Spanish Prelim with a blend of knowledge, intuition, and guesswork (in equal parts). The weather was wonderful—and so, cut history, and spent the afternoon with Susan.

To Stewart Park—and she too sexed up to concentrate on her *Madame Bovary*—and I distracted from Whitehead's ideas on education. When tension built up, we started riding around. Some nice roads—and then to beautiful Sunset Park. We lay on a bench—her head resting twixt my legs—stroking

each others bodies—kissing—she completely submissive—I was prudishly prudent—and so back to civilization.

Friday, April 28, 1950. Time with the Brettlers. Larry and Joel—both wonderful sophs with as many interests in common with my own as possible. Breakfasted with Larry and discussed his story involving the internal conflict of the business man, between the way he is successfully making money, and the moral and religious ideas of society.

It seems to me that education fails to bring into sharp enough focus the paradox of such universal and fluent hypocrisy. I got the idea of writing of a guy who is big business, and takes such methods into a charity drive which initially involves him by its moral appeal.

Several on this campus, with no basis, have told others that Kogan should be a writer.

Began itching today like hell—and this is an important symptom of lymphoma.

Saturday, April 29, 1950. Met Susan at six—the girl looked good—and to Phi Sig picnic and party. Crowds of people—coolish—in the backyard making hamburgers and queuing up—eating and then, in the darkening living room, many of the couples settled in chairs, couches, and on floors. Susan and I had fun on the floor, exciting each other in little ways with one eye in reverie and one watching out for that policeman, convention. Music classical was being played—but the appearance boys, the prudent prudes busted the thing up, turning on the lights—and we became socially correct hosts, saying friendly and sparkling things to out-of-towners.

The senior play, a little witty, a little coarse, greatly enjoyed by cast. I delivered my lines (which I expanded) as well as ability and conditions allowed—and enjoyed the dubious glory of being successively a pedlar of pornography and a talcumed man of distinction. The thing was called *Phi Sig*

Sages Through the Ages and had humorous (*sic*) scenes depicting the next six decades.

What went over big was the program, consisting mostly of epigrams relevant to each of the graduates, written by Winn and myself. After the play we mixed and mingled. Had a nice talk with Jules (Svede) Arnold—nice perhaps because he seemed amused and impressed by my wit. Wonderful evening.

Am very confused about Susan and me.

Sunday, April 30, 1950. WOMEN'S OPEN HOUSES. To Balch —Jackie Lang inviting. The formal receiving lines, so nice and silly, made me feel so Victorian (a collegiate synonym for old-fashioned). The girl's room was nice—excellently furnished and decorated—in her case a two-room suite with pleasant roommate. We smalltalked, and I was very participating. Left to Dickson, and Joan Fein meeting me at the door—receiving line—and her room much smaller, functional, along cell-plan. (It seems all girls have bulletin boards.) Over to the fabulously beautiful recreational room —mostly talk and a little dancing.

Finished reading Brogan's *History of the Third French Republic*. The guy writes most superbly and is my favorite historical writer.

Monday, May 1, 1950. Read Whitehead's *Aim of Education* essay and thought it excellent.

Inter-Fraternity Scholarship Meeting—went as House Rep and listened to smooth Herb Williams, admissions director, point out importance of scholarship to guy and House and I.F.C., and then threw some highly interesting behind-the-scene stuff. The guys were all "white fraternity boys," and I noticed how real is the grievance that this country is tightly in the grip of the Protestant, white, Anglo-Saxon upper-classes. I briefly spoke on Phi Sig's adviser system (a very glorified presentation) and it was well received. Bernie Reed of TDP over-spoke—or so my Semitic sensitivity told me.

Later that night I drafted some laws to improve House scholarship; a strong scholarship chairman and adviser system—intimate contact with freshmen, studying in study hall and/or adviser's rooms if needed, etc. Also drafted a law to replace present laxly enforced blue edict of no gambling in House. The new idea is to forbid card-playing downstairs, and make it wide open any place else.

Tuesday, May 2, 1950. Got a practical idea of publishing nationally a mimeographed quarterly called *Sparks* with all kinds of campus ideas, House ideas, etc., strengthening them internally, or enabling them to be better Houses on their respective campuses. Following this, I conceived the idea of publishing a *Civic Sparks Exchange* to make better towns, etc.

Took Susan down for sandwiches at the Ol' Landmark, and then we parked—a little talk and some sex-play—she very pash, and I making fun of it (she is always telling me of her love, which jars with my non-committal).

She's a warm-hearted, weak-willed, music-loving, lazy girl. Good background, strong passions, growing up too fast, and probably a nympho. But she's amusing and exciting company.

May 30, 1950

Dear Mom and Dad,

It was good speaking to you on the telephone last night. Today I finished the second of my two final examinations. My score on the Graduate School Record Exam came in: it indicated a good knowledge of physics and chemistry, a fair knowledge of biology, and a knowledge of social studies superior to all but one in ten thousand graduating seniors. My grades in literature were excellent, as were those in fine arts. Thus, I have learned in college. It is interesting to note that my verbal ability makes me eighth in a group of one hundred —while only one in two hundred have superior mathematical ability to mine.

My health is pretty good—and this week I'm going to take golf lessons—it's not a strenuous game—and since so many Cornellians play, it will be a good way to keep in touch with my friends on Saturday afternoons in later years. As for Mom's gift—it was not necessary at all—but I'll apply it to golf lessons and the trip to Niagara.

With love,

David

Saturday, June 10, 1950. Infected by a tired feeling most of the day, so that I made no strenuous efforts to recover my Parker pen, and slept in the afternoon, almost missing the train from New York.

It's good to see those wonderful people who are doing so much for me, and it shocked them to see my glands swollen and I in obviously poor health. The thought hit home that I should have been in New York when I was in Niagara.

To the House, meeting the other parents. Whisked the folks to the Alumni Rally—2,000 men sitting in Barton Hall and acting like kids in red jackets. A giant organ drowning out the little singing—and a Babbitty talk by Edmund E. Day—but the thing was worth it.

Sunday, June 11, 1950. The pomp and circumstance of the Baccalaureate Service procession was beautiful—and a forerunner of the events of tomorrow. Marched with Sharon and Winn—in our caps and gowns—in jovial mood.

The speaker was a divine, Sizoo, with a tremulous Scottish accent and forceful delivery—but with a sad lack of artistic use of the hands. He "burred" the tragic lack of faith in our time.

Did little in the afternoon—I very tired. Banquet was a good thing.

Monday, June 12, 1950. This day. Graduation—the leaving of a wonderful way of life—make-believe battles and leisure

and golden times and girls. Paradise—for an uncertain future —and yet I'm not sad, and it feels momentous only on reflection. The pageant has been making me happy.

Lining up for the processional found me next to Helen with nothing to say—of all times. Listening, I shall always remember, to the talk of Richard and Ernie, who think they are hot, and I don't think they are so hot. But still, I felt badly, I had nothing of scintillance. The marching with Sharon, later talking pictures—and the beauty of it all. We sang *America,* heard God invoked, and Day receive the title of President Emeritus. Some receive commissions, and, piecemeal, each segment in the hall gets graduated by having its representative and the proper Dean exchange words. De Kievet, in his English brilliant academic costume—spoke for work against moral indifferences, and for use of our education to forge a discriminating instrument. Alma Mater and benediction.

Before this we met Aunt Lilly with Harriett—and all they received was a rush campus tour.

Dinner at the Statler and its great decor and service was matched only by a shrimp and lobster salad which I sampled for the first time. So-so, but nothing else to eat.

I had not as yet packed, and it held everything up—so we didn't get to Lehighton 'til dark, or rather after dark—on a trip in which the brothers with no sense of direction disputed this and that, and took turns driving my car—and argued religion most cutely (I like those men).

Wednesday, June 14, 1950. HOSPITAL. I hate the hospital when I am its prisoner. Three beds in the room—one guy real sick—and one old—who never had the breaks. I was given intravenous and took it bad. Was tired and weak and not in a mood to appreciate some cute nurses, a strawberry Irisher in particular. Read a little, but mostly lay there. Mom and Dad came—I ate not and tossed sleeplessly.

Friday, June 16, 1950. Tired and weak and not eating. They gave me a blood transfusion—I had taken one third, when I got the chills and shakes and nearly literally was scared to death—they discontinued the apparatus but the shakes continued for an hour—and I know how it looked as I'd seen Mel act thus while unconscious.

Sunday, June 18, 1950. Home—and a great relief, but was dead tired. I'm no better, the glands are no smaller, and things are discouraging, as my head is stuffed with sinus.

Read what the true meaning of communism is—the elimination and graying of the bright colors of life, and the replacing of hope by fear, of enterprise by regimentation, etc.

Sunday, June 25, 1950. The *Times* today had a little item about Korea, and by the end of the day—after listening to news reports—I got plenty scared. It may even mean U.S. intervention, and perhaps lead to World War.

Finished reading the wonderful and ethereal fantasy, *Green Mansions*. Enjoyed every minute of it—and was moved by its natural description and its leading characters. The thing is deservedly a classic.

Met Gallagher and we spoke of religion—Catholicism.

Monday, June 26, 1950. All day in the library—mostly reading in the Catholic Dictionary. Forgot all about eat and drink, as I enjoyed the riotous life of the scholar.

Bought *The Daily Worker*—I'm ever so fascinated with the systematic theory and organization of the major orthodoxies of Rome and Moscow—all sin is interesting—and very much is their consistency. At best, we study each other's conclusions, but neglect each other's premises.

Met Evelyn Preslow, for the first time in six months—with only some of the old appeal (now a good thing) and as friendly as ever.

Thursday, June 29, 1950. The upswing is in full force, so that I'm beginning to feel like a slacker for not going to law school in the fall—or any school; in short, I'm healthy enough to feel guilty for not solving problems. Tacconi gave me more pills. Later in the day to Dr. Dore—in his spacious West End Avenue office. Wonderful personality, ethics, and sense of dedication. He drained sinus—just about disappearing.

Tacconi said eat—to Dad—and I brattishly tried to finesse lunch. Dad cried. That hurt so. I'm being attracted to psychoanalytic theory, and wonder—it seems that a little psychoanalytic study is a dangerous thing—but I see myself having caused the incident. Readily notice many compulsions: setting myself luxury tasks when ducking out of necessity ones—a very marked refusal to face problems—an insecurity, etc. Perhaps best not remove skeletons from the closet.

Had, with the family, a hamburger in the "jumble" atmosphere—and then the film, *Thunder Rock*—an excellent Britisher of vintage '39 whose message is to hold on to one's courage, even in the face of World War. It greatly boosted mine, in this week when courage needs boosting.

Friday, June 30, 1950. Mom is urging me to get into position where she can say "My son, the writer."

Went to Tibbetts Park, lying on blanket, in shorts, with my helpful portable radio and listening to the beauty of Dvorak's *Fifth,* reading when the clouds obscured the sun, and picking up the beginnings of a tan—living! but a bit lonely, as above, in the hill I could watch a young couple, bodies restlessly alongside each other.

Home—heard Liszt's *Faust Symphony,* reading Goethe's *Faust* at the same time in a new and very excellent translation. It was an exalting experience.

Saturday, July 1, 1950. We're always talking about politics, and I waver between a very tolerant "on both your

houses" attitude, and a stiff support of the brilliant Acheson and humane-hearted Harry. However, when talking home, I always take the viewpoint of the one hundred per cent liberal exponent of American democracy.

Haircut messed up—must get one of those expensive ones that fits one's head. Wrote letters to Julie—and to Uncle Charlie.

very early in July, 1950

Dear Uncle Charlie and Aunt Adele,

This letter is a few years overdue . . . but the immediate cause of my writing is to express thanks and appreciation for the generous wad of dough which you've given me for a graduation present.

Was very sorry to get myself graduated—felt like an old one who enjoyed life, and devoured it—mixing and mingling —joining everything—studying everything—meeting the rich aristocratics—and the Reds in the Labor school—it's made me very broadminded—too much so, that I can't see myself in any one particular occupation. I guess that is wrong. The people so conscious that they have only one life often see it slip between their fingers whilst they figure out how they are to live it. I had wanted to make a mark in something like journalism, law, publishing, merchandising, religion—and still am very interested in every facet of each of these fields.

But, of course, even if I could solve the problem of what I want—sickness makes me equate any solution with what I can do. To better answer both, I'm taking a year off—planning to eat and rest and exercise and read and write and work for my Dad—he needs me, or at least could well use me. I'll find out how often in each cyclical period I'm useless now that I'm in New York and can get treatment immediately at the beginning of a downswing.

Right now I'm on an upswing—and except for tiredness

feel great—the bumps are dissolving and the folks naturally are on the upswing too. It's very much harder on them than it is on me—as I've learned to enjoy my sickness—hating it too—but nevertheless appreciating its uniqueness; its offering me a set of limitations in the sense that it is a different medium from which to carve a life than my healthy self was; I've gained profoundly in my association with patients, nurses, and doctors—and still more from exposure to wretchedness and pain infinitely worse than my own. And the leisure is so welcome. These things are not only compensation, but positive joys.

Love to the family—I want to really take a good look at your kids one of these days.

Your nephew,
David

Monday, July 3, 1950. A very full day. To Massad, driving at a clip through the beautiful patterned hills of Pennsylvania. Picked up a lot of Hebrew at the counselor meeting. To a roadhouse with the boys for ice cream, and 1 A.M. sneaking into a tent for a night's lodging—caught by the most tyrannical head waiter—a martinet whom I gave a hard time —and later felt sorry for him, as he's a veteran from Auschwitz, and carries around bones and skin of his campmates.

Tuesday, July 4, 1950. Took off bright and early, and returned to Lehighton in time for breakfast. Lehighton—always very pleasant amidst wealth and gracious people.

To cousin Civia's house—she beautiful, sharp, in her ninth month and a new mansion with every modern kitchen appliance, ornate gardens, striking effects in each room—and her wise, ornery kids—pretty Judy and handsome Stuart. Much enjoyed the ballgame on TV. Talked with my cousins till late, to return with Doris as the driver to my left. I am much closer to her than to Civia—but I am an unknown entity to all of them.

Who knows me? Winn, Grey, Fisher, Bauer, Greenwald, Wechsler, and but a few more—Norberg. We cry to be known and tragically are not.

Wednesday, July 5, 1950. Homeward—to keep appointment with Dr. Graver—most unnecessary. He is a big Cornellian gland specialist whom the folks prevailed upon me to see to satisfy their belief that seeing "another man" would mean they're doing more for me. A brownstone which he lives in too, pleasant manner, very thorough examination. It seems I'm getting the standard treatment, and that's all any man can give me.

Late home, and early to bed.

Thursday, July 6, 1950. To Tacconi's—and not much of news; we spoke of Graver visit; got more pills; and were very glad to be in the presence of the man—something I feel much more with Dad, than alone.

Met Rabbi who started questioning me about my sickness —I didn't want to talk about it—not much—but was annoyed with his Dale Carnegie-ing me overmuch.

Saturday, July 8, 1950. Read and enjoyed Benét's *Jacob and the Indians* and loved the empathy of the man—it would make a great movie. Read, too, the poems *Litany for Dictatorships* and *Ode to the Austrian Socialists.* These made me think that Benét would have opposed our entry into Korea, and our fighting Rhee's battle.

Monday, July 10, 1950. Had a talk with Dad on allowance. I don't want handouts—so he is giving me twenty dollars a week from now on and I will pay some of the car expenses as well. Began bookkeeping as part of "working for Dad." The specific task is dull—writing letters—entering from bills into a book—and secondly, Dad has a man who doesn't have enough work to do as it is.

A.S.C. meeting. I noticed the great discrepancy—my clamming up—the lack of activity on the part of the club—the shallow wit which passes for conversation, and the swift adjournment to the poker table. We played in our small and hot dining room. I was Willy's partner—on my money. Our winnings split to yield over four dollars each. Some hands were phenomenal, and others were richly humorous—still others pleasingly deceptive (love the game).

The boys are changing their opinion of me. It's from a kind of contempt to a kind of respect—merely another form of recognition of me being different—but a higher form of differentness now.

Thursday, July 13, 1950. Wonderful evening. Called the unknown Kaufman girls, and talked pleasant and asked myself over. If I could have whistled, I would have done so, getting into my besto combo: the aqua jacket, dark orange tie, and gray slacks. Bought a street map of lower Westchester and sallied forth. Rainy. Home, beautiful—a living room immense in proportion, which soars to more than two stories and the bent roof—the house in good taste and spacious and very rich Scarsdale. The twins are short-haired brunettes with cool beauty and fine personality. We talked of movies, people, colleges, genuine small talk. And I alternately liked Winnie and Ginnie. Met the old man—distinguished with white mustache, and shouldn't have kidded him for liking mysteries. They're bright and twinkly and wonderful. Dated them for Mort and myself a week from Saturday.

Saturday, July 22, 1950. Health—starting on the downswing. Felt a little tired and arms hurt and glands swollen.

I got to Kaufman's late, and we went to the Rock-House —I getting on famously with Ginnie, an electric communion between us. The place is beautiful—with middle-age and class Germans abounding—view of river and Palisades—dancing

and snatches of Deutsch conversation. We overstayed to wait too long for sandwiches, but it was a happy time. Ginnie and I sat in the back of Mort's Cady. She told me they had been on this side of the ocean for six generations. The kid is a little too wholesome and unintellectual, but otherwise fine.

Wednesday, July 26, 1950. In the hospital since last night. This time in the brand-new cheery Al Smith wing. A very long day—in which I was tortured literally, and heard Brahms' *Violin Concerto in D.*

The Doc who was transfusing the blood, Ambrose, was all left feet, ruining a pint, keeping me in agony. The nurses were sweet, sympathizing with the cross I bear.

Thursday, July 27, 1950. The transfusion, by the same guy, went nicely—and I meditated on the relationship between body and the anything else, and on psychosomatic and psychoanalytical connections of my illnesses. Heard Tschaikowsky's *Violin Concerto in D,* but was not glad the day was over. I never am.

Saturday, July 29, 1950. Home since yesterday. Probably a very good and great day in my life, but I was engulfed too much in fatigue and pain for a stock-taking. Goals which I set up almost ten years back are still largely unachieved. The year was good and could have been better—application at school—the pursuit of goldener girls, and in general the maximizing of opportunities. The college years saw tremendous development, so that I am now a fine, and somewhat respected, instrument for enjoying life. With no future.

I didn't want to celebrate anything today—too sick—but the Jaspers came over, and I'm glad they did that.

Julie wrote too—literally a heart-warming letter.

Saturday, August 5, 1950. In which I take it easy. Read in a new anthology the simple and powerful selection "Owners

and Tenants" from *Grapes of Wrath*. The selections from Steffens' *Autobiography* on his college life were absorbing. I enjoyed the polemic of Laski in *Why I Am a Marxist,* and Lerner's *Wasteland*—both things needing closer study. What hit me strongest, though the article itself was weak, was Preston's description of life in a collective. It started a chain of recall, evoking happy memories of Cream Ridge 1944.

Monday, August 7, 1950. Got Bender and Bauer to see the novel *Christ in Concrete* on the screen as *Salt to the Devil.* A powerful indictment of capitalistic society; a passionate depiction of the realities of the life struggle—an epic of New York, its tenements and skyscrapers. I was hit hard, and as we sat parked, I lyrically sang to Bauer in gentle prose of the idyll which Cream Ridge is now for me, and of the sterility of competitive society—its spelling out of doom for the ethical individual—and of the beauty of collectivism. Still later I thought of creating an architecture which would make possible a modified collective village. This evening I was a dreamer.

Friday, August 11, 1950. To Tanglewood—up the beautiful Taconic—with Mat Bender amusing me being Bender and telling some of his coarse (but sophisticated) jokes. With no place to stay, I contracted with Jean Vogel's mother to put us up for the night.

It was Tanglewood on Parade—and when we got there, the place looked like a gigantic lawn party in Scarsdale. The architecture and grounds are beautiful. Mat and I restlessly listened to a student orchestral recital—and then, in ambling, came across a bronzed but almost beautiful Jean Vogel alone on a blanket, reading Kafka. She was very glad to see me, and the three of us, looking for musician Johnny Cherkoff, gamboled along, downing ale and having a good time. Then concert hour—sitting in the shed and seeing Mrs. Roosevelt

as she delightfully read the narration for the performance of *Peter and the Wolf*. It was a delight, so that I felt all happy and even lolly-poppy, and joined in the audience's ovation. With Bender, went out on Jean's blanket. Of course there was one boy too many. We heard a very sprightly Haydn and the familiar *New World*. Near us was the most active homosexuality I've seen—two men laying ecstatic in warm embrace.

Jean Vogel didn't know where we were staying, so it was a big thing when we offered to drive her home!

Saturday, August 12, 1950. Daylight revealed a typical Jewish mountain place, a very sunny day, and J. V. in briefest white halter and shorts, basking and studying French symbolist poets. Breakfast was excellent.

Arranged to meet Cherkoff at the gate, looking to him for the next night's lodging. Met Syracuse's fabulous Carol Klein, and her cousin, who attracted me greatly. In less time than it takes to write of it, we four were on a blanket, Bender near Abby the cousin, with four Brookline boys and Syracuse SDT's galore. Liquor flowed, and they all mixed and mingled, creating a football atmosphere. I wondered how it would work out, sharing Klein with the Massmen. I felt lost and insecure, and perhaps more than the others in our group, heard *Harold in Italy, Escales,* and *Villa-Lobos.*

I gave Bender my car, and with Klein in her car went off to find Cherkoff and our promised beds. The back roads were amazingly circuitous and I might not have found the place without Carol, the pleasure of whose company I increasingly enjoyed. At Wheatley, the Jay Cooke summer estate, a veritable palace, I awakened Cherkoff, talked him out of joining us, and he got two bunks in the same dorm for Mat and me. The get-together with Mat at the Square Rigger, the going to a roadhouse where Klein and I got along well, although a lot of it was almost baby talk, and danced very close. These are fine days—and we're going to see the girls on the morrow.

Sunday, August 13, 1950. We awoke to good talk, of young musicians wakening who had just finished a summer together. Talk of music, talk of orchestras and conductors, anecdotes of Koussevitsky and Bernstein. Showered with a fine and motley crew of foreign students—more talk—a Dubliner singing a ballad and a Hindu picking up the chorus. The house is stately, and the grounds and view superb.

Breakfast with the girls and then while Abby, Cherkoff, and Mat played golf, Klein and I concerted. Felt she was climbing up my back to get a better view, as she looked for and found all sorts of dear close friends. Heard Prokofief's *Fifth* and Brahms' *First*.

Monday, August 14, 1950. Before leaving Albany I visited the Capitol—it's very ugly—but had to admire the gilt baroque chamber as at least out of the ordinary.

Giving adventure a chance to see how far it could get, I picked up a tramp on the hot road. He was a smelly rummy fellow, and spoke of bad breaks and how he loves the life and the respected citizens he knows and touches—he was refused a handout ("and I fought for those SOB's five years")—it was obviously a mixture of fact and fancy, but my mood was expansive and I gave the guy two bits when he ridded himself in Hudson.

Wednesday, August 23, 1950. Date with Carol Klein. Very nice house, quiet bespectacled crew-cut father. Warm, bubbly mother, chubby, regular kid brother. I was fascinated with Carol. We drove along—she thought it aimless—arriving at Chuck's, parking behind Willy's Buick and talking. Then into Chuck's for a pack of butts. Sat with Willy and Gloria, danced rather passionately for forty minutes, talked a while and said good night. Carol doesn't seem to like cheap places like Chuck's. Into the car. My ego was relaxed; we caress and kiss. Going home, she purred songs into my ear (has talent). We're getting together soon and often.

Friday, August 25, 1950. Got out an anthology of modern European stuff in translation and felt an overpowering urge to be able to read the stuff in the original.

I'm feeling a bit tired and can find glands coming up. And I think much of Carol Klein—it's hitting me, as they say.

Met Payne and Gallagher. Former a schoolmate studying priesthood, the latter law—and realized the Ghetto-ish gulf, and that my very complacent belief in adjustment to America does not include its people. Its culture, yes, but my contacts and those of my friends, past school years, are exclusively Jewish. So what?

Saturday, August 26, 1950. Got to Klein's in the mid-afternoon, and she suggested their Beckwith Beach Club—a nice enough Jewish place with poor sand, in New Rochelle. Lack of ability didn't give me much inclination to swim—so we lay there about ninety minutes, wishing we were the only couple in the place and at times almost acting as if we were the only ones. Kidding around, laughing, making with silly talk.

Wednesday, August 30, 1950. TRIP TO CAPE COD. The great Merritt—I expounding on the greatness of New England—through New Haven (past the old railroad station where I alighted four years ago, knocking in vain on the doors of Yale—"We have to consider our New England boys first").

Ferry to NEWPORT. The place tremendously impressed us —its old commercial prosperity and narrow streets, its Jewish appeal of Old Synagogue, burial ground, and Touro street— its ancient houses—the mystery of the old Stone Tower— beauty of the Court House. Then, at dusk, the other Newport —following the W.P.A. guidebook—eyeing the various palatials—Vanderbilt, etc. We walked along the sea for almost a mile, viewing estates and sea. Dinner at a delightful private dining room frequented by actors and whose walls were covered by autographed photos. A cabin for the night.

Thursday, August 31, 1950. Breakfast at a Scandinavian roadhouse—the waitress the ugliest girl I've ever seen.

Eastward along the Cape's outer shore—narrow, smooth roads, asphalt ribbons through brush and dunes. Spired Congregationals—increasing glimpses of the ocean—now on either side, as we reach Provincetown.

A wonderful town—arty, holiday atmosphere, picturesque shop-windows, narrow streets. The three of us were fascinated —mixing and mingling—worked up an appetite walking the length of town.

Provincetown Playhouse in an old fishdrying house—with a dock as a private courtyard. The play was a German thing thirty years old, but the production and much else was enjoyably excellent.

In front of me, wearing white, formfitting, beautiful figure-revealing sweater, tight black slacks, high white sandals—sitting sidewise on two seats, with a ravishingly beautiful face and stunning raven hair—little pinky petulantly in her mouth —posture most languorous—bubbling laughter around eyes and mouth—sat a Golden Girl. (The mother—Jewish-looking—whispered off my attentions—the Goddess seemed to expect them, and whispered back the guy was unimpressive.) Didn't go out for punch the second intermission—my folks did—and I operated. Lesta Field of Providence. Inhibited by the folks, the meeting ended with a whimper. More strolling, guidebook reading, tourist house.

Friday, September 1, 1950. Tortuous ascent of Pilgrim Monument—which we did with humor, considering the endless stairways and numerous restings. There was a camaraderie among those who made it—and Provincetown looked like a toy village from up there—and most especial, the cars like toy cars.

South, on the inside shore—and to Woods Hole. Tweedy aristocrats off the train waiting for the steamer to the islands.

We sat on the deck enjoying the sea out to Martha's Vineyard.

Saturday, September 2, 1950. A beautiful day. Touring the island, we came first to Menemsha (fascinating name), an Indian fishing village. Docks and boats, with Indian children bicycling about. Buying stamps at the l'il post office and general store, we noticed its appearance as identical with the cover of this week's *Saturday Evening Post,* and bought it. Back to Vineyard Haven before the ferry, so that we soaked up sun on the beach for a pleasant half hour.

Homeward—folks very appreciative—high spirits.

Saturday, September 9, 1950. Read the slick and earnest competence by Rabbi Bernstein of Rochester, "What the Jews Believe" in *Life.* A very gratifying and important piece.

Carol's birthday—bought flowers, some nickel candy, some perfume, and the *Pocket Book of Humorous Verse* and dribbled these gifts out one at a time—we sat home, she confessing I'm very number one, and at least number two in any all-time listing—kissing Carol—listening to her own recordings—some dancing—beautiful, relaxing evening—am asked to dinner tomorrow.

Sunday, September 10, 1950. Very big day. Brought Nelson to the Kleins', and he was the hit of the show. The guy is looking good, and as charming when he opens up, and as brilliant as ever. Big birthday party—meeting relatives—Abby lovely, and the fabulous Leonard, Carol's forty-ish uncle with tremendous wit and talent—jokes and stories flew (realize the folks would have been shocked by the frankness at Klein party). Other, duller relatives, including cousins our age—friends—chatting with Abby—Carol and I cooing—she and I, a fortuitous mesh.

Monday, September 11, 1950. On a downswing—tired, and have a piercing back-ache near the kidneys.

Studied Yiddish by reading an article by Chaim Greenberg on *A Constitution for Israel.* His vocabulary is so huge. His style excellent, and his content wise.

New Year's Eve—for the first time at the B'nai B'rith Home—a Conservative-Orthodox service. The cantor is pleasant if one doesn't look his way. Nevertheless, the ninety minutes soured me—the prayers of tradition with their "You've been good to us—we've been good to you, so be good more and we'll be good more" had no attraction.

Friday, September 15, 1950. State of health—saw Tacconi. Optimistic he, but I aching and tired, the lumps on the march.

Spent time on housecleaning—re-assorting endless junk. Phone calls from the boys going back to school—Harry, Art, Willy—made me feel sorry.

Saturday, September 16, 1950. Buying a record book, was seen on Broadway by the younger set (younger than me)—must shave, dress, and not look so sad (they say I look very healthy—all of Yonkers probably convinced I'm faking).

First letter from Klein—warm and cute. Sends picture as promised.

Movie revival: *All Quiet on the Western Front*—devastatingly pacifistic, horrible. Superb acting and direction of a brilliant book—can I say I enjoyed it? It depressed me—for I knew the film was right, and ergo, everything we were doing in the world is wrong. Couldn't sleep this night.

Wednesday, September 20, 1950. YOM KIPPUR. Didn't like it—and that, I think, should be the first standard an intelligent, non-superstitious adult should apply to religion. Standing time was too long and services too long. The speaker was a boor with a chip on his Jewish shoulder, who mostly quoted

the words of Rankin, ranting overlongly against the Communists in our midst. The cantor made faces, but his voice was sweet, and I focused the eyes, happily, on an adjacent Turnerish bleached. At times, too, in the more ethical portions of the self-examination, I approached exaltation.

Thursday, September 21, 1950. More Yom Kippur—too long. Ninety minutes in the morning, sixty in the afternoon is what they need of prayer—then a study session—a lecture—less standing—better prayers. The younger generation congregate outside their respective synagogue—big social event. At concluding service I felt fervent and probably experienced the value of prayer.

Klein called to ask about me, from Boston—I was thrilled, but sounded too casual. We talked, and then I felt lonely and isolated.

Sunday, September 24, 1950. Finished a feverish reading of Wylie's *Opus 21*. He's for uninhibited sex life, including more homosexuality and prostitution, for eugenics, for intelligence, for informality—against the powerful American boobs—for conservation—all kinds of freedoms. He is perceptive, daring, witty, and totally absorbs.

Monday, September 25, 1950. No hospital—Tacconi thinks I'll pull out of it without treatment. INCREDIBLE (but without!). Felt badly. Sort of washed up.

Idea—"Marketplace"—based on the premise that people love to sound off, for which the best medium is a "column," and the greater, the more sincere the individual, the more he wants to speak to the world. Based on the premise of Holmes, that truth is best established in the competition of the marketplace, therefore: a co-operative syndicate to market a half-page package of the world's greatest thinkers—each writing a certain number of times per month. To be sold to the leading responsible journals in the nation: Nehru, Churchill,

Lerner, Shaw, Niebuhr, Taft, a Red, etc. The thing kept me up all night—as I gloriously counted every possible chicken.

Friday, September 29, 1950. Finished *Roosevelt and Hopkins.* Absorbing—full of human anecdotal detail, rich documentation in the best sense of the word. Amazed at the high-mindedness and playfulness of the inner circle.

To the movies with Roth and Gene—important concept—more than most, I am the adaptive chameleon. In case of these fellows: witty, interested in "the town," scandal, local business, gossip.

Heard the *Pathetique*—felt its emotional power, probably for the first time. Rather tired and unhealthy—my left arm getting worse.

Saturday, September 30, 1950. Harriett and Lil over for the day. Mom is starting the portrait of the girl as they chatter continuously . . . pain, fatigue, not enough appetite . . . sweet letter from Klein.

After much shopping a TV was set up in the house this evening—bringing an intimacy with personality, a glitter, a time-waster, a school, a playhouse into our living room. Tonight we were scared to miss anything: beautiful Fay Emerson; sharp, smooth Dewey; kind General Hershey; homely Don Hollenbeck; the great Caesar-Coca show.

Tuesday, October 1, 1950. POLITICAL THOUGHTS. The great world tragedy is the political immaturity of the American people which is shaped by the corruption of our press: breeding hatreds of symbols, and the men to take advantage of them. Statesmen like Acheson, then, lack the climate in which to recognize Red China, etc. The American ethos is all wrong—generating power-seekers instead of generating fulfillment seekers. We kick the hopes of man along the dusty road, willy-nilly, the course determined by our upper actives.

Monday, October 2, 1950. Saw Conti in his office. More pain and sleeping pills. Tired today. A sort of paralysis of the left hand, numbing the fingers, it is spreading to benumb the arm. Typing with the left hand is difficult. It's supposed to be a gland pressing on the nerve.

A gallant attack by Arthur Garfield Hays on the McCarran Bill on TV . . . lovely Jinx and Tex . . . the beauty of some in *Follow the Girls*. . . .

Friday, October 6, 1950. Slept a lot during the day. Visited Tacconi. He O.K.'d my going to Boston for the Cornell-Harvard game. As soon as I get back, he plans to treat me with new, expensive miracle drug, ACTH. In the course of seeing the doc, I found myself in the clinic: a hotbed and bedlam of waiting, ignorance, and confusion. I'm torn between spending the maximum time in Cambridge and the knowledge my health isn't up to it.

The folks and myself saw *City Lights* with Chaplin—stupendously great comedy and simultaneously great tragedy—every scene, every movement of Charlie's body, a masterpiece. All comedians pale beside Chaplin.

Saturday, October 7, 1950. Fisher over for the weekend, came to give me the latest I.Q. test, for his school. I came out in the 120's, being penalized for giving correct but iconoclastic answers for certain situation questions—and handicapped in the manipulation of blocks by a lack of dexterity in the left hand. It amuses me to think that his opinion of me will probably be revised downward to accord with his new conception of my I.Q.

Read a *Life* article on the latest knowledge of the Universe. . . . Fantastic. Awe-inspiring.

Cambridge, Thursday, October 12, 1950. A Harvard holiday. . . . Feeling crippled and self-conscious—my appearance

was naturally poor and inexcusably negligent. No perspective, no empathy, no exercise of looking at self through the eyes of others.

Breakfast with Carol. Got there elevenish and found unclassifiable, mature, and very-well treated male company. Eggs n-stuff; people left, I rested. Carol did dishes. . . .

In the sun-parlor, I asked what she thought of me, and she laughed, and said, "don't be foolish." I sobbed and she took my head in her lap, but soon tenderness diminished. My emotions were shaken, broken. (We were both so unfair, in our fashion—and I so immature.) Time dragged into the early aft . . . a visit by a renegade Cornell Phi Sig I'd never met (she likes all the worms) . . . I, ignored. Tried to get her to call off the evening. She wouldn't. (I shouldn't be hurt.) A breakdown.

The afternoon at Mel's resting, revealing part of the truth, acquiring perspective, composure.

Composed, eating with Carol at the Continental. Greeted by warm solicitude and hidden contempt, I turned critique-spinner with an analysis of those who excessively favor the mediocre. She doesn't like such barbs. Home with her, my hand strengthens—music—interruptions of the third roommate—a cool warmth is growing—"but perhaps 'tis healthier for you to leave"—I do, immediately; immediately sorry.

Friday, October 13, 1950. Sat in Leach's law class, and found the system fascinating (legal instruction and reasoning).

Met Fisher at the Fogg Museum. Fine, teaching museum, I too tired to appreciate it. Had a good talk. He's a friend. As we bussed towards the Charles River, Harry helped me see, most clearly, the degeneration of personality and decrease in optimistic vitality brought on by increasing social and physical cripplingness.

Through the day, watching the Yard, the law class, the

Square, the swarm of students, the buildings, I was thus, a Cornellian, overawed with the greatness of Harvard.

Dead tired. Klein wouldn't let me go out. For spite, snacked with Nelson 'til 11:00. Dead-tired, I beat a guy to a bed, and held it for the night.

Saturday, October 14, 1950. Cocktail party Mel and I are to give at Klein's following the game. Beautiful weather . . . mixing and mingling . . . who will come to the party? . . . people are coming . . . Carol is working and spreading her charm . . . (not in my corner) . . . strangers prevalent . . . mostly talk and cigarette smoke. . . . With an eye on the party and one on Carol I'm not seeing a good time . . . they come and go . . . five o'clock . . . six . . . seven . . . eight. . . . Obligingly Mel leaves, but an ex-gob sticks with us great . . . nine . . . some strangers were told to meet others here at the party . . . Klein abides with them . . . records . . . good-night. Poor Klein dead.

Klein is such a gracious hostess and people are so inconsiderate. Noblesse oblige—perspective!

Yonkers, Sunday, October 15, 1950. The weekend had its good and bad aspects. I wasn't up to it, but on reflection, am glad I utilized that chance to "live a little."

Tuesday, October 17, 1950. In Spellman Pavilion. In a double with old lawyer, crotchety Kelly. Stroke. (He thinks I'd look more presentable with left wing in a sling.) Dull Doc Ambrose turns up and bores and goose-pimples taking a history.

Wednesday, October 18, 1950. Kelly doesn't use buzzer; he claps at night, chats during the daytime. . . . The treatment produces sweats; bedchanges, pajama changes. . . . Called Helen. . . . Parents visit—I criticize them.

Strange thing. But lately, like two stations, I find myself with two levels of consciousness—real, and no longer imaginary, but near-real. I imagine a situation and physically, involuntary, participate in its effects. This "third level" can be surprisingly sharp. I play with it.

A catholic thought: Everyone who can say what is true and sayeth it not, shall be judged by God.

Friday, October 20, 1950. Herb Seyfert inopportunely surprised. I rudely whisked him away and soon had Helen.

It was not up to expectations. I thought she'd view Europe more perceptively, and the stories sounded almost old. But the telling was fine and the breezy, laughing, alert loquaciousness—rather effective—infectiously. About one hundred minutes of talk, and someone to see when healthy.

Read the newspapers too much. . . . Thought about my future: nothing focused: stopped.

Saturday, October 21, 1950. New room—four beds—money saved—variety—lose a crank. Renado: pleasant, fine family, Italian, complicated blood troubles. Drew: jovial Irish docker with broken thigh. Merata: Venezuelan aristocrat in a coma, attended by a charming wife and young son.

Another day . . . sweated and read poetry—heaps of good stuff. Pretty, personable Miss Cortney, 4-12 . . . teaparty. . . .

Tuesday, October 24, 1950. ACTH is appearing a failure—weight loss and sweats phenomenal—mustard use is probable. . . . A great Jewish interne dropped by—husky, mannish, great wit, enjoyed by myself and jovial Drew. . . . Renado changes rooms—we pick up a guy real sorry for himself—honest-to-God gaping holes in neck—lost power of speech—throat tumor—can't eat—here for second cutting. . . .

Werner gave me the blood transfusion, after I laid down

the law yesterday: no more blood from boobs, ever. It was almost a relaxing pleasure. Good guy, and wonderful hands. Witty, gentle, young and gray.

Tacconi said Dad is taking it too hard. . . .

Friday, October 27, 1950. Probably the low hour of my sickness this fall. Eleven A.M., an hour after Werner administered mustard—retching every six minutes and, from heaven, the Swede for company—putting my mind on healthy, laughable things. Talked, and it eventually stopped. (The guy quietly and efficiently solicited blood donations.)

Received a long, fine, chin-up and very newsy letter from Bob Gordon. Elly engaged, the Army likes him, planning a hotel lending library service. Great guy.

Sunday, October 29, 1950. The Venezuelan goes home, a breathing corpse—and graciously they leave candy. The new man is interesting: an old German salt, dumb, happy, with a bushy mustache and a pleasant young Frau. Spannagel, der Deutscher, is the natural universal type that OK guys must kid and the others take advantage of. He tells stories, but they can't cheer up our silent tumor man, worrying himself sicker.

Waiting . . . tired . . . Sunday paper. . . . Politics with great Renado: he believes that filthy theory containing reference to Roosevelt being the cause of World War Two, and finishing his career by donating half of the World to the Reds in secret treaties. I tore and tore, but he still likes to believe it. Many want him to. Sweats. . . .

Observation: Our counterattack to "Peace" petitions should not merely be "Freedom," but "Freedom and Peace."

Monday, October 30, 1950. Student nurses admit so little, they know so little, and should not be allowed to do anything that matters, except when an RN is present. Again, one almost

messed up my blood transfusion. Contemptible sophomores.

Werner advanced the radical idea that exercise is necessary for my arm—joyful news, and a disappointing reflection on Tacconi.

The Swede was here for a good long talk. He called at night to say the Army wants him ready for the leash early tomorrow.

Tuesday, October 31, 1950. Home, after my longest hospital stay. Emotionally shaken. In tears. I thought of the probable failure of mustard, and the unspeakably reduced physical level I've sunk to.

TV: Stork Club, a football game. . . . A letter from my ol' pledge class. . . . Viewed with great admiration the finished portrait of Harriett. It's the fine work of a real artist, and at last convinces me Mother can do that sort of thing. . . . Thrilled to read Churchill's account of his first trip to Moscow and Stalin.

Thursday, November 2, 1950. Conti came—prescribed more codein—will make appointment for hand therapy. Slept —sweated—suffered—napped—tired.

Mother's birthday. She'll have to take a raincheck. Much time with the *N. Y. Times* and *Tribune* (had the Shaw obituaries).

Jaspers here bringing some birthday, Lilly wants the "aloofness" taken out of Mom's great portrait of Harriett; I used guile to fight for its retention—(a) prejudice (b) that expression is in her face.

Sunday, November 5, 1950. RAT RACE. Deep long thoughts —logical fantasy. Perceived my illness uncurable—increasingly unsubject to treatment—dragging in insoluble complications. ACTH failed. Next Cortisone. Why? What then? Death? This brings into unbearably sharp focus the problem of the use of gift time. Patience?

Uncle Ben and Aunt Elizabeth visit me. Arriving lost and late—traveling and waiting a dozen hours for two hours' stay. We spoke of family, my eyes often on Ben's always sad face. Dad and I have much of that sensitivity.

Tuesday, November 7, 1950. A bad night—the pain pills less effective. The exam by the physiotherapist, Dr. Gerlick, was thorough, involved shock, and was in part senseless and painful. Then we talked, and the program so dependent on me. Home exercise, three workouts weekly, and all the use I can give the distaff.

Voted. Disillusioned. Straight liberal. Voting should be more interesting. Already reconciled to N. Y. returns, I went to bed, the policy of the nation's future not known.

Wednesday, November 8, 1950. With Dad, matinee'd and saw the fabulous musical *South Pacific*. It had, as many say, just about everything.

Studied with avid interest the "model summary," saved from Leach's, my only, and incompleted, law class. . . .

Thursday, November 9, 1950. Writing piece: "Aliyah Motivation for American Youth"—dissatisfied with the Israeli version, and with the Z.O.A. reasons, I've been tellingly spinning my own theories and now plan to get them on paper.

Today I was spinning to Al Norberg—a stimulating conversational partner. He liked the dinner, and openly admired the easy-going and cultural atmosphere of my parents and their home (his own folks live a subhuman, treadmill existence, married to a grocery store). More talk. I told him of Gordon's Florida idea, and business greed glinted in his eye, and Al said he'd beat him to it. (When Al left, I did nothing to hide my disappointment in him.)

In the morning to New York for an arm brace fitting and a bloodtest.

Friday, November 10, 1950. Spanish Miss Riva gave me my first physiotherapy treatment—at St. Joseph's. Most of it today was testing—my ability to perform all kinds of operations with hand, wrist, arm, and fingers. She also gave me some home-exercises and worked with me. The woman seems pleasant and competent.

TV—there isn't a show that can't be missed. Like dial-twirling after the folks go to bed, catching some wonderful life brassiere ads; other gleanings.

Sunday, November 12, 1950. An uneventful day, occupied with pessimistic reflections. Read the Sunday papers and introspected: Kogan, with no hope in a world of no hope. As nothing on the horizon indicated I'm getting "better," I must be getting worse—I have only a limited amount of time. What to do? Thought too of the immaturity characterizing my actions to Mom and Dad.

Came across: "Some can sterilize the dirtiest deed, and others befoul the loftiest action."

Monday, November 13, 1950. Back in seventh floor Spellman . . . double room, till recently single—whole floor privates and suites . . . phone at bedside. I was hardly there, when a cute nurse came in, said she's a friend of Cortney's, heard a lot about me, and said my favorite nurse will be around visiting.

The roommate seems pleasant enough—a fortyish fireman with rectum ulcers. He too arrived today. Closer to the window, John Reber made an important discovery: that the nurses' dorms are across the courtyard—and an important observation: that one particular room had its shades up, allowing us to view the intense scene of a medical aide struggling into a two-way stretch, and the prolonged diversion of one of the nurses going through her wardrobe in front of a mirror. But Reber is somewhat bigmouth and short-

term, pointing out the show to the 4-12 nurse. How long will those shades stay up now?

Tuesday, November 14, 1950. More peeping—one of the girls, in bathing suit, writing letters on window sill. . . . Mr. Reber goes upstairs today. In the morning I watched him "receive" (Communion). The priest is a rugged, spectacled, hearty fellow—patient on the floor—drops in for a few minutes and always takes his leave with the sanctimonious remark that he has several hours' praying to do. Reber thinks he's tops, as they have an old dodo in his parish.

Tacconi predicts a week's tour, running to ten days. . . . They started Cortisone this morn.

Thursday, November 16, 1950. The guy John Reber unfolds himself. . . .

He is unintelligent, unhumble, aggressive, loquacious, and frustrated by life. Reber feels sorry for himself—the golden age was his premarriage days when he had a good time and spent money. His sole glory is identification with his family who made good.

Good phone talk with Helen—nothing as relaxing as a good phone talk while in bed. Later Miss Cortney visited—wonderful girl—small-talked—and I was very happy during her stay, and after.

Saturday, November 18, 1950. As the only semi-private people, and because of the fewness of the patients on the floor, service is niggardly. One student nurse 4-12, one 12-8; the two efficient and rather pleasant R.N.'s on the daytime don't bother with anything except beds and medication. For the first time in this place, I can joyously not bathe when I want. Not even backrubs.

Uncle Joe was here tonight and I put him to work making up my modeling clay into a bust—very well done, thought he —I posed and it attracted the attention of the whole floor.

When the folks were here for the visit, we had (unusually) a happy time. Gerlick came around—thinks I'm coming along.

But during the long day and night there are other thoughts. My mind gets sick playing the diplomat, imagining I were in a position to save the world, so fast moving to destruction. My mind and soul are diseased and confused by the long sickness, the never-ending succession of pain, aggravation, and unsuccessful treatment. My nights are sweaty, my left foot under groin pressure tires from its position in the air (escaping pain). Mr. Reber snores. My mouth dries out—I change again my pajamas and curse the never-ending night.

Monday, November 20, 1950. Awoke with terrible pain; Doc says I'm leaving today but without dope (he did sneak something in me which shrewdly quieted me until I got home). While waiting for Dad I got to thinking of Tacconi's mistakes, derived from mass-work in clinics. It seems he let me go too long this fall without mustard and he pays little attention to the many by-products of lymphoma which cripple and pain. In the evening and through the night I anguished for codein.

Ideas: Thought a great deal this evening of Wylie's Law of Conservation, the great corollary to the Golden Rule. That is, "Do unto the succeeding generation of man, and his life, as you would have wished them to have done unto you." These two laws are man's responsibility to himself, fellowmen, and God.

Tuesday, November 21, 1950. Pounced upon the November *Jewish Frontier* with its feature article "The Education of Maurice Samuel," a review of his new book *The Gentleman and the Jew* by Judah Goldin. I have long been a worshipper of his style, and have shared many of his ideas. Intuitively, I knew Samuel, in this book, was clarifying a major aspect in

my developing *Weltanschauung,* and that Goldin would present it the way I wanted it. The "Gentleman" is the noblest ideal of man possible in a society that immorally accepts competition and rivalry as the basis of life. It is a desire for being immoral without losing one's self-respect. From the prophetic view, the idealization or exaltation of immorality is "idolworship" in contrast to "devotion to honor"; it is the proposition that the meaning of life lies in goodness incommensurable with any form of worldliness. Samuel sees the purpose of Jewish life as strengthening this morality, living it, and remaining afloat despite the recent inundation of spirituality.

Gerry Fisher visited once again for the pleasantest point in the day—the only one with empathy to feel me and the way I feel sick.

Wednesday, November 22, 1950. Nat Neuhaus and his cousin came over and it was good to see the first fresh faces announcing the beginning of the holiday crowd. Talk was college, small, warm, and good—company liked each other. With the boys drove the car for the first time in weeks—booster Cortisone.

The treatment has given me life and energy even if it hasn't dissolved glands. The nights are nightmares for I can't sleep —have had trouble for about three months—worsening trouble. I make a production of it—imagine there's more than one me, work out plot—don't sleep.

Bought twenty-five colored art reproductions of great paintings, and gave it to an appreciative mother.

Thursday, November 23, 1950. Thanksgiving. We spent it the three of us; dining room, turkey, wine, prayer.

TV had the Macy parade. . . . The calm day broken down by the Jaspers and Uncle Sam and Aunt Fanny, the last I long haven't seen. I relaxed, putting up with boredom as best I could. Even got fed up some with the TV basketball and its

neck-and-neck-tie score monotony—professional sport is too interested in showmanship—while I believe in sports as a philosophy—a complete slice of the uncertainty of life with certain time limit and certain rules—offering challenges of victory and perfection.

Friday, November 24, 1950. Miserable day—lack of understanding. Imposition of the central fact: David, the baby, the only thing in mama's and papa's life, fettered to dependence, shackled. The last straw. I wisely sublimed. Dad, touched by the unexpected saintliness, tearfully, barely got thru the *Kiddush*. But a new relationship, mechanical, frictionless, precluding incidents, fighting for the few things which really matter.

Saturday, November 25, 1950. Cornell-Penn. Bender and Hauser over, and Paul Perlman, to watch it on TV. Good guys who don't seem to be getting too much for their dollar. I wonder if I would ever go to a TV'd game, unless to socialize.

Soiree at the Bauers'—Art, Harry, Shirley, myself. . . . Good talk and music (I listen to so little of the great deal of music I hear). . . . Would have stayed longer, but the storm bade me to leave. It swept down our antenna, and darkened the streets (so calm and beautiful now—Mom says nature always apologizes that way).

Monday, November 27, 1950. Music. Loved the little-heard, delicate, and exquisite *Piano Sonata in C* by Mozart—liked the Brahms' *Violin Concerto in D*.

Dentist visit. Library browsing.

Continually upset by discomfort, and often pain: in the "zone" (at a radius from the groin), tired left foot, itch in the right one, and minor itching all over.

Watched the UN and got disgusted—in their arguments,

especially in disputes procedural, they seek disagreement, repeat, lie, stubbornly press every unimportant advantage—spoiled babies. Dulles and Andrei Vishinsky spoke . . . the UN and I got our first peek at the Chinese Reds.

Wednesday, November 29, 1950. The world situation fills me with anxiety—amidst last night's insomnia I thought out and wrote out a blueprint for alleviation of the world situation. To what avail? If sent to Washington, the material would be unread—and secondly, it is inconceivable that the various alternatives to our present policy haven't been explored. The plan: admission of Chinese Reds to UN; recognition; extensive Point Four for the rest of Southeast Asia—in return for a democratic Korea.

Friday, December 1, 1950. Rottenness and fatigue feeling. Haircutted—trouble walking—physiotherapy, much improved of course (and I put such little work into it).

In the evening Job's comforters, Garloff, Lenny, and Ed were nice enough to come over—I was below the vitality of even a minimum host, and much in pain besides. I was not sorry, two hours later, to see the boys go. I didn't talk, and they didn't entertain with words on honeymoon accommodations—personal stories, their complexity and difficulty.

Helen called again—and a wonderful call it was. Seyfert will drive her over.

Sunday, December 3, 1950. I asked Joe Jasper's opinion on a difference in the strategy of sleep I've had with Mom (she said to nap whenever I can, I say get deadtired by bedtime), and he expounded and discoursed, flattered by the attention. Pontifical and self-righteous, the thread of talk as usual went to his family, but tonight I opened new vistas—by asking on grandpa and grandma. "Grandma pushed around a well-read

grandpa with no backbone, sensitive and liking only Bronia." [1] Could use more.

Thought of Mayerson: "Act as if the real world is good."

Chores: Rapid reading; Hebrew; not much else. Was too much with news, as presented in *Times*-and-*Trib*. It's difficult, but for the first time in three months it is possible for me to type with two hands.

Monday, December 4, 1950. Feverish, fatigue, in pain. (I'm wonderingly scared of that powerful stuff.)

A full day. Dentist finished by noon. Two hours in the libe—extracted *Loom of Language* and a modern poetry. Couldn't find a damned eatable in all of Moray's, since their cornedbeef is fat and potatoes greasy, so movied on a box of Jujubes. The film *No Way Out*— great, terrifying, real intense, and dangerous. A study of urban Negro-White hatred, hinting on the economic and psychological causes, using the strongest language, giving every attitude sharply, fairly—acting, story, language, filming, ideas: tops, Mankiewicz. After climbing Rockledge Place, I hit Mom's bed, in all my clothes, deader tired than ever.

Tuesday, December 5, 1950. Folks plied my bed with pillows all over to various depths last night. Too tired to notice, I still didn't sleep a wink. . . . The Cortisone is effective against fatigue, but brings, with more dosage, more insomnia, more pain.

TV: fine Helen Hayes–Gene Lockhart sixty-minute *Barretts of Wimpole Street*. Got me reading Untermeyer's few selections from the sonnets—only fair, Elizabeth.

Thursday, December 7, 1950. Experimenting further, I spent last night in the folks' bed, alone, and did pretty well—maybe even two, three hours of sleep.

[1] David's mother.

Call it self-improvement. I'm beginning to work from a list compiled by Norman Lewis of words frequently encountered by, and unknown to, the average reader of above-average stuff. Of the five hundred, which I study in groups of twenty-five, I'd guess one third are new additions to my vocabulary. *Loom of Language* is fascinatingly difficult.

Closer to home, fatigue, pain and ache and itch—a new vitamin, three spoons daily.

Friday, December 8, 1950. MUSIC, Sibelius' the beautiful *Second,* the pleasant, modest *Swan of Tuonela.*

Cortisone stopped.

New mattress. Wonderful thing to lie on, but, I can hardly even restfully rest.

POETRY. Yeats—I join the world in labeling *The Lake Isle of Innis free* and *An Irishman Foresees His Death* among the truly great. I have not the rebelliousness to reject basic Kipling. I know why I should, but why should I? Dowson a newcomer to my reading. A wine, women and songer—not too great (it's an easy argument).

Thursday, December 14, 1950. The miseries—wreck. At St. Joseph's, transfusion good—no sleep. Life attitude shackled—the problem not capable of solution. Doubt Grey wedding attendance. (Nurses—Sisters—red tape.) Split with Doc —home.

Wednesday, December 20, 1950. Rough nite—no appetite —birdbites. Mustard pills. Nelson overnight. Actions vs. friends—Grey bond—prospects, writing plans. Day browsing, TV—music.

Sunday, December 31, 1950. Insights—friends—Mom as nurse—talk—talk—diet. So little time—use it significantly. What is really important?

BOOK 11

1 9 5 1

New Year—No activity—No improvement—No peace.

Tuesday, January 2, 1951. Music—two hours' good listening—Grey and Barbara visit. Asked Roth to purchase *Amer. College Dictionary* and *Bartlett's Quotations.*

Thursday, January 18, 1951. Blood transfusions good—hospital personalities defined. Tacconi visits—new energy pills —some misgivings. Ordered new stationery. Discharged.

Friday, January 28, 1951. Gerry Fisher visits—good talk. Sorts out pocket-books for reading program. Finished Agatha Christie's *The Murder of Roger Ackroyd.* Murderer's identity known as read. Little sleep.

Monday, February 12, 1951. Grandma died—seventy-seven —withered away. St. Joseph's sixth floor. Hospital situation —menus—nurses vs. Sisters. R.N. dumb and not knowing. Finished Fitzgerald's *Tender Is the Night.* Followed line of least resistance all day.

Saturday, February 17, 1951. Janeta visits—very pleasant. Macy books arrived—*Post-Biblical Hebrew Literature,* but

minus *Hebrew Anthology*. Hoped to study both simultaneously. Dr. Starr—continual cough—choked feeling. Nodes near atrophy. Home tomorrow.

February 22, 1951

Dear Swede,

Things are looking up a bit; this is the first time I'm using my electric typewriter, and probably the first time I have the strength to use it.

Since you were over I hit the hospital twice; ten-day periods each in Jan. and Feb. The first time I entered in a half-dead state and a trio of pints were enough to make me comfortably bedridden—then, I was in again this month, in still worse state on arrival; in addition to considerable blood they experimented with new hormones and adrenal compounds, dextrose compounds, amino combos. For five days they gave me regularly infusions which take five hours apiece—some of this stuff is being continued home and doing me a lot—after I can get my limbs working, I'll be sitting around.

Gadgets help too—phone at bedside, hospital raising-spring now built into my own bed, foam mattress, bedrest for sitting up in bed. So far activity is merely reading, callers, and radio.

Have been reading everything I can on the new type GI training, especially the type you went thru—and have at least some knowledge and a certain empathy for the product and its processing. You'll be moving out soon I suspect. Keep in touch—writing is becoming possible for me—the more I am at it the better I am.

The way things go—I look forward to a continuance of a modicum of energy, the possibility of taking blood less often, and the hope that science somewhere will ring the bell.

The best to yuh Swede, worry—about nuttin.

Thursday, March 1, 1951. Teaching students to think—Body again not adjusted for day and night cycle. Slept well,

but day was wasted. Mother grand. Called Bob at Miami Beach.

Friday, March 2, 1951. Sabbath in my room—Roth for supper. Read his stuff first time. Style—ideas—language? Helen visits with Seyfert—want to see her alone—this way too much politics. Folks like Helen.

Saturday, March 3, 1951. Idea—list catalogue of all names in the world's knowledge, described and classified. Charles visits and Shirley. Shirley tells Mom I'm great guy.

Sunday, March 4, 1951. Program: study Bible—grammar. Finish Boswell's *London Diary*. Save *Holiday* mags. *Hamlet* with Gielgud on radio.

Tuesday, March 6, 1951. Wretched day—little food—strawberries and cream. Finish Roth stuff and return. Jaspers—their problem so pale mine.

Wednesday, March 7, 1951. Dad and heart scare. Shave. . . .

On that evening, David talked for a long time with his father, about world affairs, about an article on American Judaism in the last issue of Commentary.

After his father went to bed, David said to his mother, "You must take better care of your husband. He doesn't look well."

"There's no cause to worry—he's just tired."

"Mom—if you're not sleepy—will you chat with me a while?"

"Of course. I'm glad you're feeling better today."

"Let's not talk about me. I was concerned about the Jaspers. I wish I could tell them how wrong they are in not making the most of life."

"But you should feel free to express yourself. I know how much Joe appreciates the advice you gave him. Even if you're confined to your room, you can still exert so much influence, because people like to listen to you."

His face lit up with a smile. "Apropos Joe—remind me tomorrow to read his stuff." Then he said, "My body's a hindrance to me, I'm chained to it; but my mind can soar and dream and plan. No person who is well can really appreciate the definition of mind, soul, and body as entities."

After one o'clock, his mother re-entered his room, and found him holding the heavy dictionary on his chest, looking up a new word. He complained about itching.

"I think it'll pass. Just give me a damp washcloth and go back to bed."

At half-past three, she found him staring with eyes wide open, motionless. He drank water eagerly. Shortly after, Dr. Starr arrived and David reached out to clasp his hand imploringly.

By dawn, he had lost consciousness.