

## Marion's Diary 1942

### January

1. Thursday: Hedgewood [contingent?] left before breakfast . . . I stayed in bed all day and finished the ear throat business – I hope. Jolly New Year – most disgusting. Everyone sick and tired and lazy.
2. Friday: Up, weak. Nap. Then all of Atkinsons to dinner! Buffet style – visited H.S.S. two by two! Talked, nice party . . . to bed POOPED. Sara working for Nat. YW! Ellen reducing (looks frowsy). Lin nice looking; Anna Margaret at Pembroke – looks pretty able; Edward sophomore at Oberlin – chemistry. Good family. . . . good enuf, weddings and in-laws.
3. Saturday: Me better, Newlin in bed! Doggonit! We wrote to Patey on the rubber check, and to Thomas on the loan and rent . . . and I walked down and mailed 'em. Hope I stay OK. Ice cream for H.S.S., and visit . . . ice cream for Newlin.
4. Sunday: Wet slush – pape's chariot [sic] – everyone in bed. A quiet day. I darned 16 pairs hosiery! Mrs. Maxfield and Phoebe (Drexel) and Ruth (Hospital) called on me. No nap. To bed after session in H.S.S.'s stuffy room – overheated, smelly. No wonder colds hang on!
5. Monday: To bank to fill up our account. Shampoo, shopping. Tired . . . paperer for halls. Newlin still sick, but beat at Parcheesi, wanted to bounce. I refused. Fire almost out – wrote letters late. . . . I wish I knew what to do.
6. Tuesday: See Wednesday! . . . for Wednesday paper hanger in our bed room – nice. Napped, dressed up and called on Merida G. Worth. He knits! More letters – they are getting done, finally. Still COLD.
7. Wednesday: After getting glists, etc, went down to Town! Dress, \$4.95, clock, Xmas money \$4.95. Girlish figger garment. Dentist, wool, etc. Home tired, pleased. Started on dress finishing, did a letter. Cold – to bed early.
8. Thursday: COLD – gosh! Cleaned up here. Looks very nice – new bath curtain and all. Shopped down town; small nap. Desk work. Letters slowly being writted.

9. Friday: All set to go to employment agency. Newlin wanted me for figuring – so, I knitted, shopped downtown, played Parcheesi, and went to hear Don Cossack Choir sing beautifully – and dance, knives and all; very good. Home and to bed.

10. Saturday: Clear, with fresh snow. Beds fresh made, etc. To Arena for tickets – watched skaters – wonderful! Patey sends January rent and last installment of Huth's. . . . Finis. I hope. Newlin wrote letters. nap. To Clothier for movie – “The Baker's Wife.” Stayed only for comic – very cold. Newlin to New York on Sunday! J.R. has been prodding a bit. Good. I refuse to comment – it is his job, not mine.

11. Sunday: Newlin a mild throat tickle. Carey and his Eva Ruth to dinner – she's nice, quiet, dependable – Carey needs taming! Unions, etc. Hershey paternalism; exciting talk. . . . Up special early so Newlin could take train. Packed, to bed. My throat bad too – wonder what all this fuss is. We're taking plenty of pills, and living right.

12. Monday: Throat bad – some nose; spitting pink oysters. Newlin stayed in bed all day. Me up for lunch. Read paper, loong nap – still feel sort of potty. Sunday Newlin outlined the work he wanted me home for on Friday. Curses!

13. Tuesday: Newlin off to NYC. Cold better; me downtown for many odds and ends; ride home; nap. But my cold gradually came back – harder. Wow! HSS budget committee meeting to all hours! Tired, too.

14. Wednesday: Couldn't sleep, so choked up. Throat cut in one spot; no voice – a wreck! I laid low. Did fires. H.S.S. had company. . . . We talked; Newlin not doing anything – I must get away! Gladly!! I can't wait.

15. Thursday: Nose and throat much better. Mucus stingy and stinks. It was a real one. Mailing tickets back – Ice Follies all off.

16 – 17: no entries

18. Sunday: Stayed in bed all day. . . Newlin took Cassie [sic]

19. Monday: Stayed in bed until lunch. Cold is all [gone] – still much throat

stuff, but little nose. Newlin on the job. I did stockings and room stuff. To bed early.

20. Tuesday: Up late – felt better. Ironed hankies and decided to go. Packed up. Newlin not so sure – wanted party. Wanted doctor. Wanted more rest. But I went! Chester, Wash! Bags re-packed and checked. No Y. dorm – but Y. room, doubled up. Feel fine, all set. . . . Uncle El. Paul died.

21. Wednesday: Up at 6:00. Slept well – bed stiff! Off to breakfast – cleaned up thereafter. Home to write Newlin and wash stockings and rest 20 minutes. Tired, sort of chilly! Lunch, and long nap. Wrote home. Blue is dirty!! To interview hotel people and Miss Stanley – hired! Mobbed in the PM – served supper! Just like that. And I am so relieved.

22. Thursday: Feet tired and knee giving some pain. Sore right at the joint. I wear the black shoes the shortest possible time. . . . Amelia Keller, head waitress, is a good egg. I'm catching on – and I'm satisfied. Need money, though! Bot time.

23. Friday: A spot! Stepped out for French chalk and Life and newspaper for shopping. No luck. Tore downtown Friday PM hunting shoes; no soap, nor bedspreads. Pin-it-up, though, is OK. Washed a uniform!

24. Saturday: Ironed in AM, finished early. Very slow lunch (take book next time). To Sears' for bedspread, envelopes and such. Home tired, rested 40 minutes, and to work HOT. Head hurting, soon hit I guess. To bed dead tired. Phoned Florence and mimeographer.

25. Sunday: Clear and cooler – off after breakfast. Special from Newlin . . . Changed bed; new spread is nice. Wrote letters and napped, then off to have dinner with Florence at the Lotus! Feeble floor show; stuffed full of food. Hit.

26. Monday: Morning after the night before. . . . tired. Long letter home about Florence. Nap – tried to write some letters. Couldn't get B. Walton together. Much mail still coming about the letter. Food sort of choked up. Must go easy.

27. Tuesday: A new girl, Della, sourpuss personified. What a drip! The rest are all nice folks. I'd like to take Egowena [sic] Dunaway along. Gaunt

Amelia is a great Dutch boss. Lighter breakfast necessary. Poor, dim Laura with an 11-year old mind.

28. Wednesday: My day off. I worked until after lunch. Then downtown in rain, for the Quaker letter. Sorted and mailed from downtown. Home, delighted to have it over with. Such a relief And it looked nice. Good nap helped, too.

29. Thursday: Wrote letters feverishly to fill up the Quaker leeters. Ironed my dress and two aprons . . . all set now. Good nap to get caught up. Newlin's bile is running again. I guess I'll buy [illegible] and do their career, bigolly.

30. Friday: No silver – time to wash a stock and buy a Life and newspaper . . . and I turned on the radiator! Ought to do some sewing! Party, dance, gymnastics and hilarity for Bertha who is going to Normandy Farms. I'm still not too stiff! They think I can dance!

31. Saturday: Pay day – \$10.50 for 10 ½ days! – but the food is good. Raining pitchforks. . . . I got the new cross-bar up in my closet – very nice now. Hair date. Successful in afternoon hours. Rest liked it and complimented me!

## February

1. Sunday: Letters home and such. Washed blue uniforms and starches. "Satin will get you" from Teeny. Della has never been to a show on Sunday and refuses to go. Fried chicken dinner.

2. Monday: Ironed off and on. Nice nap. Oddly bleary again after changed Sunday schedule. Moonlight; bitter cold. Reading at Gypsy Rose Lee's G-String Murders. Wow! [H.S.S. birthday passes unnoticed]

3. Tuesday: Finished Gypper in a burst of speed. What a story! . . . Got a catalogue and talked with Miss Merrick! They all know the whole story. Well, let 'em – I'll do the work. Cathedral beautiful in moonlight. For first time I feel like walking about a bit. I'll get used to it. Blisters from black shoes!

4. Wednesday: My day off! Cold, but clear and less wind. Morning nap to

prepare! Off in “black outfit.” . . . Bought shoes after much fuss; an iron \$3.50, pan, pajamas, etc. . . . “How Green Was My Valley” was a grand picture. Phew! The Welsh singing – the boy’s whipping – school, divorce [?] – church, underground shots very good. Boy simply swell! Home past a picture of a lawyer! for Ted. [?]

5. Thursday: Wet snow on ground and cloudy rain. Pew! Slop and soak!

6. Friday: Jittery, but slept up. Did all the mending. Della was glad for my paper “swap.” She is leaving, praise be – everyone feels better! Odd, how she can be so dismal! . . . Rode to the end of the line; ice cream. Disappointing!

7. Saturday: Mildly jittery. Nap in AM – all caught up. Off early (8:00) at night, so I tore off to the movies. Saw “Ball of Fire.” Slang for the professors! Great stuff. Slanguage. Carp [sic] professor good.

8. Sunday: Up on time but SLEEPY! Really tight eyed. Wrote letters! napped. Phoned Newlin. Nice to talk with him. He sounded tired. Beautiful day – but a seven-day job is just a bit confining. Della Gill gone! Good riddance.

9. Monday: Dreamed of fire hire last night . . . pulling Mary J. out of burning bed and running to the exit. Awful. I hope it doesn’t happen – this really is a firetrap. . . . Napped all day and got caught up on D.S.T.

10. Tuesday: Funny – tired yet. And I’m 126¼ . . . must get weighed first thing to check. I’m losing a little bit, thank goodness. . . . easy day. Well – no harder than usual!

11. Wednesday: My day off! Washed up a good bit. Napped; then downtown to Navy Yard for information. I’m best off here, now. . . . Bought a Valentine – home. I’m off to bed at 6:30! Should catch up some at that rate.

12. Thursday: The day after! Ironed pajamas, uniform and aprons. Held up pretty well. New girl Teresa is fair – musical, bewildered, separated, etc. . . . Read Time, wrote some more letters and valentines!

13. Friday: Merrrcy – a bomb drill, all forewarned! To red carpeted chapel in Cathedral. . . . In PM I broke in my black shoes and went through the

Cathedral, giving \$.27 to help the project. Lovely – I must go again. Bull session in Teeny’s room. . . . I blew up at Emma for going ahead of me for dishes – whoopee!

14. Saturday: Grapefruit – my six! Each had two! Through early – others cleaning up a lot. Shampoo. PAY DAY. Three valentines under my plate! Much fun – one from Newlin, bless him – I didn’t lose face! Sneaked into Dorothy McCrory’s wedding at 8:30! Had a nice time!! Cool though.

15. Sunday: Uh oh – a small piece of the sore throat circulating around. Nap in morning, and paper and rest in pm. Spring like – and paper full of clothes!

16. Monday: More nap. Washed and ironed. Letters – must send one to L.L.

17. Tuesday: Went up for my brown shoes, bought rubbers – boys’! My day off; traded with Murole [?]. Saw “Man Who Came to Dinner” – swell of [Monty] Woolley. Durante as Banjo was Durante – Coward not English. Ann Sheridan can’t act – it was all very loud, fast, and exhausting. Read late.

18. Wednesday: All keyed up – didn’t sleep much. Finished Ferber’s “Saratoga Trunk” – too bad to waste all that rich background on such a trite tale. Grand climax, entering the hotel. . . . Saratoga spa!

19. Thursday: Soup at both lunches – Frantic! I was dopey tired – nap in AM and in PM! Chilly, constipated, just tied up. . . . Found Elmer Davis; wrote Newlin. Elmore Jackson’s letter good.

20. Friday: Straightened out inside – OK. Teeny has a bad cold. . . . me, I’m too busy to visit her! Don’t want any throat!

21. Saturday: Easy day – washed uniforms and whites. Broke in black shoes some more. Phoned Newlin – and he gave me train times and said come up tomorrow! Whoopee – I can make it, too.

22. Sunday: Whoops – my day off! 10:00 train – Chester at 12:30. Steak dinner, nap, round. Sunday night special, [then] 9:00 train! Waited for three trains, got a freight man who talked all the trip. Wonderful to be in Swarthmore. Cost \$6.00 – too much! But nice – too tiring, too.

23. Monday: Felt as though away for a week. . . . sleepy, though. Phew! And

I worked over the newsletter in all the spare time. Off in 11:00 night mail [train]. Heard Roosevelt with the night watchman. . . . Blowing cold and clear. . . . losing the war. . . .

24. Tuesday: Almost too tired to drag! Third piece of news finally off – with a telegram from Newlin and three air mails from Buffalo. I swept, too. Boy, I slept though, in the afternoon – behind in mending and such though.

25. Wednesday: Springy! I was first. Emma got the pan, I talked quietly, she said keep your mouth off of me! So we're going to have fun one of these days. . . . no letter till tomorrow – curses! My day off. I shopped at PO. Rangoon is gone – lordy we're losing fast.

26. Thursday: I tore down for the letter – stood over her while she typed, raced home, breathless – curiously exhausted all over. Mustn't run a block, I guess. Sorted and mailed with ½ dozen “notes” at 9:30. What a relief!

27. Friday: Fuss, fuss. . . . prep school – Half-a'ford [Haverford] Pa. Everybody all agog! Fresh aprons etc. They were nice kids. Wish I'd have some like that! Singing in dining room good. Gals all a-twitter. I should think the waitresses would be green with jealousy! or miserable at seeing what they can't have. But they weren't!

28. Saturday: The morning after, etc. Everyone dopey and slow. I swept. . . . next week I do towels. It doesn't seem such a chore. Hand and knuckles sore – must get more rest. It's bad! Feet beginning too. Darn! [continuing to write in the space for the nonexistent 29<sup>th</sup>] This Mlle. course looks like what I need. Wonder what Newlin would think of it. Could I carve a career? Only a secretary – not much more I reckon, but I ought to consider it. He isn't doing very fast on the thesis. . . . And then there's the war – I'd like to help somehow – run a boarding house?? . . . My hands scare me!

### March

1. Sunday: Too bad. I'm too tired to do anything but sleep. Didn't even do Florida Ave. or afternoon session here. No letters, just exhaust[ed]. Warmer. Will be lovely in spring.

2. Monday: Wrote some letters, washed stockings – no fancies. A long nap. My hands and feet were bad after 2 soup lunch. I added to the vitamins and

rest. And I hope! Newlin finishing same chapter he was working on when I left!

3. Tuesday: The blackout takes everybody's attention – dinner early, and all. Washed brown dress! I fixed the blanket and checked it by 7:45. . . . Read, and so to bed. The others unscrewed bulbs and went to bed at 8:00! Ei, ei, ei. No imagination except for the \$300 fine and 90 days!

4. Wednesday: Ei, ei! Blew up at Maynard on towels and tray wiping – he talked too much – I got Miss Stanley! Rent money came. My day off – saw “Citizen Kane” in third-rate theatre – most interesting – home to a let off!! Got A.F.S.C. advice to Miss Merrick!!

5. Thursday: Walked in the Bishop's Garden, snooped around for a place for Newlin and me. . . . Then sunned and came home to let off again, though very tired. Slept and slept.

6. Friday: Hands very stiff and some painful. Mustn't let off steam too often, I guess. I need it! Slept and slept – did nothing else. Felt better.

7. Saturday: Washed towels and hung them out in the sun. Lovely day – I sat out some. Hunted way to Chevy Chase Ice palace, watched skating! Bowled with drunk who thought I was a detective! Nice evening, cheap, too. Wrote to aunties again. . . . in hospital again.

8. Sunday: I washed towels! Went through the new apartment house across the way – nice. . . . Beautiful day – hot; I sunned on wall, worked. To church – he made me mad, saying pacifists were scared! Such pageantry! Histrionics. . . . Newlin said he was reading thesis to NY seminar. Lord help him! . . . . To drug store with Mary, music! cokes, and rain.

9. Monday: Just another day with a sore throat! Slept and slept. My hands are stiffer! Wrote home; mended things. Dot and Laura came calling – what a bore! Laura talks incessantly about her folks in the country . . . ei, ei, ei. Read Better Homes and Gardens – houses for Tonowanda and in the woods of Willow Grove!

10. Tuesday: I walked around the block, sunned, then took T. to sun. . . . she talked me blue in the face – she's just going around in circles – awful!! Soup for lunch. . . .

11. Wednesday: No day off because of vacation – rather, we all have Thursday off! Phoned Florence. Sunned and napped, ready for the vacation. Pretty sick of dishes and stuff.

12. Thursday: Everyone excited! Washing and ironing everything, not returning, no promises; much talk. I bought some herbs to take. Sunned, washed some. Cleaned up desk. All excited – me not for some reason.

13. Friday: Darn – woke up with fresh cold! Ironed last piece, packed, breakfast, and off to train. Pleased, not thrilled. \$12.00 pay! Newlin met the bus – busy renting apartment \$45.00 to two boys. J. Russell away; Quiet evening at home. Radio and bounce!

14. Saturday: Packed up, cleaned up around, phoned El. P.P. about next week. At noon Newlin decided not to see Macbeth! Phoned about, then went alone. Tears! I never plan again. Macbeth good, not outstanding – Judith Anderson best! Good all round cast. Maurice Evens prompted! Good banquet scene. Drove home, tired. Cold better – some.

15. Sunday: Up late; read paper, slept. Just rest for a change.

16. Monday: Ruth to school early, me up. Picked up odds and ends. Phoned a lot about Ballets Russes. Ma talked feverishly of farm and Uncle James, etc. Uncle Ellwood buys for \$21,000; \$16,000 cash! Darned good work. Nap. Newlin came at 4:30 – drove to meet him. Rain. At the last minute, I got a ticket for Ballets Russes! Caprice Espagnole poor. Nutcracker swell; Polovetzian Dance swell!

17. Tuesday: Up relatively early – didn't do much but read the paper. Rain. Lunch. To Lucille's for St. Patty bridge – Won second – a green hankie! Supper, then hair raising Parcheesi! Newlin won! Then to operetta rehearsal – rotten! . . . A coke, and home to bed.

18. Wednesday: Up medium early. Selected two green rugs. Early lunch, down to Jeanes Hospital. Aunt Lilli very weak – one quart fluid from lungs! Coughed badly. Took Aunt Anna home; then on home. Ruth had good curry rice supper – Perdue at 7:00; we ate, then pictures and colored films of western trip were elegant. Must go [to] Banff and Lake Louise. . . . stayed until 12:00 – good evening.

19. Thursday: Up earlyish, packed, had breakfast. Razzed Newlin to be on time. Drove down with Ruth to Schoolmen's Week. Fish and ice cream in Reading Terminal Market – swell. Bought Newlin a suit and topcoat! Home, nap. Supper. Me off to Ferree, then Min and Marion's too. Nice visit. Thy drove me home to Swarthmore. Dotti old!

20. Friday: Perfectly gorgeous day. I washed six pairs of socks' sorted all Newlin's old wools in the sun. Cleaned up bath and bedroom and sitting room good – then flower show! Study in brown, table set for service men, fireplace wedding, gardens, waterfall, and lush orchid central display. . . .quite good. Quiet evening at home.

21. Saturday: Up late. Washed ten pairs of socks; shopping all over. Rain. Nap. Willis and Mary away, no call. More nap, rain. Ruth came at 5:30 – Supper buffet style. “How Green Was My Valley” [movie] – open fire, ginger ale; to bed tired.

22. Sunday: Up for Pope's Chariot! and Newlin didn't go . . . back to bed for a round – nice, but tired. Ruth and I breakfast at 9:15! Brushed Ruth's coat; to Meeting – fair, good dinner. Ruth left, packed, nap. Joe and Ruth Willets called – off to Eleanor and Newlin's new house – a grand place – cold in the winter, though. Nice visit. Back on train; two suitcases. To bed at 11:00 after unpacking and making the bed. . . . good to be back.

23. Monday: Up – 6:15 bath. Very sleepy! Breakfast at 7:30. Cleaned silver and plugged about. Nap. Shopping for 35 cent stockings. Punched little Hitler in apartment building. The applied for job tending kids! Nap – to bed tired.

24. Tuesday: Easy day – dinner first full meal. Sent \$2.00 of smells to Min and Marion for Ruth. Bought postcards, wrote Burkhardt and started on desk. Some job! Fibber McGee and Molly! Cut out all recipes from old magazines.

25. Wednesday: Sunned. Feel queer about Newlin. Should I do career and get training, or should I have family? Almost want family again – to be protected and taken care of – but he needs to be [able to take] care of himself.

26. Thursday: Two soups! Exhausted. To nap and sleep is all we ask. Short of money – wish it would come from Buffalo. Little direction on letter as of yet. . . . Shifted room – bed in middle poor!

27. Friday: Room a mess – upset and such. I heaved it again, and it is now satisfactory. Bed in corner – no light for table. Must get darning done; but I seem wonderfully lazy –

28. Saturday: A throat! Low cough and pain – got it swabbed. Miss Whitehead anti-social! I cashed my Foundry dividend and bought two \$25.00 bonds! Quick trip to P.O., home with bad throat. Quaker cards to do.

29. Sunday: Throat terrific – 18” snow! I stayed in bed till noon! Than worked – slop, slush, go by road, etc. I bought cough drops and films and took a couple of shots – I hope they’re fair. Wrote on cards ‘till floozy. . . . Letter from Newlin – so pleased – [he’s] homesick! discouraged.

30. Monday: My throat going up my nose! Coughed and pipped breakfast . . . feel rotten and draggy. Got Quaker letters off finally – what a chore. To bed smeared with Ben-Gay! Couldn’t sleep!

31. Tuesday: Sunny and runny! My nose isn’t bad . . . not too bad! Letter from home – Ruth coming! I rented a room Mrs. Eby! Swept – just to keep busy. Day off! Shopped with Mary Gibson for \$2.00 dress and shoes, and then to bed early –

## April

1. Wednesday: Caught more cold! Curses – to bed greased up with Ben-Gay. Slept whenever possible. Must get rid of it by Saturday! Drafty old pantry!

2. Thursday: My cough is atrocious – but I have less and less nose to contend with. Washed a lot of stuff, black uniform too. Ironed in evening. Just a day. Wrote a letter or two – Harriet, etc.

3. Friday: Easy day, like Saturday. One lunch . . . . Very hot damp, and droopy. Went to Cathedral to hear Bach’s “Passion of Our Lord According to St. John.” Monotonous music, except for chorales unaccompanied by organ, and a few good parts – “It is finished” and “He wept Bitterly” mildly moving. Home to bed – read paper till late. I guess we’ll do the Shoreham

## Blue Room –

4. Saturday: Paid room – all pleased. Balmy and clear, etc! . . . Wire Ruth can't come – much depressed. Mrs. Eby #507 refunded the money! . . . Auntie very bad – near the end. My room all OK., clean etc. but me so blue! All the kids went to a dance. Me to see Roxie Mart – Ginger Rogers – fair. Men much better. B picture as far as I'm concerned. Home at 1:00 not sleepy, not satisfied –

5. Sunday: Feel blue and depressed. Special [delivery letter?] from Ruth says Auntie lived [sic] at 9:15 yesterday. . . . Victor getting a commission yet on the farm. Lovely day – mobs at the cathedral. Spring day in perfection. HOT! Aunt Lilly died at 11:20 pm.

6. Monday: HOT, sultry, humid. I wilted. . . . set tables and did dishes with grim control. A headache; the Lodge an oven! I sat out against the wall in the shade 2 ½ hours and felt refreshed. . . . pretty bad though.

7. Tuesday: Phone calls: Pa, Newlin, Florence – Strain, waiting, fuss and worry. Yet so glad she didn't hang on and on, suffering. Hope Ma and Aunt Anna can hold up – they looked old at the funeral. Uncle Elwood very touched – Victor received little welcome – Harold, pall bearer; Uncle Russell came in Packard! Tough time –

8. Wednesday: Up extra early – all set. Amelia very helpful; I was on my way by 8:30. Train late. Newlin, and dinner at Whittier – nice, too brief visit! . . . To Bustleton; funeral 3:00. Six nice flowers; Auntie looked nice – such mixed emotions. Burial at Summerton – lovely day; back for visit and supper. To train, rush to Washington. Wanted to cry a lot and did at funeral. Uncle Ed – good –

9. Thursday: Sort of the morning after. Nap. Gosh, it took about \$10.00! Wrote a letter or two, washed, picked up loose ends, and swept, so there wasn't much extra time – wish I'd had more with Newlin!

10. Friday: Off in good time – went shopping for sheer in AM – no luck; too early. Nap in PM. Some letters written, stockings darned, etc. . . . Read “The Keys of the Kingdom” by Cronin – a swell book. Anselm Mealey, Father Chisholm, Sandy Mac . . . China, Spain [illegible] fishing, doubting, praying. Willie Tullock, the Doctor, Aunt Polly good.

11. Saturday: Cold. Finished fairly early – washed white stuff. Chlorox works fair. Shampoo, reading “K. of the K.” – gets better and better. Off in good time in PM; went to “All that Money Can Buy” – based on “The Devil and Daniel Webster.” Walter Huston as Mr. Scratch excellent; Edwin Arnold, Simon – soul in a fly; dance of death, [illegible] of Americans (visited Y.W.U.S.O. dance) . . . by Stephen Vincent Benet!

12. Sunday: Sleepy. Still cold. What a grand book “The Keys of the Kingdom” is! A must for the Quakers. . . . Got a paper and “Berlin Diary” – what a change of pace. Glorious day.

13. Monday: Wrote some letters, planned and wrote the magnum opus to Maxfields. Took a long time. Washed and did junk. Took a spree to National Gallery in PM – can be done in time off. Only old stuff, though.

14. Tuesday: Finally sent the letter to Newlin to pass on to Maxfields – quire a chore. Got Berlin Diary to read. Warm. Sat out by the wall – lovely time.

15. Wednesday: Fair day – I shopped and bought some linen! What a goof! Then Allies Inn for dinner was nice. The walk to Hellzapoppin’ – lovely evening; play poor. House half full – missed the original pep of surprise. Quite a day off.

16. Thursday: Sort of cold and damp. Cleaned up desk. Wrote to Quakers about check! Had a hash session with Theresa on religion. George Wood wants me to do Epistles digest for Yearly Meeting. . . . Read Berlin Diary till 1:15!

17. Friday: Pretty warm; sleepy after reading binge. Finished roll of pictures. Information Please. Life, and discarded Sunday Times. My crochet headgear begins to look OK. Check from Quakers.

18. Saturday: Gorgeous day – cool air, clear. No [electric?] current – dishes not washed! Schedule all upset. T. and I to Art Gallery; no lecture. We wandered – quite tired. Served dinner, and home to bed after crocheting a row or two. Good day.

19. Sunday: Cold, clear, stimulating. At last, we’ve bombed Tokyo! The radio came and is quite good. I read paper, napped, tried some stations.

Phoned Newlin at 3:00. Felt like crying all evening! Wrote a letter or two.

20. Monday: Washed, ironed, did routine things to get in order for letter. Wrote for news quick. . . . Crocheting headgear is nice work. Tr's studying for Civil Service exam . . . wrote letters.

21. Tuesday: My day off. Visited with Dot at Vienna farm and house. Lovely location. Mac short tempered as usual. El Bishop charming. . . . Typewriters, letters with six OK's! Dorothy a swell person. Dr. Dan older. Kids nice.

22. Wednesday: Viola dreamed a black coffin in the ironing room. Miss Emma ironing! Newlin called from Hamilton. Cousin Laura's funeral. Would stay here over night. I got a room, etc. and he couldn't come! So disappointed. Cried a little. Very depressed.

23. Thursday; HOT! Headache – an aspirin took care of it, but felt drugged. Phoned Newlin I couldn't come up – Newsletter drags on and material won't come. Wrote Harriet etc. Frantic. . . . So Newlin resigned from B[uffalo]!

24. Friday: Cleaned silver, swept, seemed to do everything. Late. Tired. . . . So I'll have a chance to choose a career yet! Queer. Not home to Buffalo. . . . I'll hate to leave there. To bed early to get caught up. Warm.

25. Saturday: Warm – work as usual. Shopped 5 & 10 for letters and stamps – worked on letter all day. Copied it on typewriter in evening. Three special deliveries in one day! – six this week. Very warm, and relieved to have it over.

26. Sunday: My day off! Promises heat. I made bed and washed a sock. Meeting. . . . Nicholson nice to me. Fred, Libby, Daniel and Dorothy Shoemaker, etc. spoke on Monastic life! Very good. Talked with Mrs. T. Janney etc. Home – by Miss Satzman! Napped. Final copy of letter and delivered it. Sat out, and walked some. Warm. Read paper. Newlin coming Wednesday. . . .

27. Monday: Clear, cooler. The cards came and I addressed and stamped the envelopes. Dashed down for sheets. Folded and mailed in the evening. . . . and me plumb tired. Not much extra done.

28. Tuesday: Rested up some; washed, wrote letter to H.S.S.! Depressed. . . . he'll never hold a full time job. I may as well get going on the career. . . . and the kids are shot. Now that I'd sort of like to go on with it. . . . you can't always have what [you want].

29. Wednesday: Newlin came! Warm, but we sat and talked in woods. Resignation, what he's doing, etc. Prayer! is one. . . . Allies Inn for dinner – good – home, to Eby's attic – moonlight was gorgeous! So was bedtime. I love him.

30. Thursday: Newlin stayed over – wandered about the Cath. [?] and Herb house. Third floor not hot, but I didn't sleep well. Rested in AM. Hot. Late for supper. Hate to see him go. Great news to think about, though. Not a bit worried!

## May

1. Friday: Flower Mart – in burning heat! Awful – sun out bright! Miniature colonial and planting; booths [with] gingerbread, punch, ginger ale, mint ice – me a quiet time in usual wall spot. Phew – what a warmness!

2. Saturday: These studio tea [sic] – HOT! In fresh black long sleeves and crisp white – me on punch table! 250 to 300 cookies home made – quite a spread. Everyone tired and ragged tempered. Rolled into bed.

3. Sunday: SO HOT – muggy! Sat out, napped by wall. Chicken good even in heat! Amelia took me up to roof sitzplotz. Art in studio really interesting. . . . To bed – phoning Newlin said he'd be back in two weeks – swell!

4. Monday: Hot, cloudy – maybe rain. I rescued a box [of] gay wallpaper and tacks and put together a radio table. Not bad at all! Also cut and pasted Mlle. career stuff. Dashed off a letter home. Ruth sent candy! Shampoo in PM.

5. Tuesday: Clear, cool, beautiful. Dashed down to Board of Education – poor chance. Ironed, slept, read paper some more, radioed – quiet evening. . . . Franklin Bldg., 13 and K. Streets.

6. Wednesday: Finally bought Elinor's linen and had it sent. \$13.00! Also bought red shoes, \$4.95. Interview on receptionist, etc. Nothing till

September; probably plenty then. Home and to bed early. No supper – no money!

7. Thursday: Rainy and the day for S. to register for sugar. I went at 9:00 and 11:00 – waited and crocheted. Rainy- almost a snuffle. Must rest and eat oranges. Wrote Auntie finally. To bed late – just [illegible]. . . . Asked questions, hiked back and forth. Sent all the waitresses and generally ran things.

8. Friday: AM clear, cool. I got downtown early to get \$1:00 refund on shoes; spent it on blue flower slip and Mother's Day cards. . . . PM tired. Ironed a bit, mailed cards. Not much else. Read Life on sugar.

9. Saturday: Swept. Rain in AM, cleared off gorgeously when May Day was canceled. I sunned in bathing suit – swill – nice beginning burn. Supper. Drugstore, and so to bed – calm and cool. Crocheted to radio.

10. Sunday: Dashed off to Meeting – red shoes and all! Good. Virtue always has neighbors (Confucius) and Goodness is that quality which binds together (Plato). Hashed with T. and got all annoyed! . . . Paper, supper, paper; – phoned Newlin, and so to bed. Mothers' Day.

11. Monday: Clear and cool I sat on the porch to write letters. Sunned in bathing suit. Mac called for Wednesday dinner. Head gear is almost finished – one more row. Letters up to date – I hope. Cleaned off desk and sorted things into piles, and scrap!

12. Tuesday: Sunned in bathing suit again, finished head scarf – looks OK. Blackout 30 minutes from 10:00 – 2.00. Read paper. Julia brought husband's pictures and talked half an hour! Separated, drinking, women – pew – . . . . and so to bed.

13. Wednesday: Hotter, dampish too. Washed black and white trim! Mary McDiarmid had bad ear, so dinner off. I went the rounds of Civil Service, got an appointment for an interview . . . dinner and much hear-to-heart with Marion Sumner. Near me! Nice house, plus or minus \$120/month! We'll never make that!

14. Thursday: Everybody on edge – big lunch for thirty upstairs. Delia and I served – long, tiring hot nerve strain day. Me with headache, trying to get

hit! . . . Wrote Elinor Brecht Neumann. . . .

15. Friday: Muggy hot. Newlin reported writing “pedantic piffle.” I cried all AM; felt really low. Job and ten-year future worries me. . . . Chef gave me the coffee pot and lecture on coffee-making; I felt much better. Wrote Harriet!

16. Saturday: Intermittent floods of rain – we served May Day punch in gym. Sticky hot tropical lush green all around. Slept all day. Started digest in PM. Sent T. off to the “Pythian Dance” – didn’t do much epistling.

17. Sunday: Felt fine! Clear cool day. I went to Meeting – felt I should for some reason. Didn’t see Allan White for digest samples. Lily Raudabush. Home, dinner, nap, paper, supper, radio, bed. No letters. . . . Newlin said the folks bought a refrigerator, \$120!

18. Monday: Eye jerked all night – felt positively bruised. Cramps. Swept! Aspirin and nap and tea for lunch, and felt better. More nap, good supper. . . . Brought Chef’s coffee dripper home. Kitten played with yarn! Letters!

19. Tuesday: Tuesday night, awake till 4:00! with power dreams of job with big money, success story stuff. I could’t sleep. So I went job hunting Wednesday in poor fettle – on nerve mainly. Idiot!

20. Wednesday: Saw Mac – O.P.A. [Office of Population Affairs?] for service job. . . . civil service. O.E.M. [Office of Emergency Management] for job – no luck. The run-around. . . . might try civil service! Feel disappointed, yet glad not to work in the temporary buildings – they’re awful! Noisy, crowded. . . . Saw “Arsenic and Old Lace!” A roar – crazy people – murder. . . . Eric von Stroheim – great!

21. Thursday: If I can stay up for theatre I can stay up for work – finished digest of epistles at 1:15! Worked well – three hours. Hot and wearisome.

22. Friday: Waited to polish and type epistles. Students had special athletics dinner – plate service. I shocked the girls by typing! . . . Good “spring plowing” issue in Life [Magazine]. Slept in times off! Had to – exhausted!

23. Saturday: Slept up – ironed uniform, washed p.j.s and slept some more. Went to “Quality Street,” [produced] by students. Delightful – smooth

production. I liked it heaps.

24. Sunday: My day off! Letter to Lois Lambert. Meeting on “Tolerance is patience in the absence of understanding.” . . . pacifist sincerity, etc. good. Then Herzog’s restaurant balcony – boats and wharves. Murola [?] Dean liked it. Washington Monument, gems and dinosaurs of Smithsonian! Fun. . . . Home tired, coke and paper, and phone to Newlin. Got \$.65 back from phone call with Newlin!

25. Monday: Rested a trifle and wrote newsletter. Harriet and Janet and Ruth Freeman grand help. . . . typed in evening. Plumb tired; took a long time to type while correcting, but it’s done. Spent time and nickels to phone – no luck!

26. Tuesday: Clean silver; dash downtown to mimeograph letter. Dash to 5 + 10 and downtown again for finished work, \$1.85/sheet. Did envelopes at dinner – headache, eyes shot, dead tired – but DONE. Mailed at 9:30 – what a chore!

27. Wednesday: Rested from labors, heart bad. Physically exhausted. I napped and napped. Then to the party for the Stinsons – poems for gifts; costumes, music, and Charleston! Drink coke and ginger ale – nice rooms, linoleum good for dancing. Home 11:45, tired but pleased. Must make a wooden dancer on a string – choice thing. And a musical instrument is a big help.

28. Thursday: Depressed, thinking again about career and future and Newlin and medicine bills. Walked in moonlight – forgot about troubles stalking rabbits. Young fellow walking, too. Wonder about him. . . .

29. Friday: Fuss fuss – soldiers to supper. But music before dancing. I danced! Nice. Home to open package from chef . . . really thrilled! Took T. and Teany for walk in full moonlight. Lovely – they scared. . . . Wrote Henrietta, finally.

30. Saturday: Terrifically hot again. I swept for the last time. Sat out all afternoon and got greasier and greasier. Cloudy a little! So hot – threatened shower bust up supper [sic].

31. Sunday: Last Sunday! No Meeting, much counting of dishes and silver –

plate dinner – my Table 18 came in bits, odd. Easy to serve. No Meeting. Very tired, yet easy to rest up. Supper easy but late. And so to bed. Half the climax is over.

## June

1. Monday: Queer day. Blacks at noon, more 18<sup>th</sup> table farewells and tears and corsages. . . . All done, cleaned up, salts washed, etc. Home for a nap! Cleaned up some letters in the evening; washed – all lines full! Clearing gradually.
2. Tuesday: Well! Talked all afternoon with Col. McDermid and secretary on cashiering – possible, with eyestrain. No ticket for Kath. Cornell in Oandida! . . . Allies Inn for dinner, and met K.C.! Nice! Ate on terrace. Felt gay – applied for job! Good!
3. Wednesday: Parked fur and black coat at W. and L.; bought bobby pins, railroad ticket. Served lunch at Allies Inn and enjoyed same very much . . . long talk with Mrs. Watson – she wants me! Whoopee[!]. Then to Mrs. Sapp, who will probably move, asked me to hunt her up in September! Home to tear up room and pack everything – even bags. Swept room, and so to bed. It will soon be over. Dropped a tooth!
4. Thursday: The day! Room mopped by 7:15, tooth reclaimed by 7:30! Thank goodness and Lawrence. Final shock with baggage roller! Left packages with Jimmy – I hope I hope. Goodbye to Miss Stanley, Chef Eugene Ford, the gals, Willis Gray. et al. . . . Warm. Train ride uneventful; met Newlin at Chester. Lunch at Ingleueuk; nap. H.S.S. and Loper [perhaps one of J.R.S. and H.S.S. beloved Dachshunds] sick!
5. Friday: All unpacked and put away. Loper medicine and walk. Nap. Warming up. Fit in easily here. Blue dress and red shoes got slight comment.
6. Saturday: Loper's pill again, and a walk. Getting hotter. Typed all day – morning, afternoon and a piece in evening. Quite hot. Painted a fence pale while Newlin laid a stone in the walk. Nice and comfortable. . . . Too bad H.S.S. feels so low. Phoned home \$1.35! Mama sounded tired – Aunt Anna's been quite sick. . . .
7. Sunday: Felt rotten – eyes, back of neck, butterflies in stomach! Must eat

less. Mopped all over third floor. Cut roses. Nap – to Darby Meeting – a lovely meeting house with Buntings, Farraday and such. I liked it. . . . Dinner, HOT. Sunday night special [ice cream] and much terrace sitting.

8. Monday: Feeling better. Hit a bit, not much, though. Typed till pooped. Hands stiff, eyes patchy. Did some fence painting. Walked to Dr.'s twice to get Newlin punched with hormones. Swiped nice roses. Felt fine after four miles' walk.

9. Tuesday: Letters . . . just another day. Loper's pill and walk; typing – with odds and ends for Newlin. Nap. Newlin feeling better. First rugs sunned, swept and rolled. Newlin and I picked cherries, then painted. . . . H.S.S. ate cherries!

10. Wednesday: Some painting in AM, then rain sent me to typing. Hot! muggy. Nap. Then Tom in to supper. Talked Syracuse, Washington, Columbia job for next year. Stayed overnight. Had ice cream; ate too much. To bed late. Hot. . . . Depressed – not just comparison [of Tom to Newlin].

11. Thursday: Finished Chapter III – except one chart. Wrote long letter to Mrs. Lambert, Washed some things. Rained three or four times! Cassie and Maggie off together – I got supper. Muggy, muggy. Cleaned up desk and so to bed, depressed. Salvation Army truck.

12. Friday: To Penn Library (ironed two dresses first) couldn't find a single book! No satisfaction. To Union Catalogue – No census office etc. . . . but there is one!! Lunch, phone (dial three letters!), and home after rain, much depressed. Nothing done at all. . . walked to village . . . to bed feeling better – but Newlin tired!

13. Saturday: Slightly less muggy, but much hotter! I did up beds, mopped all 'round, fixed the twisted washline, aired two quilts, walked to village with Wanda [another Smith Dachshund] – very hot, just dripping. Wanda lay down in a puddle! Talked all PM; nap, pack – to Bustleton, missing accident on trolley! Home, out of gas at Longswamp. Harold here. . . . long day.

14. Sunday: Harold here all day – off with Kay. Florence odd, Victor worse. Harold OK – drove him to Allentown – and so to bed.

15. Monday: To Penn, to the library for census books – not a single thing, and no cooperation. Plenty annoyed. Big shower, somewhat clearer and cooler! Home tired.

16. Tuesday: Packed and sorted and cleaned up a good bit. Talked recipes, etc. Nap, packed, off at 4:00 after nice Parcheesi round with Newlin. To Bustleton, via ice cream and H&H [Horn and Hardart]. An accident on Bustleton trolley – me expected at 4:00. All frantic, phoning hospital etc. Then OK. Ruth's Mtg. Ruth had a two-table party for me again. . . .

17. Wednesday: Slept and quiet all day to get over bad headache. Stomach was really full of butterflies! Worked on blue dress insides. Slept 1:30 – 4:30 in PM! So did Ma!

18. Thursday: Gorgeous Philo day. I moved things in attic – aired blankets and shawls on line. Walked up to see Margaret and Harriet – Donald served Toll house cookies. . . . Read Time all evening. Played fighting solitaire with Ruth. Newlin phoned with plans for NY, Buffalo and Virginia. Glad it is settled.

19. Friday: Washed and ironed some dirty Aunt Lizzie towels. Slip and blue dress ready to wear. Pasted and sorted all recipe cards; diary up to date. Drove out to see Buck and around the hills – Klimesville, etc. Pretty houses and hills. Nice.

20. Saturday: [no entry]

21. Sunday: Up, read paper. Uncle Ellwood and Aunt Anna and everybody but Nathan came. Nice time had by all; left about 4:00. Nap; supper with mint crunch ice cream. To Trinity for music program – Marie Brooks at piano . . . flute! etc. Home – blue dress looks nice. . . .

22. Monday: Finished weeding lilies and rock garden edge. Then Turkey's slip and the sharkskin dress. Ma did nine button holes – me only three! Finished reading "Native Son" – wow! Powerful – Negro – psychology – murder – hunt – and trial. Depressing – frightening – terribly true –

23. Tuesday: Up – a bath! Hair done by Doris Hess. . . . We're losing the war again – Tolbruck, Sebastopol, etc. Wish I could help. Depressed – want to cry. Futility of Kutztown life? No go to Virginia? Don't know what.

24. Wednesday: Much phoning, packing, and putting away. Attic all done – no jars, though. Pfu! on overworking all summer. Went to Reading for Newlin (he missed the bus). Bought hose for Newlin; Pa home for supper. Then Rotary; we to Raspberry festival at St. John's Church. Home, Crokinole, and to bed.

25. Thursday: [no entry]

26. Friday: Packed and loaded. Ruth drove me to Swarthmore, we on time after shift to small suitcase. West house – Mrs. Piccard and the Freemans – off to Yearly Meeting – lunch Doylestown. Mrs. P. [talked a] blue streak as Han drove! Supper, Harriet on to Oakwood. Signed, unpacked, to meeting. Irene P. poor – on the ministry – much research; poor delivery. And so to bed – no headache.

27. Saturday: Reading clerk again! Lunch at Ward Applegate's table – fair – more reading clerk. Then archery. Harriet on Nominating Committee all the time. Picnic supper – Osbornes of Cooperstown. Heard all about the Buffalo flare-up! Walter Lewis, then Thurber and Rickel in M.M.! [Monthly Meeting?] Thomas Jones of Fisk University did poorly in evening. . . .

28. Sunday: Slight walk in everyone's very wet gardens! To Poughkeepsie Meeting in buses. Music, hymns, minister and silent meeting. Thomas Jones on inconsistency of Jesus, daring to be different; I thought him very moving. Harey Hitchcock good again. Oakwood, dinner, lazy walking and talking and librarying. Supper, music on lawn (with Tatum! and Freemans) on Feeding [sic] – B. Waring, H. Kirchner – tremendous. Harriet and I walked. . . .

29. Monday: Good breakfast with Frances Burkhart and Mrs. Irvingham and Leonard Hall. . . . Taxi to Poughkeepsie and train and subway with Mr. Mann – uncoordinated librarian – nice! Macy's for earrings. Lunch; Eleanor Geisinger on train to Penn Library – did all they had books for. Home to Newlin and much talk on his bus trip to Buffalo and mine to Poughkeepsie – and so to bed.

30. Tuesday: Packing day. Cleaned out closet and desk and shelves. Newlin did the office. Sorted bureau drawers. Last things to moth box. Phoned

Salvation Army to come for sofa and two hats! Me headachy and tired. Newlin packed trunk and ran errands and did an enormous day's work.

## July

1. Wednesday: Up on time – last minute packing – moving day! Truck off at 6:15! We off at 9:30 – 10:30. Stops at Blackburn's for leak, Bel Air for lunch. Maggie and H.S.S. trays! We go ahead, shop in Purcellville (I slept all the way!). Drove up the mountain, unloaded. Opened doors and windows. Finally 7:30 they and the truck came: much unloading. Shack; H.S.S. to bed; all serene. . . .

2. Thursday: Up, and proceeded to Knothole. Swept from top to bottom; aired mattress on snake – lots of spiders. Bed made up – no quilts!! To bed, dead tired but in the Knothole! Refrigerator came – too big for door, and couldn't start it! No nap, no unpacking; chairs washed, all set.

3. Friday: Up on time – good night. Mattress clamp! Cleared mice out of big closet and from under steps. Unpacked and put everything away. Nap. . . . J.R went down the mountain with two years of old laundry!

4. Saturday: Celebrated by scouring the refrigerator inside; soaking ice-trays. Walked Wanda up to the Marcus field fence and into a side path raspberry patch. . . . Cassie in an uproar about no Mass! Ready to go home! C. and M. came to see the Knothole.

5. Sunday: Fixed flowers ad infinitum. Pope's chariot. . . . wrote a letter in the valley. Stew and Fran and the kids up for swim and all. Fran all against C.O.'s – likes Jane Austen, despises Lincoln, etc., etc. – makes me mildly mad. Nap, typing, etc. To bed.

6. Monday: More typing – lots of it. Then walked Wanda to School House and Tave's house . . . nice day for a walk. J.R. to Homemakers to talk about nut trees. I'm so glad I didn't go! Feeling low in digestion anyhow. Had a fire! Nice!

7. Tuesday: Carpenter cut the doorpost and Tave and Beverly and he moved the refrigerator in – a terrific job, but OK. I spent PM cleaning it up, and it looks just grand. I can't wait to use it. J.R's secretary announcements are coming in – fun to read.

8. Wednesday: J.R. down the mountain. I brushed up bedroom and typed. Newlin wired returning at 2:35 with a cold! So the bed was specially made up, and shopping list made, and I left at 1:30 – did endless errands. Got him in [illegible], shopped and came home. Does have a fresh cold, but not too bad yet. I stuck him with hormones.

9. Thursday: Made soup. Trip to garden, hash with HSS and errand running took all morning. Nap. Ate too much at noon and felt stuffed all PM and evening. Newlin had plate in bed for supper. Swept living room – ten spiders. Three games of Parcheesie; and bed.

10. Friday: A bit of applesauce, swept bedroom and bath; Cabbage and bacon for lunch – at 12:00! Two gallons of gas to the other house. Nap – feel better, no spark yet.

11. Saturday: Down to Round Hill on ten minutes' notice – paraded with Wanda on a string – shopped Drugstore, hardware, and Ford Street. Back, lunch, to garden in hot PM. Ate little supper – off my feed again. Porched, and to bed early.

12. Sunday: Busy day – mass at 8:30, milk at 7:30. . . . Breakfast on the wing . . . laundry and eggs [sic!] – Mountain Lion roars well! Swept living porch etc.; worked around till noon. Lamb dinner at the Shack. Nap, intercourse. Tired; supper. To bed 8:30.

13. Monday: Ear-sinus ache – but up, and on the milkman job; not too bad. To garden at 9:00 – applesauce before breakfast. Washed a little. HOT. Ham and baked cabbage dinner at noon. Cottage cheese. Napped three hours, still a headache! HOT . . . LUD! [sic]. Stuck Newlin in evening.

14. Tuesday: Headache better, but doing bare minimum. So hot. Cassie in 80's of [bottles of?] applesauce.

15. Wednesday: SO HOT! Awful – just lay around. Did clean up a little, but not much. Cassie's brown biscuits were very welcome. . . . J. Russell, tired of hearing of cottage cheese lack bought ten gallons of skim milk. Phew!

16. Thursday: Dumb day. HOT! I offered to ride down on the truck – three shifts and I drove the Lion [sic] and took Maggie shopping. It was warm.

Home at 1:30! Grab of lunch. Sweetbreads for supper – mmm–fair! To bed.

17. Friday: so HOT – greasy drip! Newlin fixing cupola, put last of trunk away, etc. Cleaned bedroom. Long nap – terrific heat. Just a bite of supper. Newlin wore my red shoes around, for fun.

18. Saturday: Up after rotten night – felt punk; ate little. Drove for milk – so warm; swept living room and porch. . . . other odds and ends. Exhausted in PM – must eat more salt, less food! Read Life with Newlin, – then stuck him!

19. Sunday: HOT YET! Drove for milk, mass at 8:30. Wrote home, book to Robey, laundry, eggs, dressmaker, home. Read paper – so hot – washed dishes, beds, etc. Fried chicken dinner! Stew and Fran and Strobel for afternoon and swimming and [apple?] sauce. Porched and talked – and so to bed. Discouraged about me, ambition, war, newsletter, everything. Napped on sofa in doorway!

20. Monday: I'm to meet new Secretary. Kept cool all AM – HOT, though. Applesauce and garden and beds and porch sweep; very hot. . . . She chose Mrs. Payne at \$30.00/month. Mrs. Corner Hall \$14.00/week, Misses Wincup \$14.00/week. . . . HOT; home tired.

21. Tuesday: At 7:20 drove down for Fantone, back, garden, applesauce, etc. Baked ham on cabbage, good. Took F[ord] down for gas – none. Up hill late, ate at big house. Very much pooped out. Just exhausted. So much Ford, I guess.

22. Wednesday: Drove down for Fantone, She drove up – O.K. Applesauce, garden, clean-up, etc. Tuna casserole good – and baked custard excellent. Rode down to bridges with F., Walked back 1.8 mile. Dry storm; leg of lamb at big house at 7:15 – to bed, tired.

23. Thursday: Walked down to “dead end” for F. She did the hill OK. Garden, cloudy. Nap long and hard; up feeling fine. Made corn muffins – fair. Letters.

24. Friday: F. did the car all right. Tried to work on Quaker letter. Doris bitten by dog – off to Dr. Thompson – the so-and-so “Any doctor” etc. So angry, all upset. . . . Folks to Brambleton. Me nap, and try to calm down

from tiff with Dr. Didn't sleep too well. . . . Walked up around Tom's – looks clean.

25. Saturday: Looks like rain, and did rain all day. Newlin down at noon for Philadelphia. I put away, and did letter, and kept fire going – a major effort; wood and water and kerosene and supplies all OK. Meatloaf with chili sauce good. Long quiet evening. Helped Tave brush up Tom's house. . . .

26. Sunday: More rain. I woke up at 5:00 to worry about [illegible] chariot. Pussy wouldn't start, so Beverly drove her. I took water up for J.R.'s company. Weather cleared some. Fran and Mae and kids, then Stew and Asa came up. Busy evening.

27. Monday: Occasional showers. I hopped the sheep truck to go for a shampoo. Picked blackberries; waited 4 – 6:30! Letter in mail. So relieved. . . . Home; Cassie and Maggie came over in evening. I had a nice fire, pleasant evening.

28. Tuesday: I borrowed Cassie's big tub and washed with washboard. Things got nice; dried in spite of very damp wind. . . . Miss F. ate her lunch here, then was "battery stayed" for supper. Talked over here, then had to push to get started home! Wild time. Cassie and I rode down partway – walked back. I got some sewing done!

29. Wednesday: Well! Cooler and clearer! Walked milk cans down – cow lost! Home, cleaned whole house; applesauce, lettuce and hot bacon dressing for lunch – good. Nap. Wash; thunderstorm. Off for Newlin at 4:30 – Maggie enjoyed drive to Lincoln. Glad to see Newlin – home, unpacked, walk and talk and to bed – after session in front of fireplace. . . . lovely.

30. Thursday: Napped around all day – beef liver good dinner – felt tired. Newlin finished fixing box spring. Hot, muggy shower didn't help any. Doris' birthday! We played records in evening so M. and Cassie could go.

31. Friday: Up – got Beverley's mile up! Hot and sticky. Tired. Nap in AM, phonograph moved out. I sorted and put letters away. Cramps came on in PM – Darn! and a trifle of bleeding. Felt rotten all evening; to bed. Newlin had watermelon with Stew at the big house. I read Life!

August

1. Saturday: Felt washed out, but no cramps. Just a spot of two of blood. Curses. But so anemic! Starting pills again quick. . . . Ham on cabbage and peach crumble were elegant. Fussed around up at Tom's house. It is NICE.
2. Sunday: J. Russell's party of geographers all day. Pope's chariot and heard of thirteen in car accident; three killed – [illegible] bad. Me too anemic pooped for dinner. Just rested here at Knothole. Read Life's in eve – we're losing the war fast.
3. Monday: It rained all night again! Too wet to wash. Pretty much pooped yet. Read more "Fighting Angel" Pearl Buck's father – a heroic figure, but – pew! . . . Tom is here. Newlin helped clean their path and got poison ivy on both arms bad.
4. Tuesday: After some fuss Tom and I got off to Leesburg. W.T. Smith went along . . . fat blond cop; passed me with no exam, after much waiting. Dinner at Eleanor's folks. Such a nice home! Clear clean modern, uncrowded – I liked it. Much long shopping; home, quick supper – pooped! Tired, anyway.
5. Wednesday: Cloudy, rainy – and the refrigerator man took all morning. But it works! Wonderful! Can hardly believe it is true. . . . Tomatoes are coming. Washed a couple of things; took two days to dry! Feeling passable. Newlin's poison ivy bad!
6. Thursday: HIT – actually bleeding some. Brushed up around, still cloudy damp. . . . Tom and Eleanor for supper. Chops, beans, beets, limp lettuce, peach crumble. Very good. They just sat and hashed. Ginger ale and pretzels too. Cold.
7. Friday: Beverly brought milk. Rainy. Took all AM to wash up leftovers. Generally late, slow, and pooped all day. H.S.S. full of acute indigestion gas, etc. Maggie had it, Cassie felt punk. Bev had it two days ago????
8. Saturday: Rained downpours, with stiff wind. House leaked like a sieve. Burned a lot of wood and kerosene to keep warm and dry. Stayed in all day; didn't even go to garden. First corn of the year! good! . . . 18 dog meat good! [sic!]. . . . Potassium permanganate seems to aid poison ivy. Maybe it was around the corn – anyway, much dirty rags and hands!

9. Sunday: Raining pitchforks – Newlin did Pope’s Chariot. Then Tom and Eleanor, J. Russell and I to Meeting! Enjoyed it. Rained more. I drove home – some wet in valley. Dinner at 2:00 +! Nap. Clear! We walked to West Rock for supper. Did some path clearing. Nice sunset and view. Wanda scared by drops in rocks. Home and to bed.

10. Monday: Cleared off weakly and damply. Me tired again, with bad eye. Dreamed poison ivy all night. Bad. . . . Cleaned up stoves. Applesauce. Garden. Naps. Diary up. Haven’t written home yet!

11. Tuesday: Worked all day on letter on Quaker ceremony for wedding. . . . read to Tom and Eleanor in evening for OK. . . . J. Russell’s Garden Study Club tea was a nice interlude – eighteen to visit nursery and nuts. Tea, lemonade, gingerbread. We all helped – Cassie was a bit flustered! Mrs. Emerick, Mrs. Hutton, and Maria Copeland.

12. Wednesday: Rain yet. Easier day, but didn’t use it well. Dinner at Tom and Eleanor’s – roast chicken, corn, lemon gelatin, applesauce cake. Eleanor puts on a nice meal with tasty flourishes. Home in the wet. Letters all day –

13. Thursday: Actually sunned – but it didn’t last long. . . . Cleaned the house considerably – about time!

14. Friday: Took life easy. At 3:15 Newlin and I took truck down with mower on it. Shopped a lot; shampoo. Invited Fritz for wrong weekend! Newlin hair cut and suit press for Quarterly Meeting. To dinner at Courtney – good ham \$1.10. . . . To call on Stew and Fran – nice visit; house lovely, all painted, etc. . . . Truck lights nil – home in Stew’s car! He’s good to us.

15. Saturday: Accounts all straight. Garden, cleaning, a little laundry. Glad my hair is done. . . . Bedroom brushed up.

16. Sunday: Quarterly Meeting. Tom drove Pope’s Chariot. We slept late. Wore blue. Good meeting; box lunch with the gang of young folks, saw many etc. Afternoon Piccard good – Human Elements of Post War. HOT. I suffered . . . to Stew for nap in attic. . . . To Tom and Mary Splawn [?] Taylor’s for supper – baby blond – house odd mix of modern and antique. Salad buffet; home pooped to dream a lot!

17. Monday: Rainy! Slept and cussed weather! Call at noon for supper at Henry and Louise Taylors' – we four went. Much wet – nice buffet supper: chicken salad, hot rolls, maple nut ice cream. Nice house – tales of Sandra all evening. Home pooped again. . . . Saw the rat –

18. Tuesday: Fairly clear. Caught the rat in the trap on the stringer! Good thing. Nap from social events. Walked milk cans down to Beverly, came up path beside R.H. water works to pig pen – called on Tom and Eleanor. Nice moon. Cassie canning peaches.

19. Wednesday: Beginning hay fever – filter seems to work 60%. Tried yeast hot rolls – pretty good. Wrote a letter, etc. Washed porch. Smashed Nucoa [margarine]. Nap; nose clogged some – fairly clear! Raked a little, diary and letters.

20. Thursday: Cleaned the guest room thru and thru – got beds over, and made up and all set. Curtains up – look like fire in AM! J. Russell shopped for us. 27 spiders!

21. Friday: Warm. Cleaned whole house; looks quite nice. Defrosted refrigerator, busy on routine. . . . Ruth's Bread Loaf Writer's Conference – letters and a sketch!

22. Saturday: Baked heavy applesauce cake and baked apples. Then off to P[urcellville] to shop. . . . did a lot. Met Fritz, bus late, no Mitzi, no pal. Up [the Mountain]; swim – diving board in place. Fritz good. . . . Supper – chops and vegetables and peach crumble. Quiet evening – walked up to Tom's house; much talk; home to bed. Husking corn!! What is a heifer!

23. Sunday: Cloudy rainy. Made applesauce. Up late; read. They swam and talked – then very good dinner at Big house. More talk. Off for 4:34 bus . . . errands, out of gas! Bus at 6:19! Generally bad. Home in wet, and to bed, tired.

24. Monday: Marvelous day – clear and cold – fabulous! I ripped up the guest room and got over the weekend. Must be sure to ask people till Monday AM next time. Walked to Chimney Field through briars and such – nice supper. Cold. Chased by heifer, avoided bull, walked cross country – home pooped out – to bed.

25. Tuesday: Gorgeous day – cool etc. But I have a fresh cold from Chimney Field! Wrote letters out on terrace in sun. Eleanor came and hashed a while. Nap, felt punk! And with all that nice moon – full – and weather. Some hay fever. Ate supper out on the firebox – good.

26. Wednesday: Gorgeous cool sunny day – but I stayed in bed till 12:00. Then up and dressed for lunch for Fran’s Ma – Elsie Brown chatterbox, Janet, Eleanor, Fran, and [illegible] – nice party. They inspected the Knothole! I’m glad I mopped the bedroom. Tom and Eleanor and we planned shopping for party.

27. Thursday: Still gorgeously cool. To garden; made chocolate custard, quick chow lunch out on bench. Nap, dressed up for lamb dinner at the big house. Played hearts; nice evening. Home For Date. [Condom?] slipped and I got the works. Slept fair, hay fever fair.

28. Friday: Weather hazing up. Mail at breakfast – card and five year button and “Footpath Through the Wilderness!” [Appalachian Trail, which passes through Smith lands] Wonderful! We didn’t do anything to celebrate – just enjoyed it.

29. Saturday: Rainy cloudy – much fixing for the big picnic – a gallon of applesauce, garden stuff, planning some sneeze – not too bad. I did downtown shopping all morning – successful trip!

30. Sunday: Cloudy! Hasty plan for party indoors – then it cleared! Grand out – cool. Tom got badminton court in order, stove was good, food copious, flies numerous, guests satisfied – good party. We ate last of coffee ice cream and washed up and talked. . . . tired. Half pound of ground beef per person; onions, tomatoes, corn, El. rolls, ice cream. Ed Smith, Asa [Moore Janney] Taylors, Gregg, Stew –

31. Monday: A bad day! HIT – tired, nose back, droop. Cleaned up refrigerator. Didn’t want to eat, pack, plan, or anything. But finally got organized; tray of stuff to Tom and Eleanor – and she was making bread! And me pooped. . . . Conference with H.S.S. on anemia and work in Swarthmore. . . .

September

1. Tuesday: Just made early bus! And forgot briefcase!! Arrived, and to Woods - \$1.50/each/night! But good beds and plenty of room. Nap! . . . To National Art Gallery; walked a bit – good ice cream there! Then “Mrs. Miniver” [movie] – enjoyed it. Walked and window shopped – home very tired.
2. Wednesday: Newlin to library, me shopping! Not bad – walked to Library – ten blocks; ate at Methodist cafeteria – high but good. To bed pretty tired. Newlin misses briefcase. I couldn’t get many shopping things. Y.W. cafeteria O.K. – hunted slipcover!
3. Thursday: Me to Library, too. Did some work and some checking, running errands for books, and to the express office for briefcase. Pretty warm. Downtown for Thursday evening shopping for slipcover! Nice; tired; OK.
4. Friday: Both to Library – worked fairly well. Walked about library and saw lots of rooms for rent! Tourist!! Variety of houses – interesting. Supper at fish house; rain! Home to quiet evening – warm in room, cool out.
5. Saturday: Really kept busy in Library – grand day. I cold! glad we stayed another day “drinking in the Caucasus” . . . Bus crowded, station hot; what a ride with the colored gang behind us! Home, glad to go to bed!
6. Sunday: Up late. Tom and Eleanor leaving; we for dinner. Made applesauce, washed stockings, good dinner – ham and corn pudding and PIE! Talked money again. J.R. being pinched!! Home to read and write and [illegible]. Newlin stuck!
7. Monday: Nothing organized. Sorry Tom and Eleanor are gone – we can’t eat up the garden! Slept poorly – worried about money and war and such. Nice evening inside, reading and sewing. Cool – it should be nice in October.
8. Tuesday: Downtown by 7:15 to get J.R. to Winchester. Tom took keys to Ford! Much delay; I shopped a lot and was home by 10:30! But tired for most of the day. Pleasant evening inside (cool) – sewing, reading, writing.
9. Wednesday: Downtown before lunch – Newlin and J.R. to Leesburg. Newlin for preliminary physical. Me shampoo and write to Norton and

Helena. Nap, and date quick before supper!

10. Thursday: Applesauce and such – room ready for Lissa. Nap, a letter or two. Glad Newlin knows about his first draft physical, anyway. So relieved I feel almost guilty. [Newlin, who stood 4 feet 11 inches tall, was automatically disqualified from military service.]

11. Friday: Cleaned up all over. Car left at 2:15 with Cassie and Maggie to see Hedgewood. We shopped, visited, saw cows and the house and had a fine time. Home, supper, and to bed at 10:00 after rousing game of Parcheesi with Lella. Newlin stuck – oh yeah! see Sunday!

12. Saturday: Slept till 7:00. Up, breakfast, and start on tomatoes, onions, etc. for dinner for thirteen kids – three Cubbage, two Woodward, three Hedgewood, five Macauleys. . . . very successful. Newlin played hide and go seek – then each ate a half pint of ice cream. Such a hullabaloo. . . . to bed, tired – slept poorly.

13. Sunday: Newlin stuck – me to Pope's Chariot – choice to Eleanor took pink sweater – apples to Mrs. Boring (in curlers and house coat!). Home, dishes done and felt exhausted all of a sudden – just watery legged. To bed at 11:30; skipped dinner. Up at 5:00 to make onion soup for both houses. Charlie's first program – Newlin had trouble starting refrigerator – out of kerosene! To bed –

14. Monday: Did a couple of charts – all other routine badly slowed up – just late at everything. Poor coordination just O.F.F. Packed parsley sandwiches and ate in field above old Marcus place . . . nice. New Wilson's Gap lean-to inspected houses past (?) Bell – Morris – Hough – and empty Cubbage house in the dark. . . .

15. Tuesday. Up earlier. Things moved better. Wrote home. Supper early and we walked over to Sunny Ridge to mail letters and call on Tave Bayles. He has a neat place, fat wife, bright boy William (7 and in the 4<sup>th</sup> grade), and nice baby Barbara Ann. HOT – home along his path along the fence in the dark. . . .

16. Wednesday: Good hot day – sunned! In hay fever time! Garden, flowers, mint, milk – all errands done. Chance to go down town – Cassie and J.R. too. Shopped a lot. Wore farmerette “near mountaineer” hat! Home tired –

sleeping poorly.

17. Thursday: Moving day – Woodwards out, Wileys in - ! No, changed at last minute – much melodrama. . . . Wrote Aunt Anna and Ruth. \$1.50 for the sweater done by Auntie. Dinner at big house – played hearts – war is bad for us.

18. Friday: Felt fine – did big pillow slipcover, sewed all day. Newlin did the last piece of living room floor as I finished sewing. . . . nice evening; felt fine. Good salmon loaf and apple pudding for dinner, along with sewing!

19. Saturday: Hot, muggy – felt vile, punk, lazy. Did some envelopes for Brambleton. Dinner – two sauces, one salty, one too sweet! Slept – logy. Did an hour of typing. Newlin beat me at Parcheesi. Moon getting nice.

20. Sunday: Newlin on Pope's chariot – I changed beds, washed pillowcases and dishtowels and mopped up. Nice and leisurely. Brief shower, and wind blowing COOL! Feel fine!

21. Monday: Cool, nice. I typed in my spare time.

22. Tuesday: Krim's sale! Cassie and I off at 9:30 with conflicting orders. Had a lovely time. Maria Copeland thinks sales "uniquely Virginian!" Bought orange bowl, crocks, and bolster (dirty!). Cassie needs furniture – no chairs! Gosh. Fun to go and bid, but I could have spent \$50.00 with everybody's second thoughts.

23. Wednesday: Very tired! Washed up last night's dishes and the new crocks; cleaned living room. Alternately cloudy and sunny, COOL. H.S.S. and J.R.S. came over to call and see the place. . . . me dead tired! Supper on the hotspot – hot dogs, rolls, and bacon. To bed after marshmallows and a full moon. . . . no date.

24. Thursday: Rested a lot. Garden, down for milk, and all the errands done. A note home. The Cornell mystery came and the Patriot – read Time too, moseyed a lot. Typed a little. Had nice date on couch before open fire – and so to bed.

25. Friday: Fairly tired. Typed some. To dinner at big house for leg of lamb; I made baked apple pudding – good. Talked sale and Cousin Laura's things.

Home, and to bed. Chilled over there, ate too much, too! Dinner at noon out on bench – very nice in sun.

26. Saturday: Headache. Definitely rocky – couldn't go shopping. Typed. Rain and wind, hot and muggy. One movement of intestinal flu liquid. Glory, I hope I don't catch it. Stew, Tave, Charlie, and H.S.S. all did!

27. Sunday: Rainy. Very groggy – made the beds. Newlin conferring from 6:30 a.m.! HIT, with mild cramps. Lay low all a.m. Dressed for fried chicken dinner. Rain hard, blow hard, chilled again – home to nap. Newlin over again – I stay here, to get chilled where I can cuss it!

28. Monday: Cold. Newlin went squirrel hunting – got one; relaxing after big day on thesis yesterday. H.S.S. telling me how thrilling it was – at 9:00 a.m. . . . and I wanted to get to the garden, and keep the fire going, and read, and finish the chair cushions. J.R. to N.Y.; we [went] over for dinner for three nights!

29. Tuesday: Beautiful day. I packed lunch to go up the Mountain for the last time – but we ate in out in front at 1:30. . . . I read “The Widening Stain” by G. Bolingbroke Johnson – Cornell Library mystery full of faculty foibles – I liked it! . . . We had a lovely date down in the pasture in the sun – nice. I cooked chops and squirrel for supper at the big house.

30. Wednesday: Mr. Lynch's sale! I took Mrs. Woodward, bought a \$4 bed and springs, 10-cent dish and skimmer and cream pitcher. Good time talking with Maria Copeland, Jean Armstrong and Mrs. Darling. Very tired. Wedding coach \$34.00. \$1.20 for two picture frames.

## October

1. Thursday: Terribly tired. Did routine – put things away. Talked endlessly about beds with H.S.S. . . . if she's trying to buy another for Swarthmore, better use the spool bed Maggie's sleeping on – it is pretty. But such a dither to decide. And J.R. doesn't like my Aussie straw hat – he'll see it only one more day. Then I'm off to work.

2. Friday: Balmy warm and clear! Swept and cleaned up all around for Stewart and Fran. Newlin shot a squirrel! We gave it to the twins – big dinner. Call here, kids over there. . . . Nice farewell party. Me fairly tired –

feeling good.

3. Saturday: Fog! OK temperature. I washed ten pairs sox to dry on hangers. Finished “They were Expendable” – a terrific story. Makes me want to sign up for something NOW. Nap. Painted Cassie’s window; read in evening. To bed. Cooler.

4. Sunday: Blowing, cooler, cloudy – no fog. Up late. Charlie took Cassie [to Mass]. Clearer – dinner at the big house. Newlin on thesis all day – I just dabbled around, sorting things out and getting ready to pack.

5. Monday: H.S.S. overflowing about the thesis – I just moved on. Gave away hat and dresses. Superficials all put away. Newlin out gunning for fun – fixed mouse. Proofing of closet and kitchen cupboard . . . food coming out all O.K. – onions wouldn’t cook; frozen liver OK.

6. Tuesday: Up early, everything packed and put away. Truck off at about 7:30; H.S.S. off at 10:30, we at 11:30. Had to drive slowly. Nice restaurant in Frederick – Barbara Fritchies tea room! . . . Home by 7:00 – house cold and moldy! No heat, heater drowned out – unpacked truck by flashlight – to bed, dead!

7. Wednesday: I cleaned the whole third floor – good. Then in PM unpacked, sorted, and put away. Closets checked and everything. Cassie and Maggie really worked to clean up and fix up! I shopped \$7.50 of Co-op groceries; evening by the radio. Phoned home – OK for weekend.

8. Thursday: Scrubbed bathroom, got rugs down, final putting sway. I’ll do some throwing! Need dresses – I think I’ll wait, tho. Aired wools . . . to store again. Coffee upstairs, and so we had no evening of our own.

9. Friday: Up on time – no grocery delivery!! So I went shopping at 8:30 – big basket full. Newlin to train on time. I packed and went by 69<sup>th</sup> Street; ate fish at Reading Terminal. Saw “Holiday Inn” – Fred Astaire and Bing Crosby – delightful. To Reading in air conditioned car. Crystal supper; home, ice cream, crokinole, and to bed. . . . Trolley and bus ride with Verna Denworth.

10. Saturday: Up as usual. Walked uptown with Newlin and home by Brooklyn and Foundry! Private! We found out later – quite a war addition at

the Foundry – Pa gathering scrap all day. Nap, crokinole, and to bed – quiet, nice.

11. Sunday: Foggy, then clear. Quiet day; paper came. I must get defense job – Newlin and Pa piled scrap all PM. Good dinner – chicken and dried corn and butterscotch pie. Supper, Crokinole – good game – and radio till 9:00 – Quiz kids, Jack Benny, Charley. And so to bed for a date. . . .

12. Monday: Nice. Newlin left at 9:00 and I fiddled about. Ma washed. Liver for dinner. Shampoo, nap – nothing fancy. To Reading – Ruth and Kathryn Kline to see Ethel Barrymore in “The Corn is Green.” I saw “The War Against Mrs. Hadley” – Society woman’s gradual adaptation to the war! [Both are films.] Crystal for drinks – full! Home late! 12:30.

13. Tuesday: Got the birth certificate stuff talked over and letters started. Nap. Pa to Traverse Court Jury in Reading all week. Called on Reuben – more family in February; Mary Bord Herman has another baby! Played rummy and Crokinole in the evening, and so to bed. Newlin called – to come to Swarthmore Wednesday! Not quite ready yet. Ruth all set for WAVES [Women Accepted for Volunteer Emergency].

14. Wednesday: Cloudy, drizzle, to rain. Walked uptown, bus to Reading – stores closed! Air raid in Philadelphia. Shopped Reading Terminal, Lerner’s, Wanamaker’s basement (\$3.85 blue dress) and Dockers. Out here [at?] Swarthmore; late at 6:00. Tore off to Doctor – Roxby instead of Bowie! All set for blood checkup, though. . . . Ei, ei, ei. To bed, tired and disgusted.

15. Thursday: More rainy cloud – I brushed up and put away. Typed a short batch. . . .

16. Friday: [No entry.]

17. Saturday: 9:30 rode in with H.S.S. to dentist. Very successful, uneventful trip. Cloud to rain. Began Quaker letter.

18. Sunday: Up early to leave at 8:15 for Bustleton. To Meeting, armed with new birthday book from Ruth. Nice dinner and quiet sleepy afternoon. Uncle Ellwood came. We left at 5:00 – to Swarthmore, tired. Me to bed early.

19. Monday: Jay Harvey Smith – nine pounds – born in NY at 12:30 am!

MUCH REJOICING! . . . Dogs to vets, priced clocks at Blankenfelds - \$225 to \$285! Nice drive with Newlin. Wrote Quaker letter, and beat Newlin at Parcheesi. To bed. Gave Newlin's shots.

20. Tuesday: Newlin got his classification card – A. 1! dated October 17 – 10 for appeal. . . . any time after that I hope it will be settled one way or another. Finally got Quaker letter sent to Thurbers and Harriet – envelopes, too. Nice not to do mimeograph[ing]. Date with Newlin in afternoon. Train to Reading, dinner at Keystone with Ruth and Englishers – O.K.- about books. Home. Big chrysanthemum from Newlin for my birthday – very pretty!

21. Wednesday: Rainy, coolish. Ma and Auntie working on the wool quilt made from the crib mattress used when Ma was a baby! . . . Mackerel for dinner, read magazine, went over for Ruth, saw Lafferty and school – smells the same! Newlin's flowers pretty.

22. Thursday: Newlin sent some manuscripts so I typed all day – morning and some afternoon. Nap; read magazines and played the piano! A bit stiff and slow. I'd soon forget how. Eyes tired on typing, Ruth's machine good – Auntie sewed my new blue dress.

23. Friday: Rain to clear. Washed five pairs of stockings for Ruth; shampoo. Patriot has no name on my announcement. Ma to Girl Scout tea preparation. Cleared up. To tea in PM – nice function, good program. Ma terribly wound up over no dish-doing responsibility! Mrs. Ray good in action!

24. Saturday: Shepherded Ma and Aunt Anna up town for the birth certificate swearing. That's over and I hope done. . . . Selected stuff for quilt cover – it will be a grand thing to have. To Philadelphia after shopping in Reading. Swarthmore – evening sewing buttons.

25. Sunday: Cold and chilly around. To Meeting, washed socks and straightened up. Helped Cassie. Cleaned up after supper, got little done.

26. Monday: Jay Harvey Smith was born after long labor (since Saturday) at 12:30 a.m. Eleanor OK, everyone greatly pleased. I got on the typing. J.R. hunting a secretary. Pretty cold. Heaters in attic and office – just uncomfortable.

27. Tuesday: Dried dishes and things, went shopping once, and typed all day. The seat gave my back a blister, but I made progress. H.S.S. sunning and gloating over Jay Harvey. . . . J. Russell busy buying wool pants!

28. Wednesday: Just typed all day! Including the evening, with a repeat on an error in directions! Quite tired. About through being hit – date with Newlin. . . . he wanted a second! To bed, tired. Dried dishes for Cassie.

29. Thursday: Finally – this is the day! I packed with some speed. Off from Chester after nerve-wracking bus ride. Train late, thank goodness! Felt oddly quiet and sad at going, plus mildly excited! A bed at the Y. dorm!! I'm settled and out for a bite and rest. Headache, nerves! Never fails. Made up Newlin's beds, but left house more for Cassie!

30. Friday: Spent all available time at the library, after shopping for Ma's \$2.00 can opener! Took pretty long, but finally I got done. Walked for rooms, \$4.50/week – filthy, crowded, noisy, poor repair – would dive me nuts. To bed. Maggie the Madame blew in, scared by the deaf girls – what a mess she is!

31. Saturday: Did a pile of additions, found an envelope and finally mailed it to Newlin. Then to Washington. Rest[auraunt?] Ass'n . . . counter girl at 20. I went to the café for lunch – noisy, rushed. Nix. . . . room shopped a bit. To Allies Inn for supper – Greetings! Talked with Chaublin? Then home to Y for evening with deaf and dumb Maggie with three husbands and a beard! [sic!]

## November

1. Sunday: Up late, cloudy. Wrote letters, and off to Meeting. Quite good. Janet Brown there in force. Walked the neighborhood for rooms; YW for good dinner. Wandered home to read paper and write some more and rest. Sunday Star had 37 singles ads!! . . . Three deaf girls and the Madame were great – complete opposites. To bed.

2. Monday: Clear after rain! I looked of a room and found one! Though a man ahead of me scared me! Lunch at Neptune Room not bad. Read “Alaska Challenge” Albee – fascinating – to Alaska and teaching Esquimos. Interview with busy Mrs. Watson – I'm on! I signed up the room; bite of supper. To Y and told everybody. Maggie awful again! The three deaf [girls]

sorry I'm leaving.

3. Tuesday: Packed up. Breakfast with three deafs – nice. Then to new room and unpacked and shifted furniture; it's pretty good, closet poor. I served vegetable plates for lunch! Ei, ei. – not too bad. Mrs. S. bumped the dietician and broke two front teeth!! Picked up mail at Y., and home to nap and do a stocking, etc. Tom wants some work done!

4. Wednesday: Well – three meals a day and sandwiches! Breakfast drinks weren't bad at all. Better than vegetable plates and odd portions. Home tired. Living o.k. on \$.75! But must get a check cashed.

5. Thursday: Picked up Y. mail – nice crop. Washed stockings. Kail is a divorced careless gal – fun, addicted to baby talk! Breakfast is swell! Lunch and dinner OK. Tired at day's end. Returned "Alaska Challenge" to get \$.75 deposit! Good book, grand description and understanding of people – by Albee.

6. Friday: Well – I threw away two old slips – saved the straps, but that was all. . . . must get one with first pay. Boy! Than first pay! . . . . Smitty is a swell gent! She is a graduate nurse, speaks French and German, and serves steam table – a real veteran!

7. Saturday: Breakfast – then lunch – and a jam with no food and no dishes! Everybody helping! Got me upset. And I'm scheduled for salads – fresh out – in evening. An attack of nerves, depressed, cold, etc. . . . and the salads were easy! To bed, tired. Glad it's Sunday tomorrow, and emotionally straightened out.

8. Sunday: Slept until 8:00 plus. Up, and wrote long letter. To Meeting – good – on reading Bible for expert [sic] on religious things – then on prayer by good young fellow. . . . Talked with Anne Wahn Odie and Caroline Malin. Off to walk around the block; eat at Inn. Serve from 4 – 8. Newlin called at 9:30. More letter, and to bed. 10:30 mail made nicely.

9. Monday: No dinner to serve – so I got a good shampoo - \$.90 (and rinse). Shopped the 5 & 10 and got Dragon Seed [Hepburn war film]. Dinner at Inn, and home to darn stockings and read half an hour. To bed – south wind – cooler, and it will take my coat a week!

10. Tuesday: Kail just didn't show up. I did toast etc. – not as nice as coffee.

11. Wednesday [no entry]

12. Thursday: Tried to write to Mrs. Lambert, but got so interrupted. Cold and windy! Dust and dirt galore!

13. Friday: Cold. Jacket, wool dress, and summer coat. My ears are blinking, and I must wear a scarf! And buy earmuffs!

14. Saturday: What a day! I jumped to answer the phone and broke the Shalimar and medicine bottles! Cried! . . . Newlin phoned he couldn't come – sick! Miss Arden talked all night about her money woes. “Body beautiful” Silver Deer! Tripe. I felt exhausted.

15. Sunday: Slept fairly late. Got a paper to read for room. None handy. Dressed hastily – off to Meeting – Newlin spoke acceptably! We dined at Brown's – Janet read Tom's letters. Nice time was had by all – drove us home. I served 4 – 8:00. Newlin ate late and I ate with him. Nice – home – and nice date! He's a swell guy.

16. Monday: Bye to Newlin and breakfast. Then – check breakfast!! ‘ray!! Not bad. To D.C. Restaurant exam. Darn fizzle, soupy old Doctor – waited frenetically to get my coat – taxi to inn – serve – then home. No nap, but off to Library with Newlin – copied some, and ran errands afternoon and evening. Nice to be with him.

17. Tuesday: Me tired – but off to work. Did extra salts instead of sleep. Shopped all afternoon – hot, tired, etc. Home to get a note that Newlin had gone! Depressed and tired . . . got a skirt and blouse though, finally.

18. Wednesday: Pooped – headache; moving about with care. Checked a bit for breakfast – rested ten minutes, then fill the salts! Sandwiches, too – then downstairs for lunch! What a day! Fruit all day! To bed, tired, expecting air raid. To dentist – Rosalind Bain – nice. Washed a stocking.

19. Thursday: Up. Radio is nice. I slept better and feel better. Bulb gone in bathroom. . . . Curious offer by taxi driver for a ride downtown! Didn't mean to hurt his feeling, but I didn't understand.

20. Friday: Pay day! \$37.09 and .46 Social Security! Not bad, considering my short days in the beginning. Still looking for room and apartment; no agent apartment yet for the 18 and G. Street place. Must keep watch on it. And find me a room too.
21. Saturday: Well – letter from Harriet – due for newsletter. Also card from Newlin. Average day – washed stockings in a.m. and got caught up on that. Went with Wood to show in basement of All-States Hotel, for women. Army clean [illegible] not appreciated. Good pianist, good tap and juggling.
22. Sunday: Colder; up late. Slept screwily – fell asleep to radio; came to at 12:30, etc. etc. Darned some stockings. Off to Meeting – sketchy. Dante’s Inferno “God preserve me from Hell and from Purgatory – did no evil and no good.” Served upstairs, broken hours.
23. Monday: Rain, cold and damp and raw. Kail left when Shomber pulled her out of line about her hair. I served meats at noon, toast for breakfast, dinner off. Hair done, nap, supper in room, and work on Quaker letters. Wrote Newlin and H.S.S. – good job done.
24. Tuesday: More cold and rainy. I got an extra evening off and worked on Quaker letter – about done but copying. Long! Shopped in a.m. for stamps and envelopes, and good coat hanger. Rushing pretty hard.
25. Wednesday: Clearing; cold and windy. Dashed out for envelopes, and addressed ‘em at All States Hotel. Then mailed them to [illegible]. Observed menu board making, made sandwiches, tore around. At dinner had no food left for us to eat. Dead tired and all relaxed. Went home and fell into bed in drunken sleep.
26. Thursday: Thanksgiving!! Dead tired to start! Served breakfast; stringed beans an hour, rested a bit, served 11:30 – 4:00; ate, served 4:45 – 8:00; ate – TIRED! Wrote cards to Newlin and [illegible]. Newlin phoned! Read ads. Too dazed to comprehend. To bed at 10:00, slept lightly. Bad.
27. Friday: Very tired; but did three meals. Napped in pm. Mrs. Shomber gave me a ticket to a Navy blast in D.A.R. Constitution Hall. Talk was too well censored. Movies of navy battle were good. Home – very tired!
28. Saturday: A morning off – I slept and slept. Then a phone call said noon

off too – so I slept some more. . . . Lunch at Inn. Then copied newsletter. Served a very slow dinner. Missed a nice double room – darn! Home, mailed letter, organized mail.

29. Sunday: Up on time. Washed hose and wrote home – no meeting. Feel rested, but worked downstairs, then upstairs – pretty tired by the end. K. Cornell in line with Macy secretary. Closed early, so few guests!

30. Monday: Very jittery. Walked streets for room – one awful one – the new building is full! Evening off – to bed at 7:00 and slept well – ! – No transportation to the sale. Wish this week were over!

## December

1. Tuesday: Blew cold – gusty wind after rain that splashed to the knees! I slept well. Then worked overtime on salt and peppers. Only a few sandwiches. I napped, then cashiered – not too bad; “.50 long.” Home to darn socks and go to bed.

2. Wednesday: Blew cold – gusty wind. Clear, though. Cold, nothing unusual. Paid my room, late! Cashiered downstairs – windy and cool! . . . \$1.17 short! Went over the checks, then phoned Newlin – so glad Army didn't want him. I do. Home, shattered to pieces. Didn't know I was so wound up over it. . . . just collapsed.

3. Thursday: Overslept! Tore in – two minutes late! Up at 6:55! Wrote Newlin in a.m. – lunch broke in a new gal! Bad for a few minutes. Shopped for stocks and pants!! Dressed for cashier upstairs – \$1.40 long! Had to count checks! Then bought bus ticket to Hamilton. . . .

4. Friday: Clear! Slept till 7:30 – up, dressed warmly, off on late crowded smoky 10:00 bus; to sale by 11:45. In time for homespun blankets, no furniture. Took so long, they sold no silver or dishes. COLD . . . House warm – big sale, everyone in and out. Dorothy Smith got the clock for \$280 – clock sale a fizzle. . . . Left bids with Mary S. Taylor; home on smoky bus. Big day. Stew[art] was there – a good guy.

5. Saturday: Up, tired. Still some smoke – sinuses full! Served lunch, napped, served supper and the headache came. I could hardly hold out . . . so hot . . . drink of water helped. Home to bed, with aspirin and fruit for supper.

6. Sunday: Up late, very hungry, feeling better but not perfect. Snowed in night – tree black and white, sky pink on snowy blue, very pretty. To work, nothing unusual. Cornell and two dachshunds off to Baltimore. Phoned Newlin, talked long.
7. Monday: No plates, no food, bad day all around. Off at 2:30. F. St. place being for offices – disappointment! To library for Tom’s books – “out” – wrote home, then shampoo, and so to bed fairly early. Washed slippers and stockings. . . .
8. Tuesday: Cool, cloudy. So the soup was sour and trays greasy yesterday! Miss Hahm there!! I napped without alarm and almost overslept! Tore by taxi – OK. Cashiered 1:10 short! Foster had a date with old guy for cocktails!! Home at 9:10 – catching a slow cold!!
9. Wednesday: Bus girl service has taken a turn for the better – about time! Smitty on warpath about food poisoning at the Pentagon Building. . . .
10. Thursday: Normal uneventful day – nasty little cold sticks around. Phoned Mary S. Taylor and heard of spoon and decanter, and I’m tickled pink even if it is expensive!! Also broke down and bought a black wool dress! \$16.00 – Wow!
11. Friday: Cold; uneventful. Waiting for Newlin to make arrangements for the weekend. My cold hangs on; gets no worse. Cashiered – \$.40 long! and a man thought he paid twice! Awkward.
12. Saturday: Up at 6:30; got to 8:00 train nicely. Listened to two navy men on train. . . . Chester at 10:40, phoned Newlin!! Over to talk sale and Christmas – packed Xmas bags. Talked clock and visited Blankenfelds – walked, had a perfect visit! Black dress successful and all – very glad I went. . . .
13. Sunday: Woke up and luxuriated in warm room. Breakfast, and off in sleety slush to Chester and B&O train. Good trip – Florence Watson met the train! Served upstairs uneventfully. Went to Art Gallery for catalogue. Home, and unpacked and to bed. Lost my cold!!
14. Monday: Up on time. Sprinkled laundry, and to work. COLD – and cold

at Inn. Wrote home in a.m. Lunch uneventful. Ironed and dressed for cashiering – nap. Steam table! borrowed stocks and it was swell on rolls – talked with Wood and Loftin. Home by roundabout – washed stocks. . . . nice music via radio.

15. Tuesday: Trotted out to Cathedral for spices. Nice visit with Miss Amelia – Must go see Teany, too. It was a nice place, but Allies Inn is better.

16. Wednesday: I found the plunder towels out Conn. Ave. at Q! Felit glad and relieved. Walked around with Wood, signed up at All States. Nice place, nice people, OK price. Worked overtime on salts!

17. Thursday: Cold and snowing. I went to Brentano's for insect book – no luck. Newlin called – pleased. My Christmas is going well. . . . Cashiered and came out \$.88 short! Nasty about man and second dollar, but I was right!

18. Friday: Tiredish – served three meals. Did a bit of window shopping for a bag. Cashed out with Mrs. Runnion – off .08! Slow evening, no fuss, no upsets. Sat in drugstore for paper – to bed late after reading some. Let down for day off!

19. Saturday: Up fairly early – laundry done. Breakfast at Inn. Shopping – bag, umbrella, records. Home; sandwich and window wash! Hair done. Napped, read Time, went to quick dinner at Inn – then wrapped packages all evening!

20. Sunday: Up earlyish – did some laundry. Snowing and cold. To Meeting – left early, waited forever for trolley! . . . Slow day, worked two shifts. Quite a blizzard – crunchy, dry, fluffy – swell, if you liked it! Home to phone and write.

21. Monday: Cold – zero, slight wind; snow squeaky underfoot – SWELL. Smitty revels in it – lots never got thawed out! Routine day – many shifts and upsets c/o [illegible]. Did some Xmas cards. . . . not very ambitious though.

22. Tuesday: Cold – and rain in evening. Broke in Denny at dinner time; very slow evening. Fooled with Palmer. Heard of Xmas party, avoided

trimming Xmas tree by the fire escape with Woodie! Thoroughly soaked on the way home. Worked overtime in a.m.

23. Wednesday: A surprise breakfast off – I loafed late. Bad night – hot, wet, etc. Turned off radio at 3:00! a.m. Just loafed; didn't really use the time – tired and aimless!

24. Thursday: Hectic day – no colored gals – but much giving of 2 lbs. of candy and 5.00!! I almost fainted, everyone feeling fair – queer to be in a restaurant Xmas eve! Great time getting decorations up; candles and caroling -

25. Friday [skipped a day?]

26. Saturday: Up at usual time. Stuffed goose, too solidly – talked some, and prepared dinner. George Sell called! Then Manly came, from S.D.! Nice chap, very good dinner. Washed the silver and glasses. Paused a minute, then drove to Reading, to Swarthmore; and had soup, then packages again. Pleasant homey evening – J.R.'s red tie a problem. . . . To bed.

26. Sunday: Up late. Breakfast. Talk briefly about Meeting secretary. . . retire for date and nap. Dinner good – then heavy discussion of Eleanor's problem. . . ½ hour off. Then tea with Walt and Marianna Robinson and \_\_\_\_\_ off the Gripsholm [Swedish cruise ship] – SWELL! . . . To Chester in rain, to Washington in HOT train. Home in a crowd, and to bed! Xmas is over.

27. Monday: Back to work, refreshed and rested. I was tired after lunch! Burned up so soon. All unpacked and put away. Xmas cards are nice on the mantel. Washed and ironed blouse in a.m. . . . \$5.00 and box of Schrafft's from Miss H.

28. Tuesday: Made a hair date – the only interruption in work of T's II [?]. Wrote letters to Newlin and Kutztown, sent Newlin \$10.00 for Xmas again. . . I think I'm square now. To library again – ate too hot chili! No more. Tom's II almost done.

29. Wednesday: Tore frantically – did the envelopes in a.m. – finished Tom's second batch and mailed it – then finished the calendars and mailed them! What a day. I'm really keyed up, but the relax [sic] will come.

30. Thursday: Very tired. Read paper and washed stocks in a.m.; slept in p.m. Then wrote the Quaker letter – in mail at 9:30 with much talk with Mrs. M. . . . Bought a Hershey bar on way home for New Years' celebration!

31. Friday: Still pretty cold. Diary all a.m., and I'm up to date. Going into '44 with a pile of dirty laundry.



