

Whitman Letter Project
Whitman Reunion Reading 4.28.12

cdn April 16, 1968

Dear Mom and Dad,

Military recruiters arriving on the campus yesterday morning were met by 30 students sitting in the roadway. We were asked to disperse and allow the car to pass. We did not. Then we were told that the college would take disciplinary action and were asked to leave again. At this point, half the group including myself got up and stood to the side. Those remaining had their names taken and were suspended from school. The police arrived and the students were again asked to disperse. Thirteen stood up and two remained and were subsequently arrested for disturbing the peace and unlawful assembly.

A peaceful and lawful demonstration was then carried out in front of the recruiters' table in the SUB for the rest of Monday and today, when the recruiters returned. I participated in this demonstration.

To me it would have been wrong not to participate in a protest that I supported. Just for the record, at no point did I break a law and I am in no danger whatsoever of any disciplinary action from the college.

I'm going to donate from my personal savings to help pay for the bail of the two who were arrested. They showed courage in standing up for their beliefs and mine, to the point of arrest.

I hope you have an understanding of why I protested. I would like to know your initial reaction and also your reactions after you have thought about this for a while.

Love, Carolyn

tb August 1967
Dear New Roomie,

Hello from Spokane, the Friendly City! I hope you get a chance to visit the campus. It's really beautiful and I'm sure you'll fall in love with it the way I did. Our resident assistant probably is hand writing letters to all 28 of us. She's written to me twice.

gd September 1968

I finally arrived here in Walla Walla, and Larry, my roommate, was right there to meet me. After meeting his folks and getting a grand tour of the city in 5 minutes, I got to Jewett Hall. . . Larry's blanket and pillow and sheet were already on the bed and smelled like they'd been there for a century!

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mb September 1969
Dear Mom and Dad,

The most important thing to tell you is how unbelievably happy I am to be here at Whitman. Today was our official welcome as freshmen and I must admit the event was quite a shock. The ASB President was introduced and instead of welcoming us to a wonderful school, as I expected, he started going on and on about how horrible the fraternities and sororities are. He said they discriminate against blacks and Jews! I didn't know that. Did they do that when you were here?

da Fall, 1965

Dear Mom and Dad,

Yesterday, after I got back, I went over to Smitty's Pancake House to eat. I had a special for \$2.10 which included a small steak, salad, and all the pancakes I could eat. I go there nearly every Sunday night, because meals are not served Sunday evenings in the dorms.

gd September 1968

On Tuesday Rush started. I went with my rush date from Tau Kappa Epsilon to a park outside the city. We all played Frisbee and had a water balloon fight and generally messed around till 3:30.

At 4:00 I went to Beta Theta Pi. We went to a barn that had a roller skating rink in it, so we played tackle football on roller skates. The next day, I went to the Delt house. We went on a scavenger hunt and had to pick up a sex novel from the library, a cow pie, a green piece of gum, the January Playmate, etc...

After having gone to all the frats, I like the Nu Sigma Chi, which is the Sigma Chi gone local after deciding to admit all races. Flash . . . one more piece of interesting news, Batman went to Whitman and was a Beta and lived in their house!

mb September 1969
Dear Mom,

I just had a very unpleasant experience. The Panhellenic just issued the first set of invitations. The episode that upset me was one which involved a very shy girl who had gone through the whole ordeal of the first six parties and vaguely chosen three which she found to be friendlier than the rest. But she received only one invitation, from a sorority that was her third favorite. This means she's in that sorority or nothing. On the FIRST set of eliminations! This system obviously isn't set up to take people's feelings into consideration.

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And on her first week on campus, she has to cope with rejection.

One sorority gave a skit from "Fiddler on the Roof." Which I think is quite ironic, since "Fiddler" is all about a Jewish family!!! This group wouldn't even let the Fiddler's daughters join the sorority!

ksk September 1967

Yesterday I saw a woodpecker on my way to my cello lesson. And the ducks in Lakum Duckum are so tame that when you sit down on the banks to study, they come right up to you. I especially like the clock on Mem, which bongs out the hour. The campus is beautiful now.

mb September 1969
Dear Family,

Thank you, thank you for the lovely carnations!! I know you were really disappointed, Mom. I did feel terrible when I decided against Tri Delts. Especially after you called me and sang Tri Delt songs the night before. I just decided that even though I'm at your college, I need to use this experience to figure out who Mary Margaret is, and even though you are an amazing mother, my name is not Mary Jean, it is not 1946, and I see my world differently.

gd November, 1968
Dear Uncle Peter,

I had to organize all 41 pledges to RF the house. This morning at 5:00 a.m. we pulled it off. The only problem was that we pledges just did too good a job, and there was some damage done to the house. One of the guys dumped crude oil down in the basement with water and dirt, and the cement was just soaked with the stuff. Some of the oil got tracked all over the rugs upstairs. Also, there was three inches of water upstairs in the head and it seeped all the way down to the basement, where it wiped out a few boxes of jello and sugar. We all are concerned about the damage done to the house 'cause we don't want to pay for it and we don't want the actives to pay for it. Most of the actives feel it was a good RF -- we just went to extremes.

jr Fall, 1967

Dear Mom,
I'm still here! I figured out that even if I flunked every course I took they couldn't get rid of me for a full year!

I have to tell you about my math test. As usual I was lost . . . it is hard. The night before, I studied for two hours, and then on Friday

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morning I studied for two hours, took a shower, put on my suit and tie, walked into the room, did the test in 20 minutes, and walked out. Everyone else was about half done. I did fantastic! I was Mr. Logic! My teacher just about fainted.

In English we are studying Socrates and it is one big argument between the instructor (who is head of the English Department) and me. He worships Socrates and I can't stand him. It's really fun. I wrote my first essay in there on how if Socrates were alive today they wouldn't execute him, they'd just put him in an insane asylum.

mb Dear Mom and Dad,

My roommate says we need a rug to match our blue and green bedspreads, so we walked to the department store and found the perfect one!

jr I am first trombone in the Walla Walla Symphony - the oldest perpetual symphony west of the Mississippi. The other trombone player is about 64 and plays like Dad.

I know it sounds like every time I write it's for money, but . . . the pictures are being taken for the yearbook and it costs \$4.50! Also, I spent about \$3.00 yesterday on paints. A little supplementary appropriation of \$4.50 would be gratefully accepted.

Write back yourself, now.
Love to All, Jack

dc September 1967
Dear Mom and Pap,

This morning I started to write this letter and then realized that the mail was in. I got the package and headed back. Dr. Thompson (Dean of Men) stopped me and said, "I see who got the cake," and he informed me that it had better not be going to the dorm. I said I had checked it out with two RAs. He said, "Well, it's a first, and a definite privilege. And privileges can be revoked!" I told him I would be careful. Whew!!

john October 1967
b Dear Mrs. Current,

WOW! What a surprise!! My grateful thanx for the cookies. You may not realize what you did, because my mother also sent me a "care" package, but instead of cookies, I got cherry tomatoes. Can you

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imagine that! So right now my sentiments lie in the cookie and not the tomato jar.

Thanx again, John
PS I'm keeping an eye on Dave!

gd September 1968

My roommate Larry is making it very difficult for me to study. He goes out and comes in every ten minutes. He opens the drapes and talks to himself, then turns on the radio and sings off key. Then he plays the only chords he knows on his guitar, A and C. He sits down to study for about 3 minutes and then gets up, cleans his part of the room, and then goes out and slams the door. Minutes later the whole thing starts over. Mom, I haven't blown my stack yet, but since I have an eight o'clock class every morning, I take my revenge by running my shaver in the room, and it sounds just like his alarm clock.

cdn October 1967

Dear Family,
If you are feeling generous, do you think you could bring some food with you next weekend? We don't get fed Sunday night. Therefore we starve. Roasts, hams, meat loaves, suckling pigs - that should do.

bmj January 1970

My roommate is a transfer student from Southeast Asia who left her country because of the political situation there. She's Chinese and I'm really enjoying getting to know her. I've never had a roommate who talks Chinese in her sleep, before! Coming from very different worlds, we seem to be in agreement on many things.

mb September 1969

Dear Mom,

I have come up with what I think is an ingenious way to make more money. Someone called the music department asking for a recommendation for a singer at a funeral at the Baptist Church. The secretary suggested me, so I sang a hymn and an old song and they paid me \$50! Since Walla Walla is a big retirement town, I am thinking there will be plenty more funerals. So I'm going to leave a resume at every church and funeral home in town.

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gd September 1968

I only pay \$10.00 for 4 years for the washer and dryer and can use it any time. By the way, Mom, I have been doing my wash faithfully . . .

dc September 1969

Hi Jane. The new Beatles album came into town today -- two days early - - I actually managed to restrain myself from buying it, since I couldn't without bouncing a check. I suppose with \$20 in my account it's a good time to apply for food stamps if I can find time.

bmj February 1971

We pay \$18 for \$28 worth of food stamps. What we get doesn't amount to much, but it's better than nothing.

jb October, 1968

Dear Folks,

Here I sit, or lie, or slouch or whatever, licking on a Bavarian Peach ice cream cone that Chris just brought me. She had mono last spring . . . she knows how it is.

You know, I'm glad that I got mono in an age of pop culture -- I mean, at no other time could I get bubble soap and Crayons and color books and balloons and not feel the least bit silly. Of course, you realize that we in the intellectual community always give stimulating, meaningful, creative gifts.

I've been listening to the radio a lot this afternoon and blah, what a lot of trash! Walla Walla is full of big mouthed men who probably wear cheap, loud sports jackets and have receding hairlines who try to be disc jockeys -- Blah! But right now they're playing Donovan, so I'll excuse them.

dc December 1967

Mike, our drummer, is in the infirm - was up 96 hours straight last week (with no speed), got 8 hours sleep this weekend—took some speed (Dexedrine) Monday night and collapsed - in the infirm till Friday. A huge bummer.

jb If it weren't for the nurses, who are great, I'd go nuts -- I mean besides not having a roommate, and besides the fact that I haven't stepped outside this room since Wednesday morning, it bugs me that I

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only talk with people in letters, or in the doorway for five minutes while they tell me about their date or relate gossip or just try to cheer me up with jokes or something. I love having visitors, but it's a shitty way to talk to people when it's the only way. Oh, yes, there's the telephone. No one can call me, but I can call out. So, what happens? This noon I called Tom and the dummy was still asleep. Phones are crummy, too. I really feel sorry for people who are invalids for a long period of time, unless they're in a coma or crazy or something.

bmj January 1970

I've finally decided on dropping my pin. In a nutshell, I feel that friendship shouldn't be institutionalized.

ksk September 1970

Paula and Chris have also now dropped their pins. I really doubt if more than 50 or 60 guys will end up pledging.

dc March 1968

I'm presently diggin' on Tim Buckley via earphones. I have developed enough concentration so I can study best to music - but my roommate can't - so . . . In fact the only way I can study is with earphones, because even with a "STUDYING" sign on the door, people roar in and out.

bmj March 1971

Kathy and I moved yesterday to a new apartment, with lots of windows and light, a balcony, and a turret. Rent will be about the same, \$85/mo, including utilities. Today Ronn helped us clean the turret windows, with the help of his mountain-climbing equipment. He attracted quite a bit of attention, rappelling around the top of the house with the Windex and paper towels.

dc January 1968

Dear People,

Everything is OK - I was supposedly overdrawn, i.e. I received a bounced check (\$2.00), but I went to the bank, and I have (now) 28 cents - which is what I thought I had - so how did I bounce the check on Monday, if I have 28 cents now? - hmmm -

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mb November 1969
Dear Mom,

I will be bringing home a veritable wardrobe of too-small clothes, mostly slacks and skirts. I'm sure they will fit Martha. Unfortunately, all my new-found pounds are in my hips and legs and nowhere else.

dc October 1969

The meeting today made me late for court, but I got the fine down to \$4 from \$17. I've got a little money left after paying all my bills, so Markoff, LeBow, Cosby and I are driving up to Pullman to see Arlo Guthrie.

mb November 1969
Dear Mom,

Guess what? The Walla Walla Symphony is presenting Finlandia and Brahms' Symphony No. 1. I'm going to attend all the rehearsals AND the concert!

ksk February 1968
Dear Mother, Dad, and Janet,

It's 12:30 a.m. but I'm caught up on studies and have a lot to tell you. It's been very exciting here since I got back -- I've really been challenged to think! On Thursday, Dr. Gabriel Vahanian, one of the four founders of the "God is Dead" movement, came and spoke. I'll give you the essence of his talk . . .

gd May 1969

Since I've been here, I think I've grown closer to God than ever before. Every night I've been going upstairs to a friend's room where a lot of us just get together and pray. It's so great, I just love it.

ksk February 1968
Dear Dad,

I really did enjoy your rather philosophical letter. You said that the young people today are failing to honor the main tenet of Christianity. I disagree.

Also, you said in your postscript (I didn't know if you were kidding or not) that "these boys with study apartments are not to be trusted." I'd

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just like to say that certain boys who have them are not to be trusted, but the fact of having an apartment doesn't label one untrustworthy. They are used for studying, believe it or not, and are good places to go after dates to listen to records and to talk. Pardon me for being rather defensive, but your statement implied misunderstanding on your part and a certain naive character on mine.

I did enjoy your letter. Keep them coming!

dc Fall 1968

Two guys busted night before last. They had about \$500-worth of LSD on them but were charged only for the \$20-worth of marijuana. The narcs didn't find the opium that was there -- pretty lucky. Nobody can understand why they weren't charged with possession of LSD. LBJ made it a federal offense last week. Pretty strange. I guess there are 12 federal narcs here and they were here the week of break. People are pretty uptight, and justly so.

mb October 1969

My friends and I have begun a campaign we call the "Crusade for Clean Living." We're not going to drink, smoke, or swear for one week. Which should be easy for me, since I don't do any of them anyway. Somehow, if we work together, we're determined to make it through the seven days and hopefully influence some of the more outrageous sinners in Section B.

jb Dr. Laidlaw, often referred to as Dr. Laid low, examined me a bit this morning and said that I'm recuperating. Which I had figured out, since my temperature had been normal for two days and I felt better and slept less, but he said to just keep "playing the ballgame" and he'd decide after examining me Monday morning, if and when I'd ever get out. I can see it now: "Hello, Mom? I have a lifetime case of infectious mononucleosis, so could I have a television and stereo installed in my room?"

ksk February 1969
Dear Dad and Mother,

I'm appreciating Whitman more and more. The professors here are excellent. They're available and willing to talk on subjects related and unrelated to classwork. The intellectual capacity of Mr. Howells, Dr. Ball, Dr. Kayser, Dr. Edwards, Mr. Sims, etc. is, for me, an inspiration.

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dc February 1968

Dear People,

I'm in English class, so if this letter's erratic it's because I'm only paying half attention. We're doing James Joyce, *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*. It's good, thus far. The reading doubled this semester. 1,500 pages for History - it's impossible.

ksk April 1968

Wasn't Johnson's announcement that he would not run for re-election a shock? I'm glad he made the bombing pause, but I don't know if it will really be effective in bringing about negotiations, with the increased number of troops being sent to South Vietnam. And LBJ out of the presidential race is surely a surprise, but with all of the dissension and the disrespect for LBJ, maybe the move was inevitable.

I watched McCarthy on TV last night and was impressed at his straightforward style, and by his policy suggestions.

dc May 1968

Dear Mommy and Daddy,

Oh, one thing you won't be loving to bits, but I might as well tell you. I've got no finals till Monday, so tonight I'm going to take a Bi-AMPHETAMINE (speed). If you're super concerned, call Monday and see if I'm on acid yet -- but I wouldn't worry. I've got 100+ pages of history to read tonight, and I've got to get a C on the final to pass, so I decided it's time for a change of approach.

That's all. Love, David

mb October 1969

Your own aspiring Lois Lane has decided not to join the *Pioneer* staff. Their copy reads like hallucinogenic free association -- which I'm pretty sure it actually is. The college newspaper is so radical, it's sickening. When I study drug use for Soc., I should just hang around the newspaper office and observe.

Please, all of you, write soon. It's horrible walking all the way to the SUB and finding an empty mailbox.

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jb June 1968

RFK was shot tonight. For three hours, we've been watching the good ole TV as they try to present everything as it happens. He's now, as I go to bed at 2:45, in very critical condition -- brain surgery and stuff. How terribly frightful. One accepts this as part of the public - political life?

gd September 1968

We will also have a sneak kegger soon. Don't worry Dad, I know what the rules are, and I'll only have enough to break in my new mug. Believe me, one thing you provided all four of us when you brought us up was a BIG CONSCIENCE.

jb Heavens, now the radio is playing "heavy music," also known as acid rock and drug music. Disgusting -- the whole society is going to the dogs with all this psychedelic stuff. Boy. Man.

Actually, though, my perceptive sociologist eye tells me that the dope scene on the Whitman Campus is settling down. Whitman has its share of potheads, speed freaks, and LSD users, and you know who they are and see them around, because after all, this is Whitman College.

But, don't get me wrong. This is still a college campus in 1968, with an abominable war going on and two idiots and a KKK running for president. I've got it figured out -- take it from a 20 year-old -- on election night there will be more people stoned, loaded, turned on, tuned in, and experiencing other forms of escape into their own minds, across this country than any other time in the history of drugs -- which goes back thousands of years.

dc November 1968

Tragic about the elections. I was really hoping for Humphrey 'til about 3:00 am... I fear with Nixon in, things will really begin to fly and it's time to get people rolling. Having a real hard time studying -- too much going on these days.

The November 14 Moratorium is rapidly approaching and we're planning some neat stuff on campus with Dr. Ball doing some prayers, and a draft-card burning, etc. Navy recruiters here the same day, hmmm.

gd January 1969

I got my French final back. I missed an A and a 3.00 by 4 stupid points. She took off half a point for accents. So that 4 points is equivalent to 8 accents! Oh well, I guess you can't win them all.

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dc November 1968

Timmy told me last night that his father said the Sheriff has the Resistance under 24-hour surveillance. What a bummer.

Tim's dad said:

*We were the same people who are causing the drug problem.

*Our leader is from Columbia University and obviously was brainwashed by all those radicals.

Anyway, that's what they are spreading amongst the townspeople, so the celebration on Nov 14 could be wild. I hope nothing happens. Pat's still going to burn his draft card.

gd January 1969

We're planning a series of programs on drugs. The president of the Prosecuting Attorneys Association will speak on the legal aspects of drugs; then, the head of the U of O Med School is to talk on the medical aspects.

dc January 1969

Weird Jack came to town today -- staying with me for a week, then to the Army as a medic. He's sort of down; came up here to fix his head.

gd The following week, I'm getting convicts from the State Penitentiary to tell how they wound up where they are. I made a trip to the Pen to talk to the Warden. It was soooooo fascinating. After we got everything arranged, he reached for an envelope and emptied the contents on his desk. Out came a hypodermic needle and a bottle of something. He took the cap off the needle and held it up and said, "You want a fix?" Boy, did that shake me up. Then he told me that some kids are now injecting themselves with peanut butter. Can you believe that? He told me that it was hard for him to believe it, but it's true.

ksk February 1969

Dear Mother, Dad and Janet,

This evening I spent reading *Maxims* by La Rouchefoucauld for French. We just finished Pascal's *Pensées* and Montaigne's *Essais*.

I have been thinking about and researching majors. My choice now is between Sociology, Poli Sci, English, and French, probably in that order (subject to change without notice). I'm trying to sort out in my

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own mind the kind of work I'd like to do. I will probably go to graduate school, eventually.

cdn March 1969

Mid-semester tests have been rampaging the land. The test in my D. H. Lawrence class was of the three-hour variety. We had to be intimately familiar -- that is, content, form, structure, style, and all of that -- with approximately 100 poems and about six short stories and novelettes. That was a toughie, to say the least.

dc September 1969

One of the English profs came to last night's meeting. He knows a sophomore at WaHi who is going to challenge mandatory ROTC, all the way through the courts. So we are going to get a hold of him soon, as Professor McClintick said he would dig talking to us, and vice versa. A teacher at WaHi wants us to do a rap in his class.

Also working up some guerrilla theatre to spring on churches, the Federal Building, and schools, as well as Marine recruiters who are here on Monday morning. We'll probably paint ourselves up, sneak in and play war with them, having first taken care to book up the appointments so they can't kick us out.

Oct. 15 is a National Day of Moratorium Against the War. The ASWC Exec Council is going to try and get professors to hold classes as usual, but to have discussions relevant to problems today.

gd September 1969

At nine I have French -- the professor is really weird. Every day he comes to class in tight black jeans, white socks and tennis shoes, and a knit shirt. He's about 6'3" and has long, scraggly, red sideburns. As soon as he walks in, he's rattling off in French while chewing his gum. In the ten o'clock class, he does push-ups and runs up and down the halls. He gave us our first test yesterday and, boy, that was hard. I decided to take it pass/fail.

jb I was reading in my text for American Literature, and right now we're studying the writers during the Revolutionary period. It's funny, but it never really hit me before that simple, basic, obvious, taken-for-granted live men had to convince others that men weren't born good or bad, valuable or not valuable. . . . Just think what it would be like to be English in 1776 -- you'd think of Thomas Paine and Thomas Jefferson and Patrick Henry like we think of Che Guevara and Castro and Ho Chi Minh -- dirty revolutionary bums. . . Revolution takes guts. I'm glad they fought anyway, and I'm glad they won, even if Hubert

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Humphrey and Richard Nixon are running for president.

gd October 1969

It's a darn good thing I'm taking French pass/fail because I got a D on my first test, and I studied all weekend for that one. My prof is really easy to talk with and he knows I'm trying, so I think I'll be able to pass it.

mb November 1969

Dear Mom,

Your foolish daughter and several of her foolish friends procrastinated outrageously last week. So last night, twenty girls stayed up all night working on papers for about six different freshman classes. Everybody was laughing and being completely absurd. At 2:00 a.m. we called up and had a pizza delivered. Do you remember that the Mem clock bells ring even at 4:00 a.m.?

cdn November 1969

Yesterday I learned how to work an autoclave that sterilizes stuff for microbiology. It's a giant pressure cooker. I could have blown up the whole science building by leaving one valve closed. Now, I have real power. I wonder if I could get a 4.0 if I applied pressure in the right places. I guess I'll never know. That's life.

mb November 1969

Dear Mom,

Home! I am so excited! I've been getting more homesick in the odd moments when I'm not frantically catching up. It's awful when you don't write. I guess I'm more of a homebody than I thought. Don't get me wrong. I adore Whitman, but I wish it was a little closer to Claremont, California.

ksk November 1969

Dear Dad and Mother,

Well, it seems to me that we have completely misunderstood one another. I do appreciate your financial support. But I can't guarantee you that I'll always do things in the ways that you believe are best for me, so perhaps it would be better for me to attempt to support myself. Maybe then we could relate to each other more fully.

mb October 1969

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Dear Brother Buzz,

Thanks for your letter. I just love it here. Wait till you get to college. It's completely different. I just don't know how I'll be able to stand Mom and Dad demanding to know exactly where I am every moment, and disapproving because I'm not getting enough sleep. Actually, I'm not getting enough sleep. I take naps every afternoon for two hours. Please don't tell Dad, because I have been giving him grief about his napping for so many years.

Contrary to what Mom said, there is nothing on the radio up here but cowboy and Bing Crosby songs. The first time I set my clock radio to 7:00 a.m., the first thing I heard was a guy drawl, "And now, the hog report."

The only thing I hate about Whitman is that every single person is as smart as I. I always just crammed before tests and figured I could write my way through to As. People up here sometimes spend seven hours studying, every day!

ksk December 1969

All sorts of things have been happening lately. I went with my boyfriend to the San Francisco Moratorium. We drove down, stayed in a Unitarian church, came back and slept on the ocean - a really different experience.

There were so many different causes in the SF march, from VC sympathizers to union members and religious evangelists. At the rally we heard Ralph Abernathy, Wayne Morse, the organizer of People's Park, a man connected with the "Chicago Eight", Phil Oakes, Buffy St. Marie, and a lot of others. It was completely orderly and I did gain some insight into the various social cause proponents. That sounds awfully academic.

But my Mom and Dad absolutely hit the roof, disinherited, disenfranchised, etc. me, told me about my lack of morality, integrity, etc. It really brought my difficulties in communicating with my parents to light. I want to be able to be myself and to love them at the same time, but they feel that, as what I do reflects upon them and my standards seem to differ from theirs, I'm hurting them and myself . . . Well, we'll keep trying to communicate, but I am going to be supporting myself next semester.

gd April 1970

I feel better now than I have in such a long time -- satisfied with a good semester behind me, happy that I could be with my Mom and Dad for Christmas, with a look at the outside world and a possible career. I really thank God for all this and for you two and all you've done for me. I love you both.

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dr.b Christmas Letter From Dr. Ball, 1969
Dear Friends,

Since the human race appears to pay no attention to Christmas messages, one wonders if it is only the stubborn or the ignorant who continue to write them. The animosities of the Middle East, the cruelty of Viet Nam, the tragedy of Nigeria and the suffocations of poverty do not yield to the Christmas spirit, to words of love. Yet if peace is beyond our present power, it is not beyond our aspiration, and who knows when an aspiration may confer power? So we offer once more the simplest of Christmas messages, "Peace on Earth, Good Will to Men."

We would love to show more of you Whitman College, the Walla Walla Valley and some rivers, wheat fields, and mountains. There is still space and peace here.

Merry Christmas and love to all.

bmj January 1970

I thoroughly enjoy Edward's class - and Edwards. Sometimes you'd think he'd witnessed history himself, he seems so able to feel and see it all.

Oh, I was talking with Edwards and King the other day about my upcoming trip to the Amazon and about history and sociology. King challenged me to go out in the Brazilian jungle and shout "Sociology" and see what would happen... (all the birds would caw and squawk). But, when I asked what would happen if I shouted out "History," Edwards promptly told me that I'd have birds on my shoulders and at my feet.

jb To show you how nice the Whitman nurses are, Mrs. Sutherland, the night nurse, is giving me a milkshake since it's Saturday night. She's the one who gives me a back-rub every night.

At this point I'd like to say that I've never written a letter like this in my whole life . . . just thought I'd throw that in, for the record.

I've been thinking about where I could have gotten mono -- yes, Daddy, there are other ways to get it besides kissing a boy (of all things!) Whatever it was that caused this little setback in my intellectual life, love life, and other such things, it wasn't running myself to a frazzle with wild living. Believe me. Nice girls do get mono.

bmj February 1970

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Wednesday night, because of tests, there were only five or six of us at Dr. Ball's house for cell group and we did something quite different from the norm. After casually discussing current rock groups, Chris and Chris answering questions from Dr. Ball about the effects of drugs on music appreciation, we moved to Lyman Hall where Chris demonstrated a "zork" for us. A zork is a creation from the Weird Jack era – a plastic bag knotted about a wire clothes hanger, hung in the stairwell three flights above a bucket of water. When the plastic bag is lighted with a candle, it zips down streaks of blue, which most of the time land in the bucket. It's an intriguing effect . . . I heard that after I left they had Dr. Ball sitting on an inflated plastic pillow between two stereo speakers, listening to Led Zeppelin. I think he rather enjoyed the evening, though it probably didn't much stimulate his optimism about the progress of man!

gd April 1970

I'm waiting right now in the science building to use the calculator. I'm doing a regression analysis for Econ. I started out doing an analysis on the amount of tourism to Florida in the last 20 years and then to project what effect Disney World will have on it. Then, when I couldn't get the data, I changed my analysis to the production of oranges as a function of orange crop acreage in Florida and again predict what effect Disney World would have. When I couldn't find my data, I went to the librarian and asked her to help me find the orange crop acreage in Florida over the last 20 years. She almost died! Anyway she said she'd bring it up at their staff meeting and put their heads together. Well, she couldn't find it. I was so disgusted. So, changed it again. I'm now doing an analysis on the number of visits to Florida State Parks as a function of the US population and the amount of state park acreage, and if it doesn't come out, I'm gonna change my data till it does!

bmj April 1970

Undoubtedly you've heard of the mess in this country – universities by the hundreds on strike – four students killed at Kent State. There is paranoia on all sides. Here, we had a march down Main St. to the Courthouse. Over 3 hundred marchers, yours truly included. But it's expectedly quiet here – not much support for a proposed strike.

However, Seattle saw 10,000 marchers travel 2 ½ miles from the freeway to the U. District. A mass demonstration is planned for tomorrow in Washington D.C.

I saw Nixon on TV when he first attempted to justify moving troops into Cambodia—it was so nauseating I couldn't quite finish it out. The end pitch of the speech was that this is the strongest and richest nation in the world and damn if we're going to kowtow to a piddly country the size of New Jersey. "We will not be humiliated or defeated."

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Although it is easy to feel paranoid and fatalistic, the intelligent perceptiveness of someone like Dr. Chertok helps make things seem a little more understandable and hopeful.

dc January 1971

We're holding a meeting on Racism at Whitman tonight. Not one black works here; not on Administration, Faculty, Janitor, or even building construction crews. There are only four women faculty who are teaching, other than Women's P.E., our Women's Dean, and of course, secretaries.

Found out yesterday that Angela Davis' judge is the father of a girl I know here. Poor man. They are all sitting on tacks and I don't blame them. Maybe there will be a change of venue.

bmj May 1970

A delegation of 4 students and 2 professors left Walla Walla this morning for Washington D.C. to lobby against the war. Whitman students raised over \$1,700 to finance the trip. The people who went are Norsworthy, McClintick, Kadi Sprengle, Marion Sato, Mike Johnson, and a freshman, Doug Macon.

We heard on the news yesterday that a group at Amherst College is attempting to impeach both Nixon and Agnew - Nixon for the obvious, and Agnew for crossing state lines to incite a riot! (Not bad!) Have you heard that the U.W. followed Stanford in seceding from the Union?

Most of what's been going on isn't very funny. Two more students killed by National Guardsmen at Jackson State, and somewhere else in the South there were six blacks killed. At least 3 were "innocent bystanders."

I can't wait to get home and have my Dad ask me to explain "student destruction" to him. The last time I talked to Mom and Dad on the phone, Dad asked me if I'd been in any long marches. He seemed a little surprised when I said, "No, it wasn't very long - just down to the Courthouse."

ksk February 1971

Dear Dad and Mother,

It's easy to get discouraged these days. I know you get defensive about my questions and apprehensive about the answers. I'm not criticizing you for your lifestyle; I'm defining mine.

You have questioned my morality and that of my friends. I don't think you know how much this hurts me. What I believe is immoral is lack of love, as seen in war, inordinate spending of money, and greedy and unnecessary usage of natural resources.

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You may think that I am unloving and insensitive to you. In my mind, love is not accepting that *what you believe* is superior to *what I believe*. I'm not a puppet but a human being, and I must be true to myself in order to be honest to anyone else. My love for you can only be expressed in living what I believe to be a conscious, constructive life. Honestly, how could love be otherwise? This is really important to me.

gd Spring, 1971

The college has moved the IBM 1620 to the science building and it is open to student use, so I go up there as much as I can to run programs off for Numerical Analysis and my machine language programs for my computer class.

Yesterday I finally got my programs done. How's this for a title: "Jacobi's Cyclic Method for Calculating the Eigen Values and Eigen Vectors of a Real Symmetrical Matrix by an Iterative Technique Based on the Application of Plane Rotations." Doesn't that sound classy?

ksk February 1971
To Mom and Dad,

Students here are trying to get an ethnic studies professor of a minority background. The administrators say money is lacking. It's of course a matter of priorities. There will be a black admissions man next year, but then there's no guarantee he will concentrate on increased minority recruiting. Anyway, ASWC will put up \$5,000 of a \$20,000 salary. It's good to see students involved with more than their own academics, and with more significant things than dances and panty raids.

bmj February, 1970

Last night I was awakened by suspicious noises in the room above us – laughter, deep male voices, record player, thumps and bangs, heavy footsteps. Then I realized that the deep male voices and heavy footsteps were making their way through our outer room – and just as I'd jerked the sheet up over myself, the room was filled with light and three pairs of very male legs. One was standing over my roommate saying, "Warble, warble." Being the sweet, sociable thing that I am at 3 in the morning, I told them to get out and they mumbled some offended phrases about poor receptions and shuffled out. On the blackboard in the hall this morning was written "Ron, Chipps, Dave, and John warbled this place at 2:45 a.m. If you did not get warbled, please call JA5-2232."

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dc November 16, 1971
Dear Mom and Pap,

Thanks for the \$20 -- I've had \$1.50 for one week.

Just finished reading Bobby Seale's book, *Seize the Time* about Huey P. Newton and the founding and history of the Black Panther Party. I would advise everybody to read it. Provides a good deal of insight into how the press misconstrues the Panthers to the public. Also reading *Autobiography of Malcolm X* and about the Watts Riots.

Concerning your POW stamps, don't send me any more of those. I don't believe I've ever heard of anybody as opportunistic as the (US) Government. Greatest band-wagon-jumpers of all time. Their sincerity is questionable, however.

Eldridge Cleaver and the Black Panther Party arranged with Hanoi for the release of our American POWs in North Vietnam, providing the US Govt releases its political prisoners here. (Huey Newton, Seale, Cleaver, Huggins and Co.).

Instead of the govt being thankful for a way for us to really leave Vietnam -- they hushed the story up. 'Course, then again, getting those Americans released is probably not worth the risk of masses of black people getting hip to what's coming down and arming themselves in their homes so that there will be no more Fred Hamptons. At least, not dead ones.

And please don't start yelling at me until after you read that book, -- and some others. Then we'll have some common base from which to discuss the situation.

jb You see, this is the good thing about Whitman: At a large university, i.e. the University of Washington, if you wanted to know about the hip scene, you'd have to live the scene -- with the hair and the drugs and the get-up and the hangouts on lower University Way. But, then you'd have no idea what it was like for all those girls who look clean and straight, and live in the dorms, and wear small delicate expensive pearls in their all-American ears, instead of handmade creations of wire and beads, and you wouldn't know a thing about all those who belong to fraternities and sororities. There are just too many people, and smaller circles are formed, and you can't meet thirty-thousand people.

But then there's Whitman. True, maybe there is a little less diversity, but not much. People are blends of things . . . like this guy I know -- clean cut, biology major, in student government, used LSD often, quite often, at the end of the last year. Like, some days I'd be afraid to talk to him because he might be flying high. Now, you see, I -- the original Goody Two Shoes -- wouldn't touch LSD with a 2,000-foot pole, but I still was a good friend of this guy, and his friends were an interesting group. . . . some really hip, with the hair and the beads, and some really straight who studied all the time, and

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some really athletic, and some drunks.

I bet if I were in a sorority at the UW, I wouldn't know as much about people whose lives were pretty different from mine. Isn't Whitman wonderful?

cdn October 1967

Catch this - crazy Whitman won, yes, won a football game 40 - 7. The campus is in a state of shock. Few **very old** upperclassmen can remember a game they won, years ago.

dc December 1967

Oh - tonight the administration passed the new proposal. NO HOURS ON UPPERCLASS WOMEN! Starting second semester. Also trying to pass "open dorm" - girls in men's dorm at certain regular hours, no idea whether will pass or not. "Doc Blob" is of course very against it - "Due to obvious immoral possibilities."

PS Lee's dog, Fred, was discovered by the Jewett housemother - but we're going to stall.

dc April 1968

Hi Mommy and Daddy and all,

This is your irresponsible son speaking. It's Wednesday evening and I'm somewhere near San Francisco. How 'bout that? Cook invited me to come along, so Jeffy and Billy and I left at 11:30 - drove all night - and arrived here (SF) at noon. We visited Berkeley, Haight Street, and the Ocean.

Jeffy and Billy have crucial classes at 8:00 am Friday and I've got a test on Hobbes and Locke at 11:00, so we're going back tomorrow night. Tonight we're going to Stanford and perhaps the Fillmore Auditorium, and tomorrow to Big Sur, before we head back. This is so neat, I can't believe it. I'm not sure Jeffy's parents know about this, so I wouldn't mention it at Mother's Club.

cdn May 1968

Dear Mom and Dad,

About taking the chickens home - I've done a little more thinking on the subject and the thought of 6 or 7 hours in the car with squawking, screaming chickens doesn't turn me on, so let's forget about carting any animals to Seattle . . . as far as I'm concerned, they're staying here.

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dc April 1968

I'm in English class. Jeffy's parents did not dig on the Magical Mystery Tour... his dad will fly over at 5:30 tonight and pick up the "red bus." Too bad. Big Sur was superfantastic. Jeff drove 20 hours straight and we made it by 4:30 am to 3 miles from Walla Walla where we ran out of gas. got in by 7:00. Have another dreaded history test on Wednesday. Ratz.

cdn February 1971

I have a new snail named Camper!

dc May 1968

We live on a logging road (near Dixie), and I've always wanted to go up it, so we did tonight. Left at 1:00 am in the Karmann Ghia. Bill and Ronn each took a pistol, and I took Bill's rifle. We had to go through a stream six times. We saw one buck and two does, and coming down found a salt lick with deer and cougar tracks, two miles from our house. Hmmm, I can see why the landlady said it's a good idea to take a gun when you go out for a walk.

gd Fall, 1969

Hey, I sure could use some letters up here. Most of my friends get about 10 letters a week. I've been averaging about 1 every two weeks. As a matter of fact, I don't think I've gotten 10 letters yet. Oh well, I guess it would help if I wrote more, too.

Well, that's about it. I'm off to study in President Sheehan's office. One of my best friends cleans his office at night and just stays up there to study. The janitor doesn't mind, just so long as we're quiet.

gd January 1970

Dear Uncle Pete,

The weather here has been miserable. About a week ago we had about 6 inches of snow, and then that started to melt and then had freezing rain. Trees and branches were falling all over the place. It looked just like a battlefield around here. The poor Power and Light Company was going nuts with all the broken power lines. In fact, we were without electricity for about three days. It was a good thing we had a gas stove . . .

cdn April 1970

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I got lucky Thursday and Friday and got to go to the mountains with a couple of classes. I brought home a frog . . . The illegal animals here still abound. The freshman dorm is featuring rabbits and ducks along with the usual contingent of cats, dogs, fish, and turtles.

dc January 1971

Mom, please send directions on how to make dark and light bread. I cannot afford to buy it anymore, and unbleached flour is \$1.35 for five lbs. So I'm going to try and find some wheat. Also, can I grind corn, barley, etc. in the flour mill?

cdn September 1971

I am the proud owner of a goldfish - Felix Mendelssohn is his name. Felix to most.

gd May 1970

Hi -- Well, I'm writing to you from on top of the Teke House, in 80-degree weather, with my shorts on and my shirt off, trying to get a Florida tan in Washington, so I won't get laughed off the beach and I can be called one of the gang at the pool, when I go to work this summer in Florida.

cl From Cleve Larson during his Watson year abroad. May 15, 1972

Dear Mom, Dad, Peeb --

I write to you from Sligo, a small town in the northwest of the Irish Republic, made famous by Irish nationalists and the poet, Yeats.

What a colossal mess - everyone in the south I've talked to seems to be a little fed up with the I.R.A., even the Catholics.

As you've probably heard on the news, this last weekend was awful -- eight people dead, seventy injured, three big bombings. The streets of Belfast are barricaded and young punks are parading with masks and rifles, picking off any passerby - a soldier, or a person who looks like a Catholic, as their madness moves them.

dc February 10, 1970, from Haverford, PA

Well, Hello, Hello,

I got through New York all right, although it certainly was a trip. I finally got to Maggie's ok. Thursday I caught a train to Philly for \$5.00 plus 60 cents to get to Haverford, and I've been staying in Ryan's room (you remember her, I'm sure) in the girls' dorm at a men's college. Really a trip! You know, taking showers and all. Oh, Whitman

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would love it. Ryan says, "Oh, no problem. So many people live together in the dorms that we just originated a "man or woman within" sign for the johns. Everybody takes turns - pretty simple. Anyway, it's an extremely relaxed atmosphere - none of the uptightness of Whitman.

c1 The British Army is now fighting both sides and losing men itself - the feeling is deep, the people are quick to hate and ready to die, and the bloody consequences now something that's become a habit. Everyone says they are tired of fighting, that they want a solution, but a solution with *honor*. (There's that dirty word that Nixon uses to defend his policy of force.)

If the trouble continues as bad as it has been, I won't go in, I can assure you. Am healthy and the "iron horse" is running well. Have crossed the 2,000 mile mark already on the motorcycle.

ksk September 1970

I have been intending to write for so long, ever since I got your letter in Europe at the end of the summer. I think of you being in South America, and it's not really so strange, now that I myself have been in Paris. Funny, but I never was really convinced Europe existed 'till I was there.

bmj From a city in the Amazon
September 1970

Dear Professor Bowker,

I just gave Time Magazine a once-over (my only real source of even the most superficial information). Please tell me things aren't that bad!

This is an amazing place. I've sat in the sand by the Amazon River, listening to songs from "Easy Rider" blaring from a thatched-roof open restaurant and flipped ants off the sugar bowls in fancy restaurants . . . while I still shrink from cockroaches, I'm quite used to getting all my drinking water from my water filter, going to sleep in the breeze of a fan, scratching mosquito bites, and taking cold showers. Speaking Portuguese is a matter of survival.

lhb Dear Barbara,

The world is worse than Time says it is. I have no hope at all for the human race. Agnew is a maggot who could become the Hitler of World War III without even trying. I just hope I can finish my PhD in time to escape to Canada if a crackdown comes. There are good people, but they

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do not have the power to change the course of history.

Your experiences sound wild and you will have to tell us all about them in the spring.

LHB

c1 May 18, 1972

Just to drop you a note and tell of my whereabouts. I crossed the border this morning and have taken a hotel room in Londonderry. It's pretty grim here - they're fighting on the streets right now as a matter of fact, 500 yards away. Barricades all over the place and bomb explosions now and then. Have talked, so far, to Catholics, Protestants, the Army, and Mr. Average Man on the Street. Will push on to Belfast at the end of the week.

Ernie Pyle

bmj September, 1970

Dear Professor Bowker,

I have to tell you that I witnessed a real Macumba ceremony, complete with the "sacrifice" of a little black kitten and real rolling-in-the-dirt fits, accompanied by candle-light, drums, and dime-store pictures of Mary and St. George. I failed miserably at maintaining an objective sociological perspective.

c1 May 22, 1972
Dear Mom, Dad, & Peeb,

Well, I'm back in Dublin. Made it out of the North today. Quite an experience the last few days. Witnessed bombings, riots, the worst. One of the most ugly things I've ever seen. Belfast is truly terrifying. Got checked by security forces - my pack being fairly suspicious to them as a bomb parcel. Almost walked into a booby trap set by I.R.A. snipers. Toured riot areas with B.B.C. correspondents and others from all over Ireland, England, and Europe. Got an insight into why people are fighting, from the horse's mouth, so to speak. Talked to everyone willing to talk.

So, everyone, keep healthy. Send some of the good weather over -

cdn February 1970

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One of the biology professors gave me the names of the four top schools in microbiology and said I could probably get in, which made my day. I feel pretty neat now. Actually, it means I need to keep working really hard. Looking for a summer job -- all they want is typists. I'll never be a typist.

bmj May 1970

I almost felt guilty, finishing finals on the first day. I felt so good and everyone else was so crabby! Seems almost impossible that it's all over again -- another Graduation approaches. Jack Riehl sent out printed invitations to his second annual garbage-can-filling party!

sgs May 1972

The heavy part of a cloud covers the sun, so I'm wielding a pen to continue my circulation. This half-weather crap really irritates me -- I have few half-weather plans so consequently end up doing nothing. This is the final week in Walla Walla and I'm relatively free. The past two weeks I worked up a 50-page paper for 2 additional art credits. That occupied a great deal of time but I've still accomplished some of those "last time" things I wanted to do. Hot dogged and beered it yesterday with my senior class, on a nearby island, which was rather interesting. Can you believe it was my first time throwing a Frisbee?

cdn February 1971

I was accepted by Tulane with a fabulous fellowship -- all of my tuition paid, plus a \$2400 tax-free stipend. It's really frustrating not to be able to accept it. I don't feel bad about it, but my fiancé feels like a crumb because it is for him that I'm giving this up. Oh well, I have no doubt that I've made the right choice. I've started applying to grad schools over again, at the same places where he has applied to medical schools.

Anon May 1972

I've held this emptiness inside of me since summer began. It's odd how we take for granted the warm little cocoon-like community of Whitman friends we have, isn't it? Then we get thrown out in the cold cruel world and find a loneliness that is nearly unbearable. I don't think I'm exaggerating, either. And it's not just me; I've seen it in everyone here, and (am I mistaken?) even a bit in you. One thing for sure: graduate school is looking better and better to me. I'm just not quite ready to leave the security of the fold yet. Besides, my newly developed "social conscience" is becoming more and more troublesome,

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like I have to search for a me that can give and help. And I haven't found that me yet.

jb Want to hear about a guy I know? He has dark curly hair and blue Irish eyes and he's double-majoring in English and biology and plans to teach and buy a sailboat and hates getting dressed up and is shy around strangers and got me up at 6:30 one morning (before I got sick) to go walking in the wheat fields and plays the guitar and volunteers at the Blue Mountain Boys Ranch every week and plays tennis and smokes a pipe and is perhaps the most gentle person I've ever met and looks like a little boy and is brimming with the essence of being really alive. Doesn't he sound beautiful? He is.

Love,
Judy

-- Fin --