

EXTRACTS FROM THE DIARIES OF
DOROTHY LEONARD

1917 A.D.

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LIFE IN GRAND RAPIDS, MICHIGAN

LIFE IN THE LUTHER GULICK SUMMER CAMPS, SOUTH CASCO,
MAINE

LIFE AT VASSAR COLLEGE, POUGHKEEPSIE, NEW YORK

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January 3: Mrs. Vogt and her daughter, Charlotte, Mrs. Dykema and her daughter, Mary Esther, came over for tea.

January 5: Left home at 11:05 — with Marty (Mary Martin) and Dick (Dorothy Dickinson). Waldo (McKee) got on at Ann Arbor to tell me he has been chosen chairman of the J—Hop Committee and wants me to come out to be his partner. It means I will lead the grand march with him, forming the letter "M." I will dance with all the biggest men on campus. Generally speaking, I will be the bell of the ball. How can I work this? I will have to cut Friday classes (at Vassar). Freshmen aren't usually given that privilege. Telegraphed tonight for Mother's permission ... Mother's letter must have worked wonders ... Miss Stamford looked up train schedules — and my records at the Dean's office.

Ice Carnival tonight. Skating on Pratt Lake simply ideal — to music — bonfires all around the lake.

Three cheers. I have permission from the Warden to go to the J—Hop. Telegraphed Waldo. He replied: "Will have the band out to meet you."

January 20: Studied Latin eleven solid hours today. Wonderful Dark Music tonight.

January 25: Mother and Dad are going to chaperone the J—Hop. Went to Madam Homer's concert tonight. Telegraphed Grand Rapids tonight — talked to the whole family — even down to the cook. Dear little Buddie (Chuck Leonard) telling me a long story.

February 17: We all — Class of 1920 — went down to serenade Cyn (Cynthia Wiley) — just elected president of our class.

Sunday: Church — Episcopal High Priest — thought I would die, jumping up and down again — seems so silly — not a bit of meaning to it.

February 25: Church: Dean Shailer Matthews — great to hear a real genuine "go—to—hell" Baptist. Marty's (Mary Martin) mother was here today — great to see someone from home.

Went to hear a Chinaman who was at camp (Sebago—Wohelo) — the Gulick Camp — studying the Camp Fire Girls. I was so thrilled I could hardly contain myself.

February 26: Class meeting. I was nominated for chairman of the Browsing Room Committee. Hope I get elected. I feel rather lost without responsibility. I like to do things in the class, but I haven't been able to get into the swim somehow. I can't get elected to office but I can at least begin to work and show people what I can

do. That's the way I got my jobs in high school.

First flag: Lieutenant Roedner — head of ambulance service — showed pictures of the battle. You could see movies of the men falling into the trenches.

March 5: Marty, Agnes McCrae, Dot Miller and I went to New York. Went to see "The Professor's Love Story" — George Arliss. The dear old absent minded professor is so funny.

March 10: Miss McDonald took Marty, Dot Miller and me shopping in New York. Then Marty and I went to the Sebago—Wohelo Camp Reunion luncheon — so good to see everybody again. Went to New York with \$17 to spend. Came back with \$15!

March 17: Today was the triangular debate — Vassar — Wellesley and Mount Holyoke. Question: "Should the U.S. adopt to the Canadian law of compulsory strike arbitration." Every affirmative won.

March 19: Hurrah. The railroad strike was called off — due, however, to the fact that we are in a state of war with Germany whose Y submarines have sunk three American ships. War can not be declared until Congress is assembled.

March 20: Marvelous lecture today by Professor Textor, my history professor, on the new Russian Revolution.

March 23: Spring vacation coming up. Sitting around this deserted place waiting for our train. Quite a bunch of us today: Marty, Dick, and the Detroit bunch.

March 26: Franta Gulick, Marty's and my Camp Counsellor, came to spend the weekend with Marty and me. She is to give movies and a talk about camp. More G. R. girls must go there.

March 27: Spring vacation. Grandpa Leonard took Sis and me to the opera tonight — Il Trovatore — Boston Opera Company.

April 1: Sunday. Dear old Dr. Wishart — such a relief to hear a regular sermon — and such a sermon! He improves every Sunday. They clapped three times during it. The Church is jammed every week. (Fountain Street Church.)