

DIARY

[Anne Page Brydon, '25]

Diary

Very Private.

My Diary

Wed. Sept 26 1923.

Cloudy and cool.

This time I am starting out to keep a permanent diary--like Aunt Evelyn; a record of my thoughts and feelings as well as an account of events. I mean to keep it up longer than I did my last one, so that it can show any progress as changes, and I can look back and see what I was doing or thinking in the past.

To begin with the college year, I'll go back to last Friday, the 21st. Fuzzy and I came up from N.Y. together on the train arriving at college about 5:20. It seemed very strange to be back, after a long and pleasant summer, but we soon got into the routine of college life so that it seemed as if we had

never been away. I was horribly lonesome and home sick the first few nights, since I had never been alone like this before, but now I am a little more settled and quite like the independence of a single room. I see quite a bit of Lizdee--she & I went off campus for food Saturday, and today. We took Mary [Betts], Poggie Reese & Roberta Whitehead off and treated them at the Flag Shop. Poggie certainly is cute & attractive. Have been up in Lizdee's room several times--she has a marvelous view from her window--really inspiring. I wish I knew the secret of Fuzzy's charm. Perhaps it is that she is always greatly interested in the other person, is very lovable & sympathetic. She is a darling child[.]

Sunday evening I took Mary [Betts] & Va Heard to

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Sept 26.

the Christians Welcome meeting in the chapel, where Mr Calkins made a very good address. Have heard from both Mamma and Granny. I thought Cat had enough strength of character to stick it out at Stuart Circle but its seems not. She must have been terribly "homesick" to leave.

Classes have begun in earnest and I hope to get a great deal out of all of them. Miss Washburn is a splendid lecturer. There are several things I am resolved to do this year--

1. Work hard at lessons, cut classes as little as possible.
2. Play hard, go out for basketball & tennis, get plenty of exercise, make many friends and be sociable.
3. Practice music--am going to try for Miss Chittendon's scholarship (Didn't Browning say you should aim high?)
4. Keep up the spiritual life. Read worthwhile books.

And now to bed.

Thursday Sept 27.

Cloudy most of day - cool - Practiced one hour

Today has really gone very well, a busy and happy day. Had first hour free--always a time when there are a million and one things to do, but did copy my music for Harmony. That with Psych lecture and practicing, filled my morning. Kay came this morning and we were all delighted to see her. Don't think she is feeling top notch yet. No classes after lunch--studied some. Kay came up and visited me a while. Went over to the Libe [Library] and looked up some old newspapers of 1865 & thereabouts for Crit. They are really fascinating, and you could learn lots of History by reading them up. Had much war news and all about Lincolns assassination. Very different in appearance from our papers. Lizdee & I went for a walk around the lake. The foliage is be-

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Sept 27-28

ginning to be beautiful. I found some wild asters which I put on the table. I resisted Lizdee's persuasions to go in the Flag and eat and am glad I did, because I must stop eating between meals. Va Heard came to supper with Fuzzy & I sat with them. Have been studying Ec--Kay in here with me. D.A. invited me to her room at 9:30 so must stop and go. Lizdee helped me hang my pictures. She has a lot of taste & good judgment about such things. Feel as if I'm taking cold.

Friday Sept 28

Bright and clear--stormy in evening. Practiced one hour.

I feel much more cheerful than I did the beginning of the week, either because I've gotten used to a single or else because my room is now much straighter. Your surroundings must have a great deal to do with your state of mind. For instance, a cloudy, gray day

often makes one feel dpressed.

Our critical writing class was quite interesting, as we discussed the old newspapers we have been reading. Lizdee & I went shopping-- Fuzzy and Willy were on the same car and we kept meeting them all afternoon. I invested some of my opare cash in an ink well, a 15 [cent] lampshade with sailboats all around it, a towel rack & toilet articles. Looked for cretonnes & a vase, but saw nothing to suit both my fancy and my pocketbook. Was tired so did not go to the movies with the rest. Got the "Scarlet Letter" out of the Libe [Library] to begin. Played bridge with Laura vs Fuzzy & Monnie before they left. When Lizdee comes in I am going up to her room & read, (perhaps eat!)

Am determined to read a lot of good books this year--haven't begun so far. Fuzzy was reading Edgar Lee Masters tonight.

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Sunday Sept 30.

A Beautiful sunny day, but crisp and cool--it feels good to be alive.

The clocks were turned back last night so we had an extra hour of sleep. Got up for breakfast and after it finished my trunk and straightened up, then paid Lizdee a little visit and we walked to chapel together. She has a stunning new lavender sport outfit which is very becoming. I don't remember much of the talk in chapel--he was very hard to listen to--except, one sentence "My friends, it is a great hour when one meets Jesus Christ" That struck me particularly in the sense of meeting the divine in a great personality (as Roosevelt or Lincoln) a book, picture, piece of music or marvelous

view, whether or not it is meeting Him for the first time. I played bridge for the first time

in my life on Sunday. Eliz. Baldwin, the soph [sophomore] next to me stopped by and asked me to make a fourth and I said yes without thinking and then it was too late. Mary Alice (Mac) Kelsey is her roommate & there was a McGlynn's freshman, too. Then the "inner man" was fed, both materially & spiritually -- Theo Castellini played beautifully for us and also another girl. Now I am going over to practice, & I hope, for a walk later.

Yesterday, I practiced, read "The Heart of the Puritan", took my three freshmen to the reception where we had to wait an hour and a half for the stunt party to begin. K. Richards is very quiet, though awfully nice & pretty. Played bridge with Monnie & Mary [Hellyser] until chapel which I did not go to. Stayed home to rest & read the "Scarlet Letter". Lizdee & Isabel came in and stayed until quarter of eleven, and while I enjoyed having them, I was so worn out & sleepy it wasn't even funny! I must have been terrible company.

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Monday Oct 1st

Another lovely fall day-- Practiced 1 hour --

Was late getting up as I had nothing till psych 3rd hour-- Studied a lot of Crit today--reread Justice / Galsworthy) and looked for a critical news article. After Ec there was a class meeting about Mohonk, Jun. Party etc.

Visited Ellen & stayed to dinner. After chapel went to see Va Heard who has moved to 326B Main, & ran in to see Nancy Cole. Came home but have loafed all evening. Had a letter from Dad this morning. My package came from home & also my paper. Could not find anything about my box. Last night Lizdee & I after our walk went to supper at the "Popover"--very attractive, the old sandwich shop.

Tuesday Oct 2nd

Perfect weather. Practiced an hour.

Got up about 7:15. Classes went pretty much as usual. After sixth hour, I finished

reading "Joy" by Galsworthy, then went up to Lizdee's room and played some of her pretty records. When she came, we went for a walk, stopping by the Flag for refreshment (which I shouldn't have done as it was so near dinner). Anne Horney had her cousin [Miss] McGregor over & I sat beside her. She graduated here in '21, is awfully attractive. Her brother just finished at V.M.I. in June.

The Oxford-Vassar debate took place. Two of their speakers were very good, Had better points than ours, I thought. I got so horribly sleepy I lost about half of it. Ruth Driver, Maxine Goldmark & Ruth Hall were our speakers on the negative. Resolved: that the French occupation of the Ruhr is greatly prejudicial to the welfare of the world.

Wednesday Oct 3rd

Lovely weather, crisp & clear. Practiced half an hour

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Oct 3rd

My three free hours this morning I spent in doing Ec, practicing, writing an editorial for Crit and going (fruitlessly) to

the Lost and Found. Can't imagine what has become of my ring, but certainly hope I'll find it. Miss Gillett is sick so we had Millsie. My mail today was my October allowance & a bill from Luckey's. Wrote a letter to Daddy. Went over to play tennis with Ellen 8th hour but she didn't show up. After chapel, I had my first "Lyrics" lesson under Miss Chittendon. So far, it is fascinating and I expect we'll all get a great deal out of it. Miss Chit is a person who has read and thought a great deal for herself, and says many noteworthy things apart from the subject. Tonight she taught us the origin and growth of the modern scale, the difference between rhythm & meter, giving primary, secondary & tertiary rhythms. She said an artist once took a picture he had painted to a great master who began putting a daub here and a line there. When asked

what good that did, he answered, "It is the place where the fine touches count that art begins." Miss Chit. told us to sleep on that statement and think about it a lot, because that showed us the only way we could be artists. Walked home with the Polish girl--had to ask her to repeat everything she said. She is quite friendly, & has a nice little sense of humor. Lizdee came in and we had a cup of tea. Up late doing Harmony.

Friday, October 5th.

Perfect weather these past two days. Practiced 1 1/2 hours yesterday and an hour today.

Yesterday morning, did music hastily all first hour, did not finish it, so only got 88 on it. After lunch, Kay D.A. Lizdee and I walked downtown, chiefly to go to the bank. Read some of Heart of the Puritan, then Lizdee & I went to Carey's and had something to eat. Did not go to song practice & forgot step singing which grieved me

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Oct 5

very much. After chapel, Miss Tabor spoke informally to all the girls interested in Lincoln center. I was surprised to learn that out of a pop of 35,000 Po keep sie [Poughkeepsie] has about 16,000 foreigners. Just about a half. I signed for Thursdays, but Tex asked me to come Tuesdays instead and help with the little kids. Lizdee came in my room with some crackers and we munched & read until 10. I finished The Fugitive. Want to read it over again some time. I simply must stop eating so much. I shall try to go for a week with out eating more than politeness requires between meals, & see next Fri. if I have.

Lessons went about as usual today. Had a cut from Crit on acc't of Mrs Bucks going away. Lizdee & I went for the loveliest long walk, out on the covered bridge road and around the maple circle. Gorgeous weather and the fall colors are beginning

to appear. The sumach [sumac] and the Va [virginia] creeper on stone walls is beautiful. After chapel went to hear Count Apponyi lecture on Hungary. He is over 70, and very aristocratic looking. The talk was good, but as usual I missed about half by being so sleepy. Found my ring yesterday, in my coat pocket! The weather is quite chilly. Wrote to Charlotte & Mother.

Saturday--Oct 6

Cloudy, but cool & snappy.
Practiced over an hour.

This really is Sunday, but I didn't have a chance to write yesterday. Got up late & had breakfast in Mid & Isabel's room with 2 freshmen who had spent the night & Dot Cunningham. Practicing occupied the remainder of the morning. After lunch I played tennis with Isabel. She won, but I enjoyed playing very much anyway. Then I went to Main to get supplies for breakfast Sunday. Lizdee

Oct 7.

went with me to see K Richards. Asked her to go to Mohonk. Louise Ritchie, a freshman, talked about her trip around the world last year. Spent a lot of time in India, Burmah [Burma], China & other countries of the far East. After dinner, spent an hour in the Libe looking up books for Crit. Then there was the stunt party, one number of which was a good minstrel show, followed by doughnuts & cider.

Sunday Oct 7

clear & cool.

Practiced one hour.

Meant to get up early and do some of my reading which I have neglected of late, but alas for good intentions! Got dressed about 9-- Roberta & Virginia came in at quarter past. Poggie had another engagement, so Lizdee took her place. I was glad to have her help in entertaining. We all went down to St Paul's. Also DA., Kay, Jimmy & 2 freshmen. The service was very nice and I was very glad I went.

Were a little late for lunch. Afterwards had coffee & Mary Swomchavka (?), the Polish girl played. Practiced an hour, then sat in Lizdee's room & wrote to Granny & Margaret M. Kay D.A. & I went for a walk by Whitlocks and around the state road. Beautiful sunset. Met Virginia Heard as we came North & kept her for supper; we went to dark. Went up to Lizdee's & played the Vic. Carol R. was up there. Fuzzy went to West Point.

Monday Oct 8

Lovely weather.

Practiced 45 minutes.

Haven't time to write much. Had my first psych lab with D. McCullough this morning; Psych lecture & practiced. Studied Ec 5th, tennis with Isabel 6th, Ec quiz 7th & studied 8th. No mail. Have a psych written tomorrow & lots of Eng. Meant to study all evening but had 3 lengthy callers, Lizdee, Dot & Jimmy. Went to supper with Eleanor R in Davison; the

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Oct 9

dining room was full, so we came over to North again. Step singing was fine to night.

Tuesday Oct 9.

"October's bright blue weather." Hazy clear & cool.

Prac. 20 min. lesson 35 min.

A record! Was down to breakfast almost on the dot. Studied psych hard all first, then had Harmony and the quiz. My first lesson with Miss McGregor, whom I like better every time I see her. She gives some encouragement and shows personal interest. Won my heart by calling me Nancy instead of "Miss Brydon" formally. I don't find Miss Reed dull, as I heard last year, in fact I like her a great deal! She is just, treats you as if you were grown up, & has a nice sense of humour. She is giving up 3 cuts in the next week (which doubtless accounts for the praise). Haven't decided whether Crit. is going to be dull or interesting, but I'm sure Amer. Lit is. Did not go to Lincoln center 7th because I had no cash & as everybody was at class meeting could not borrow any money or a [bike].

A letter from Granny this morning told me to "take warning [by cat] and find something you will want to do. An expensive education should lead to some definite object these days." That is most pertinent advice, but the question still remains, how does one know what she wants to do until she has tried something? I like the work we have been doing at Lincoln Center, but have doubts as to whether I was cut out for that kind of work. Certainly I don't want to be idle after graduating; and having been given this wonderful opportunity of going to college, ought to make the most of it. Have thought of teaching, of physical education or public health work. Might also consider library work or statistical work. But whatever my "career" is, I don't want to choose merely for the sake of earning a living, but something which I am interested in, can throw myself into, heart & soul but which is worthwhile, and doing some good in the world for others. This expresses my views on the subject at present. Also had a note from Aunt [T], saying she got my cheque.

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Wed October 10.

Cloudy in morning, raining in afternoon.
Practiced one hour.

This has been a full day. 1st hour, I went up to Lizdee's room and described the view for Crit. Then Ec, and lesson with Miss Chittendon; wish I could stop feeling like a scared child. but do like her. Practiced until 12:20, studied fifth hour. The Deans office took me off census on acc't of the Hist I topic, so saw Miss Brown who said she would fix it. Searched some more for the box, without results. No exercise today. Mail was the Scarlet Letter from home & Misc. 7th hour Miss Fiske gave her lecture on language; an interesting subject but poorly delivered. We have to do topics on some phase of it. Isabel, Lizdee Dot & I went down to the Retreat for ice cream; alas for good resolutions! They were further broken in Isabel's room tonight; she, Med, Lizdee & I played bridge, had cocoa & cookies, also doughnuts & an apple. My second class with Miss Chit. tonight. She is fascinating, except for the question she pops at the end, "What did you get?" We sang a no [number] of cunning folk songs. Said tonight that the pedal is the soul of the piano.

Thursday

Practiced an hour.

Studied for Harmony quiz, which turned out to be not so bad. After 2nd hour, Lizdee & I walked downtown for exercise and to get some things. I wanted to go to [Elverhoj's] to order a college ring, but they were closed at twelve. As it was late, we stayed down, had a sundae at Smith's, and waited til quarter of two for the place to open. After we got back we went over to Music hall and practiced an hour. I had a letter from Mother. Developed a headache so took a nap, but was no better when I woke up. Got Dr. Kittredge to give me some aspirin, which helped me a lot, though I was sleepy all evening. Lizdee was darling & stayed in here with me till ten. The other kids came to ask about me and Jimmy me some flowers. I couldn't eat a mouthful of supper. Missed singing and chapel. In bed at ten. Weighed 141 this morning.

Friday Oct 12.

Practiced 2 hours.

Felt much better this morning. In my three free hours (3rd 4th 5th)

I practiced, and did work for Crit. Gave my report on "Is Criticism Creative?" but did not do it as well as Hottenstein & Clawson. The report on the [W]Y American was interesting. I practiced another hour; sat in Isabel's room with her & Dot C, till time to dress for supper. Did not go to the Soph-Junior debate on the Honor System. Our side won. Did some reading for Crit in the Libe. Went to bed about 11.

Saturday Oct 13.

The memorable trip to Mohonk occurred [occurred] today. The weather was hazy, though the sun did come out, and not very cold. Virginia and Kathryn came over for me at 7:30, after an early breakfast. We went down on the car with Jimmy, Kay, Fuzzy & the bunch, but did not see them all day after that except in passing. We were on an open trolley to New Paltz--simply packed on. We three walked up from N. Paltz, taking short cuts where the barges couldn't go, though climbing is very strenuous exercise. We walked every bit of the way, getting to Mohonk

about quarter to 12; did not get seats in the dining room, so had a very nice lunch in picnic lodge, 3 sandwiches, apple, egg, cake; with milkshake & Hershey bars in addition. After K & Va wrote some cards we started up the crevice. It was fun but took ages. Kay R. switched off to the path & was glad she did; she isn't as husky as Va. We had to tear down to get back by three. Somebody took my coat by mistake & that took a long time to find. A lot of people rode down that shouldn't have, so about 16 of us got left out, & had to wait 3/4 of an hour for barges. But we changed to cars at Mt Rest, so got to New Paltz as soon as the others. The lake was exquisite as usual and the autumn foliage gorgeous. Wish I could describe the beauty of it all. My two helped to entertain each other. I enjoyed the day a lot and think they did too. We were too late for supper and they were darling and invited me to the Popover where we had a delicious supper though slow in coming. Saw a man who I think was the leader of the Episcopalians at Bear Mt last year.

Bed about 10:45.

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Sunday Oct 14

Warm & clear.

Practiced 3/4 of an hour.

Lizdee had Monnie and me up to breakfast. It was so dainty and nice, & delicious grapes & other food. I wore a white sweater & skirt. The preacher in chapel was very good--spoke about the ideal of service that most of us have, but said we should have something in ourselves to carry out our ideals with. We can never get rid of ourselves, no matter how bored or disgusted we are with ourselves, so we should each have a deep well of personal life to carry us on. I read some in The Teachings of Christ, before lunch, then went into Isabel's room and glanced over the Times. There was a fine article about Lee by Gamaliel Bradford, which gave the Southern point of view and showed why he was justified in being loyal to his state rather than to the U.S. gov't. After lunch, Anne Horney played for us. Lizdee & I went over to Music hall together. While there, the fire whistles began to blow, so we dashed out to the fire. It turned out to be a box of trash in Josselyn basement on fire. I read a couple of stories in Dot's "Red Book Magazine" for something to

do, then wrote to Bessie. After supper Lizdee & I went to dark Music, which was lovely; then I sat up in her room and read Galsworthy's A Bit o' Love while she made fudge. My resolutions for coming week are to do my work by dividing up my time well, also to have plenty of exercise on acc't of the cup contest, not eat between meals, be sociable, & if possible, have time for reading some, though this is doubtful because of the Eng. theme.

Monday Oct 15 1923

Cloudy, getting cooler.

Practiced an hour.

Monday mornings seem to be well occupied with Psych Lecture, Lab and Practice--nothing that has to be prepared. My mail was a note from Janet Wurlitzer to say that I couldn't work at L.C. because I'm off census. This morning at 8:20 I

was met at the door of North by the Janitor with my long sought box! I nearly embraced him, I was so delighted. They found it in Main. After lunch, I went to the Libe and spend two hours on my English topic, which I have decided is to be on "Place-names". It promises to be interesting. Tonight I read an article in the Geographic.

on origin of our State names which was most interesting. For Crit, I had to read the chapter on Education in Lewishon's Upstream, in which he says, and with a lot of truth, I think, that the "average American" comes to college not in search of truth or for an inner change, but merely for sharper tools for his profession, knowledge, skill and accomplishment. We are afraid of not conforming to a pattern of being "different"; we do not really think to use our minds.

We had to write again in Ec. Mary Betts asked me over to McGlynn to supper. She has moved to the adjoining cottage. ...to chapel & studied in Lib til nine thirty. Walked home with D.A. We went in for a wee visit to Fuzzy who was reading a book we were referred to in Romance last year. That is what I want to do, get in a great deal of outside reading, but it is very hard to do.

(Woodberry, p.4)

"The appreciation of literature is by no means a simple matter; it is not the ability to read nor even a canon of criticism and rules of admiration and censure that are required; but a live soul, full of curiosity and interest in life, sensitive to impressions, acute and subtle in reception, prompt to complete a suggestion and always ready with the light of its own life to serve as a lamp unto its feet."

Tuesday Oct 16

Clear-- Practice--none besides lesson.

Wore a white skirt & lavender sweater. Did not finish my Harmony, so should not put it off til first hour to do. Then had psych and Music lesson. Miss McGregor is so nice. Lizdee and I went up to the [coop] bookshop; she bought Drinkwater's Lee for N. Cole's birthday, also had her over to supper tonight. Spent fifth hour on my topic for English and also worked on it tonight. I went to the Dean's office & Miss Flick said I was on census again. Miss Brown gave me a C on the baby History. So I went down to L.C. this afternoon. Rode down on [Nied's] bike. Worked upstairs with Lee Kennedy (26); had tiny children, kindergarten age. Got my college ring. It is quite good-looking. Dot asked Isabel and me in to have a cup of tea. We sat and talked until eleven--mostly about people, did not reconstruct the world.

Wed Oct 17

Clear-- Practiced an hour.

Had Ec second hour, then worked on my topic and wrote a resume of Lewishohn's chapter on the Business of Education (Upstream) for Crit. Had

American Lit again. In crit we had a study of the Sat. Eve Post, and NY American, the Scope of Critical Writing and Writing for a country newspapers as oral topics thses past two days. All very intersting and well done. Practiced, then met Dot & Isabel by chance and went for walk with them up to Sunset and thro the glen. Had a note from Granny enclosing a long letter from Aunt Mildred. Coley is going to Columbia until Feb. In Lyrics, we spent most of the time in singing little folk songs. Miss Chittendon said, on the side, that the Asiatic and European were as far apart as night & day. The Oriental is subtle and cunning while the Occidental is more practical. He sees shades of color and music that we have no perception for. This difference in temperament is the difference between intuition and will. These are different manifestations of the God-power in mankind. They are the seers, we the doers. We build bridges and railroads; he would sell his soul for a piece of beautiful embroidery. One kind of temperament can not get

along without the other any more than the bow without the arrow. There will not be peace in the world until we

recognize and make use of this fact.

This was a viewpoint entirely new to me. I was interested in seeing that Miss Wylie in her essay What is English had somewhat of the same idea. She said that it has long been recognized that we are a practical people caring more about action [than] for understanding; but we should learn to see things as they are in themselves.

Thursday

Practiced an hour. Cloudy & damp.

I've been reading Lewishon's Upstream, An American Chronicle, an extremely well written biography, and one which tells us quite a few things we ought to know about ourselves. He is a German-Jew who came to this country at the age of nine, and has become thoroughly Americanized. But he sees us with an impersonal eye, though a very just and fair one. As far as I

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have read, I have been struck especially with what he says about the attitude of the average American about education; and also by the intolerance and narrow mindedness of many in this land of democracy. Much of what he says is very true and gives us food for thought, though I disagree with part of what he says.

My evening was spent very pleasantly, though unprofitably, (for I ought to have been studying) in reading Upstream and also some of the poems in The Gypsy Trail. My theme is coming slowly. I can't seem to get inspiration to write what I want to say.

Isabel and I tried to play tennis twice today but it rained.

One section of Crit met this morning; we read & discussed our own themes. The class liked my description of the view from North Tower.

No mail today.

Lizdee & I indulged in ice-cream at the Retreat; then went to song practice.

Friday. Oct 19.

Practiced an hour

Had music an[d] Ec, then practiced for over an hour, and studied

a while.

It was raining in the afternoon which prevented the hockey game between '25 & '27. Isabel had tea in her room; asked Dot, Wag, Lizdee & me in. It was very nice. Isabel has a bad cold. Mi[d] still away. We had to hurry to get dressed for dinner with the Rulofson's. While dressing, I had a visit from Ruth Dillard, a new member of our class, who has been studying in Paris & lives in Charlottesville. Didn't have time to see much of her. Just as we started out, the fire whistles blew for Joss' and we rushed over, but it was only burning trash again.

The dinner was delightful; Mrs Rulofson is a charming hostess, who can talk exceedingly well on many subjects, has a sense of humor, & is well-read & well-informed. Carol was pleasant too. Jimmy, D.A., Monnie, Lizdee, Fuzzy, Kay and Willy were there. After we came home, I went up to Lizdee's room. We were both to work on our topics, but sat up till 1:30 talking about things in general instead.

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Saturday Oct 20.

Practiced an hour.

Cleared up, fortunately for Mohonk.

Did not wake up til 8:20. Worked all morning and part of the afternoon on my theme which I finally finished but did not copy. Isabel has gone to the Infirm [Infirmery] & I am to feed the gold fish. Had letters from Mamma & Daddy both; hadn't heard for a long time.

Practiced an hour, then Lizdee and I went for a bike ride before supper, on the same road where Eleanor Bee & I walked last Thanksgiving;-- the countryside is perfectly gorgeous with the splashes of color everywhere and the blue hills across the river. We took the wrong road coming back and ended up in somebody's backyard. Got back about 6.

After supper there was a concert by the French American String Quartet. The cello & 1st violin were especially fine, but the whole concert was excellent. I love stringed instruments anyway, and they had such a fine touch. We sat with the Rulofsons, & then Mrs. R treated us to Lemonade at [c]jarey's. Bed fairly early, for once.

Sunday Oct 21

Practiced an hour & a half.

Wonderfu & clear. Getting cooler.

Got up for breakfast, then straightened up, read my book some, dressed, started a letter home, which I finished after chapel. Anne Harvey and another girl played for us after chapel. Lizdee and I walked over to Music hall. I practiced my scales, 96 triads and Witches Revels for an hour and a half then went to the Lib, and read two more chapters in Lippman's Public Opinion. I don't care for him particularly; his book would be more valuable to a person interested in reporting or newspaper wrting. He says, quite truly, that most people see events or people according to stereotyped ideas instead of as they really are.

We went for a walk before supper, then to dark music, which was as lovely as usual. I wrote to George, and Lizdee & I had tea in her room, made in her new brass kettle! I'm planning to have tea for Mrs. R & Carol Thursday afternoon. Lizdee and I sat up till after twelve

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talking about ourselves, especially in regard to why we weren't better liked by girls as well as men. Jimmy, Kay, Fuzzy, Marge & the rest of the bunch went up to Sunset tonight on a picnic and did not ask us, at which we were both hurt; not that we wanted to go particularly, but that we felt they didn't want us. The trouble must be with ourselves. Clothes, figure, method of fixing your hair, social position have much to do with it, but your personality and ability to get on with people have more. Crutch and Dot Hall & Dixie Cook, & Tita & others (Duzie) are liked by everybody. They are so friendly & cordial and interested in other people. Also Fuzzy. They are able to talk which is an enormous asset and one that I would do well to cultivate--seriously and also amusingly if occasion demand. That is my chief trouble. I am apt to be passive & selfcentered and not interested in people or able to talk to them. I am going to make a great effort to improve in this line, by having girls to dinner, etc. Any effort at self-expression will help me, I think. That is one reason for the diary. However, I should have something to express.

Monday Oct 22

Clear & cooler.

Practiced hour.

The morning passed as usual. After lunch I borrowed Carol R's typewriter and spent a large part of the afternoon and evening typing my theme, which I finally finished. Carol & Mrs. R. said they would love to come & have a cup of tea

on Thursday. After Ec, I played basket ball for the [cup] contest Clawson coached. It was fun, but I am terribly out of proactice. Mostly freshmen & sophs out. Cut chapel on acc't of so much work. Have not done my Harmony. Read Pater's essay on Wordsworth.

Have not eaten anything between meals except 2 little cookies in Jimmy's room.
Tuesday Oct 23
Steady, cold rain

Was too late getting up to get any breakfast, but did not feel the need of it, strangely. Did harmony 1st hour but did not finish it, so have twice as much for next time. Writing original melodies is hard work.

18.

after psych had lesson with Miss McGregor, who criticized the position of my hands, & said one should "caress the keys". Miss Reed read some of Ben Franklin's autobiography, told something of his life, & showed pictures. Mrs. Buck read two of my themes aloud--the description from the tower & report of Lewishon, Bus. of Education. The first was picked to pieces by the class but no doubt needed it. Went down to L.C. took me 3/4 of an hour on acc't of the poor car service. I walked a long distance while waiting for it to come. I can't see that I do much with the little children. They play with blocks, blow bubbles, etc; and I am afraid I haven't much knack with them. It would help if I could get together some simple games to play with them. Had a nice letter from Granny this morning. Ruth Dillard came over to dinner & I like her very much; she is an attractive girl. As we had no chapel on acc't of the rain we played bridge till 7:30. Studied Ec all evening. Apple & 1 cracker all I've eaten between meals.

Wednesday Oct 24
Practiced
Still raining--practiced 1st hour. After Ec had a lesson with

Miss Chit. who gave me some more technique. Read Miss Wylie's What is English 4th hour, which we discussed in Crit. Lizdee & I walked off campus to look for cookies, finally ordered some oatmeal & white cookies at the Popover. Stopped raining in time for chapel, after which we went to the lecture on English composers instead of to Lyrics. Mr. Bliss is young, good-looking, very entertaining though frightfully embarrassed, and extremely English. He played several pieces on the piano and Victrola. I sat up til after one doing harmony.

Thurs Oct 25

Had tea for Mrs. Rulofson this afternoon; everyone came and it went off very smoothly and people seemed to have a good time. Willy's cups matched mine so nicely. Had my hair washed.

Friday Oct 24.

D.A. had tea for the brunch and the Rulofsons at 4:30 while Fuzzy & Monnie took them to the cider mill for supper. We went

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to the dress rehearsal of Soph party, which was very good. Shorter than the usually..., and a few choruses. Polly Hitchcock is a scream. The prologue, in King Tuts court, was very effective, with its cubist scenery.

Saturday & Sunday

Studied and practiced in the morning. Nine of us hike to the Elverhoi colony--leaving at 2:30 & walking the 6 miles or

so from Highland beyond Milton. Jimmy, Kay, D.A., Isabel, Mid, Fuzzy, Monnie, Dot and I. A wonderful clear crisp day for it. Most of the way was on the state road with entirely too many automobiles. We got our supplies at Milton. Elverhoi is right on the river; a lovely situation with the hills back of it, and trees all around. We cooked supper first, up in the woods in a cleared place for it. The stars were wonderfully bright and friendly above the tall trees, and later the moon came up across the Hudson. We had a good supper & then sat around the fire talking singing & toasting marshmallows. Kay

and I slept together in one of the double beds in the cottage for campers, and managed to keep pretty warm in spite of the cold night. Sunday we had late breakfast, cleaned up and Mr. Anderson showed us all over the house, where there were some lovely things. I was particularly struck with an old sea captain's chest, and an antique (Italian) buffet or chest in the parlor, and also with a silver service made there at Elverhoj. After lunch, Mr. J. Scott showed us the studio and many of his pictures which we were all crazy about. There is a delicacy and quaintness about his little sketches that I like very much. Many were made in France during the war. We like him so much too. Coming back we were pretty tired and thankful for lifts. We reached North a short time before it began to rain. Dark music was lovely; Alice Allen played the cello.

Monday.

Played tennis with Isabel. We had an Ec written which I flunked.

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Tuesday

I rode down to Lincoln Center on Betsey's bike. Played with the little children; then they had some stories told them. Tuesday evening was Miss Chittendon's recital which was most enjoyable. Mid played especially well, also Peter Hooker, and Martha Alter. I loved Reflets dans L'eau (Debussy)[--]you could fairly see the reflections dancing before you.

Psych quiz. Music lesson.

Wed.

Had a conference with Mrs. Buck, who did not give any constructive criticism. Sat up late doing Harmony. Had a fire drill. Miss Chittendon's class as usual was most inspiring. She firmly believes that the future of the world lies in the hands of the college woman. She thinks we should learn to move our body rhythmically by means of dancing, folk songs and so forth. She has such a marvelous personality, that she inspires you to do your very best.

Thursday Nov. 1.

Practiced

Up late; in Crit Mrs. Buck read Lewisohn criticisms (mine not yet written) and we had an interesting discussion on the subject. Spent the rest of the morning at Music, the afternoon doing Franklin reading in the Lib. Lizdee and I went for a nice long walk before supper, ending up at the college farm. After chapel, studied Ec and wrote home.

Friday Nov. 2

I have quite neglected my little diary of late; the past week was written from memory. My latest ambition is to really learn how to write, inspired by Miss Read today; so while the inspiration was upon me, I ordered a dictionary at the Book Ship, and hope that will keep me to my purpose. If Ben. Franklin could learn from Addison, why could not I, as

well as from Pater and other masters of English. Miss Reed suggested doing a careful bit of translation every day, first exactly, the putting it into idiomatic English. She said we should observe beautiful

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phrasing and sentences and try for more direct expression.

I only received a C+ on my Puritan paper, but think it would be an excellent thing to rewrite it just for the satisfaction of making it better. In addition to what Miss Reed said, I think it would be a good plan to try imitating the style of different writers, and another thing to write down a thought description (or reproduce) as logically and well as possible, every day. Will invest in some cheap paper, and perhaps borrow Fuzzy's synonyms and antonyms. Clear expression in writing would help me in speaking too. Another more material aim is to lose a few pounds before Thanksgiving time. I have had five hours of exercise this week. Mid and I had a fine game of tennis this afternoon. The weather is glorious. Worked on props for Junior party, making silver goblets. Fuzzy & Monnie had a Hallowe'en party in M's room. Play cards, had cider, sandwiches & cakes for refreshments. Lots of fun. Must go to bed. Lots of work this week-end.

Saturday.

Practiced. Clear & cold.

Got up at seven:ten. Practiced an hour and a half, then came home. Went up to Lizdee's room where I read some of Franklin, and started my Lewisohn paper, but we accomplished more talking than work. Studied some after lunch on Harmony. We went over for the mail and then for a nice long walk out the state road (covered bridge road) and back through the Wing farm. I bought two pair of stockings. After dinner, we had step-singing; and I spent the evening making a start on my psych topic which is to be on Mental Imagery, a fascinating subject so far. Lizdee & I were inspired to have a cup of tea so we invited Mid in too; she brought some gum drops and chestnuts which we roasted in the chafing dish. They were delicious big ones. Lizdee contributed crackers & jam. I ate much too much, considering my new (?) resolution. Wish I had as much strength of character as Marge. Believe I could if I would develop it. I wasted a lot of time today. Did my reading this AM. First time for a week or so to bed late. Burning candle at both ends again!

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Sunday.

Practiced 3/4 hour. Warmer.

Rose at 7:40, brought rolls for 115, for Mid & Lizdee. Washed dishes, stockings, etc. Wrote to Bessie, then dressed & went to church. The service at St Pauls is very nice; a friendly church. The occasional times I do go to church mean a great deal to me, more than it would ordinarily. Saw Poggie. After lunch, & music, Mid & I walked through Arlington cemetery, then went over and practiced. At 4, I went to hear the Norwegian, Mr. Nansen, who made a very interesting address on the "Humanitarian work of the League of Nations>" He talked about repatriation, and how the prisoners of war had been returned. He is about middle height, with white hair and dee-set eyes, a clean-cut face; well-dressed and of distinguished mien. Kay and I walked for half and hour--she told me about her day in N.Y. Lizdee & I went to Dark music, then I sat in her room & read & wrote while she made fudge which I did not eat.

Wednesday Nov 7.

Have been terribly busy these last few days so have not had much time for writing. I finally handed in the Lewisohn

paper Tuesday. In American Lit we have finished Franklin and are studying Bryant, Longfellow & Thos. Jefferson. It is terrible to have so little time that you can't really do justice to any lesson. I ought to do loads more reading for both Crit and American Lit. and also more practicing. I'd adore to be able to really play. Lizdee & I had supper in Main with K Richards, Caroline & Va Head. Had an awfully nice time. They seem to get so much fun out of life. Had no chapel on account of rain. Junior party seems to be coming along nicely. Props has not been very hard work. Geo. has been sending me the [Log]. Hope he invites me to the game. Letter from Granny but none from Mamma or Daddy. [Y]--much better.

Thurs Nov 8

Pracited 2 hours.

Spent my first hour [out] for

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Crit) in doing Harmony. After lunch, studied a little fifth hour, then did props 6th and 7th and went to Psych lecture by Miss Gleason 8th. After chapel, there was dress rehearsal of Junior party, which seems to be going fine. Had a letter from Daddy this morning. Va Heard was over to dinner with Fuzzy. Fuz. is going with Monnie to West Point this week-end. Have miles of studying to do.

Friday Nov. 9

Practiced an hour

Studied Ec before first hour, and wrote my familiar essay Backstage Impressions 3rd & 4th. After American Lit, I had a conference with Miss Reed. She made me read my Puritan paper to her, and criticised it. She suggested that I do more reading of the authors themselves and less about them. Practiced and went for a walk with Lizdee. After chapel, met Kay and Spot, who is up for the weekend, and went to assembly to

hear Dr Meiklejohn, former Pres of Amherst. Prexy spoke of him as the man who has made thinking popular in the colleges, and he certainly does make you think. His subject: What is Scholarship? He gave as a definition, that scholarship is what the mind does. This activity of the mind is not an object in itself but should be used in solving your difficulties, in other words it is the application of ideas to life. The mind is regarded in three ways: (1) a part of the nervous system by the physical sciences, (2) by the social sciences, as something which does things, (3) by the philosophic sciences as the creative spirit, so that the world is as you see it. All three of these are true of the mind, but he thinks the third is most important. Philosophy is more important than social or physical sciences because it attempts to see things as a unity

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rather than in separate parts. As an illustration he mentined the picture puzzle. People declare that it cannot be done, that we know so much that it is impossible to see the world as a whole. He thinks perhaps it is impossible in our present stage of development, but it is something we should strive for. We should ever try to relate all our knowledge together in one unified whole.

Another idea of his is that it is impossible to teach a college student anything, though you may place a field of knowledge at his disposal for him to learn as he will, and offer to guide him. Thinks lectures should be abolished. Tries to get up discussions and fights between people & make them use their minds. --- We had to leave before the discussions for a rehearsal of Act II of Junior Party. The DA had tea for Spot

and Julie. D.A. is going to N.Y. tomorrow to spend the weekend with her father. We had a nice time at tea.

Sat. lunch cider mill, tea to meet Mid's mother, Junior party.
Sunday, Nov 11.

Practiced an hour and a half.

Mid, Carol, Mary Ellen Peck and I spent the evening in Mary Hellyer's room to discuss Dr. Meiklejohn's lecture. We used that more as a starting point for a discussion of what the mind is, and how it differs from the spirit. We finally agreed that mind is the finite or mechanical part, a channel through which the spirit works. The infinite mind=spirit=God=Love is the impelling force or power behind our minds & working through them. Mary Ellen stated it as Infinite Love impelling the beloved object to do lovely things. We were divided on another question. M.E. and Mary think that Good is the only power in the world; that evil is merely the absence of good, or a vacuum. The rest of us

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think that evil is a positive force working against the good. There is always a struggle between these two forces. We all believe that by opening our minds to and striving for the good, that we thereby leave no place for the evil. Mary thinks that Happiness is the chief motive of our actions, but we finally decided that we are not working selfishly for our own happiness merely, but the highest good or happiness in the world--for others too.

We disagreed with Dr Meiklejohn that the mind is the creative spirit, thinking of it rather as the machinery or the part that acts rather than creates; the creative part of you is the spirit or God-power, the divine in man.

I was about to tell about the sermon this morning, which I liked pretty well at the time, when I realized that I can't reproduce more than a fraction of his sermon. Actually I don't know what he said, aside from the text which was from the

book of Daniel about Shadrach etc who were cast into the furnace for refusing to worship the golden image. That we should likewise refuse to do it whether the image be money, politics or popularity. That if we did refuse, the fiery furnace for us would be the unpopularity, the sneers of others etc. That God would not always interfere with a miracle and it might be better not to; --for instance the Christian martyrs helped their cause more by their death than they would if a miracle had saved them.

He said much more which I have forgotten already. The trouble is my mind is like a sieve which lets things slide through--my retentiveness for memory is poor. Partly it is lack of attention, or perhaps because in my laziness I haven't formed the habit of repeating what I have learned so that it becomes clearly fixed in my mind.

26.

Sunday Nov 18

My diary seems to be weekly instead of daily. I can't write much because it is late and I have much work to do, trying to get ahead on acc't of next week-end in N.Y. This week--I have played basketball--gone to Lincoln center, passed an Ec quiz, done some pretty hard studying, gone to Myra Hess concert with Mary Hellyer (lovely!), sang practices & class meeting, bonfire, painted table, washed stockings. Bought chiffonier from Dot who has moved in with Isabel--Mid in Dot's room--a much better arrangement, if I know Mid. Had a box of candy in the mail yesterday--cheered me up. Think Mr Crane must have sent it. No letters from home--no word from George, but told Aunt F I was coming down anyway. Had supper with Ruth Dillard Saturday. Virginia came over Thursday. Ellen today to dinner, N Cole to supper. Lizdee went to

Yale-Princeton game. Yale won 27-0.

We had beautiful music in chapel this morning--soloist, harp, cello best of all. I frankly confess that is what I went for-- I would have cut otherwise, to study. What would Daddy say!

Ellen is such a sweet girl--I must see a lot of her. D.A., Kay and I had a nice walk before supper this afternoon. It is wonderful how much better one feels in spirit after two nights of 9 hours sleep each. You gain in self respect and vitality also availability. Of course it may be due to the unexpected candy, but I rather think it was the sleep. My strength of character is apparently on the wane; I have not gone to bed early other nights, nor kept my diary, nor done daily reading & exercise, nor refrained from eating between meals nor arranged my time to the best advantage so as to keep my lessons well done. After all, perhaps it is better, as Mary Hellyer says, to do things spontaneously while you are young & not be a grind, for when you are older you won't be so apt to, being more tied down.

Mon Nov 26

I am the worst person I know for trifling and not getting down to work to do what I ought. I have studied today, but should have accomplished twice as much in the same time. I wrote a note for the Round Robin, & to Dr Williamson to thank him for the pictures. The mid-semester in Ec wasn't as bad as I expected, but don't know whether I did well or not. Spent all the evening doing Harmony-- Mrs. Rulofson sent Lizdee & me a box of candy from Maskeys. Very delicious & extremely thoughtful on her part. Enid has asked us to Bridge next Friday in Riverdale. Have decided fully on N.Y. & not Boston. Had a fairly nice week-end in N.Y. Aunt F. was there part of Friday. Coley & I went up to the game--tied 0-0, very closely contested. George & Cleland & Mrs. Harris came to dinner which was very nice. Then G. & C. went up to Healy's (66th & Columbus)

for a supper dance. I was rather peeved that he hadn't taken me but then a sister can't expect to tag along always. I must get me a man if I want to go out & dance etc. Coley is coming up for Sunday morning Uncle R & I took Geo to the 23rd St ferry & saw him off, then walked home. We went to hear Dr. Fosdick as usual his text: "I came that ye might have life & have it abundantly." He showed that Christ disregarded the old customs & meaningless ceremonials of the Jews, but tried to give them a richer, fuller life.

I had dinner at the Commodore with the Harrises & saw them off. Fuzzy & I came up together.

I am going to turn over a new life in regard to time & food. I'm not going to make resolutions, only to be broken but will try from day to day to have an "ordered life". "The prizes of the world go to those who are orderly, industrious, fair & temperate."--Wm Feather.

Dec 1[1]

I believe that you can conquer any fault or develop any quality if you will to hard enough. Your life is what you yourself make it. It is a fearful and wonderful thought. Fearful to think of the opportunities, the precious moments that we let slip, and wonderful to think what a world this would be if we all developed ourselves to the best of our abilities. I think that one's character is made by the minutes rather than days. That the sum of the little things, whether good or bad, counts more in the end than the sudden spurts and efforts toward a fuller life. My chief trouble is failure in will power. I know the things I ought to do, but I don't do them. Why? Each time I fail to do what I have decided I ought, makes it so much harder the next time. Character building & personality development is a slow process. Endurance & will and perseverance count--and faith & prayer. It is our

own fault if we fail to make the most of college, with the wonderful opportunities we have here for friends & work &

play, & deeper knowledge. Ellen Fay seems to have worked out her problem better than many. She thinks, & reads & sees people. She is so sweet & lovable though, it is easy for her to be congenial with people. Just to live in the very best way we know how is one of the hardest things we have to do. It is so easy to drift into a rut. I turn over a new leaf everyday, but at the end of the day it is just like the others. If I honestly try though to live a richer "more abundant" life, and not for myself but for others, I believe I shall succeed.

--Bon soir--

[Image]

The important thing is not to be good, but to be good for some thing. --(?)

116 NORTH HALL
VASSAR COLLEGE
POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y.

Galusha the Magnificent Lincoln
Plato's Republic
King John

White Shadows in the South Seas

Regular Lesson HOurs:

Mon -- 3.25

Thurs -- 9.25

On Mon. Oct. 2nd please come at 2.25 instead of 3.25

A.F. Sullivan

Nancy darling, I hope your next year will be as happy as was my eighteenth year. I'm a little late n'est-ce pas? but you will forgive won't you when I say that Roger arrived in N.Y. several days ago & I have been with him every day since.

Much love, Fuzzy

The Cedars -- J.P. Peabody

Who Loves the Rain -- Frances Shaw

A Cyprian Woman -- Margaret Widdemer
Renaissance (37) -- Millay
pp 45-46

The Listeners -- De la Mare

Song of the Full Catch -- Skinner
[Monotone] -- Carl Sandburg
pp 72-82

Symbols - Drinkwater 111
Leaves - Teasdale 137
Cool Tombs - Sandburg 192

Caliban in the Coal Mines - Untermeyer 232
Roses in the Subway - Burnet 235
Man with the Hoe - Markham 285

The Old Houses of Flanders (268) Hueffers

I Have a Rendezvous with Death (261) Seeger
Draw the Sword O Republic - Masters (262)
Peace - Teasdale 293
Trees - Kilmer 311

Good Company - Baker [311]