

Marion's Diary 1943

January

1. Friday: What a day. Breakfast; tore home for clothes, served 11:15 to 3:00. An hour off, cashiered 4:00 to 8:05, and only .30 off. Felt really pleased, though tired. New shoes are excellent. Home, read Life, and to bed at 10:15
2. Saturday: Darned altercation with sassy Laura – much annoyed! Otherwise breakfast OK. Sewed names on Newlin's hankies. Other meals normal. Jane Hector stopped in!! Talked 20 minutes, wonderfully set up. Dot Ditter went through the line!
3. Sunday: Up fairly early. Walked in rain for Sunday paper, no room. To meeting – long silence. Speaking by woman on seeing darkly. . . . Left early; got yanked off steam table to cashier; made errors. Big day. Cashed upstairs in evening – errors in both. Checked both tickets; home at 10:45 just exhausted. Went to bed.
4. Monday: Up, tired – just exhausted. Could hardly swing it. Smitty fell and broke her specs – didn't come to breakfast!! Bedlam! Then salts and peppers! Then lunch – then mass meeting with Miss Halm on “speed the line.” Too late to go home; I just rested on the couch. Steam table in evening OK. Palmer fun; home feeling better – even scolded Mrs. Loftin!!
5. Tuesday: Blowing cold – Smitty still out. I did the breakfast alone with Rache's able assistance – wasn't bad. Noon went smoothly. Phoned about rooms at R. Street – got Jap lacquer cane name – Asian Arts is quite a store!!
6. Wednesday: Did breakfast without Smitty again. An awful morning – ran out of toast, eggs all hard, a pan fell, all wrong! Salts and peppers; an air raid, too tired to do sandwiches fast. Lunch a nuisance! Hair date, OK - \$1.00. Very tired.
7. Thursday: So tired; small headache in a.m. grew all day. By dinner it was splitting, eyes pulled; heat didn't help on the steam table. Went home in a daze, ate very little – constipated too! Aspirin and to bed, ready to quit!

8. Friday: Sort of washed out, but no headache. Looking forward to Saturday off. Mrs. Shomber gave me a ticket to Burton Holmes on Alaska. Gorgeous color pictures – river, lake, mountains, clouds, etc. Very relaxing. Home, and to bed!

9. Saturday: Slept and stayed in bed till 10:30. Ate, wrote letters home, cleaned up desk! Nap. Dined at [Allies'] Inn, then to the Dance Album at the Little Theatre. Swell – Draper, Bill Robinson, Russian Folk, South American, La Cucaracha. Ballets Russes de Monte Carlo and Bolshoi Ballet. The Swan of Tuonela – Donald Duck! grand. . . . Home, ice cream, and to bed. No letters, though. HIT.

10. Sunday: Up fairly early – did all my stockings! To Meeting. “House founded on a rock will last. . . .” very dramatic – Libby. Dinner downstairs a bit slow, supper upstairs very slow. Home, bought Readers Digest and read till 11:00 – Goop! Phoned Newlin – he said get vaccinated right away.

11. Monday: Wet white snow all over – beautiful! Slippery, though. Started inquiry for vaccination. Three meals uneventful – but \$1.29 short on cashing! Very sleepy in afternoon. Washed blouse. Home, no rush.

12. Tuesday: Beautiful day. I paraded over to hospital about vaccination – Public Health Clinic 3 and C N.W. Told stories to Mrs. Nickerson – Two skeletons in a closet: “If we had any guts we wouldn’t be here!” Tired – talked so long. Walked around two blocks, then took a nap in the dressing room! Began a Christmas letter to Turkey.

13. Wednesday: Pretty busy. Cashed in evening, went over checks. Then to Library to reconnoiter for Newlin’s work. Postpone vaccination beyond weekend. Snow all gone – clear, warmer.

14. Thursday: Uneventful day. Lillian bussed on Rachel’s day off. Glad when the shop suey went out! sticky rice and all. . . . Tore off to Library for Newlin – got only half the stuff. Back via the Art Gallery; bought \$4.25 prints. . . . Cashed - \$.80 long! Durn!

15. Friday: My lucky day! Breakfast O.K. Sandwiches, lunch; and Mrs. Nickerson gave me a package! – an “M” hankie in blue. Mrs. Dean talked about Monument Inn near Bennington, Vermont – all Nazi and queer! Lovely spring day. I bought me a gardenia! Cashed with Mrs. Shomber and

came out even – !! Walked home – Prince ? spoke on Connecticut Ave.!
Washed a stocking and so to bed – a big day.

16. Saturday: [no entry]

17. Sunday: Up at 6 plus. [illegible] Harvey after breakfast; to bus, and Chester. Train very hot; I slept. To Inn, very warm day. Worked, cashed both shifts, made errors!

18. Monday: Rainy. Very tired, taking the form of a nose cold and mild sinus. I stayed at Inn all day, napping beaucoup. Cashed with Foster - \$3.10 long! Oi! . . . Rode home with Miss Ray; to bed tired. Rain doesn't help any!

19. Tuesday: Rain again. Cleared; blustery. Cashed upstairs, \$.40 short! Good time with Foster – ate light, napping in a.m. and p.m. Losing my cold all right. Washed p.j.'s etc.; listened to radio. Must get down to work. . . .

20. Wednesday: Clear and cold. The eagle flew - \$52.90! \$1.40 Vic[tuallers'?] tax; .87 S.S. Tax. Nap; worked on letter home – slow to do it!

21 – 24. Thursday – Sunday [no entry]

25. Monday: Sleepy dopey; very warm. Cold hangs on, and I'm tired! Wrote some newsletter. Cashed, with a big error – and a big night, rushed all through. Ate too much lunch again!

26. Tuesday: Damp that turned to pouring rain, and cooler. I was very tired and low – tried to have a headache. Vaccination all red a pus-sy! Home to nap. Nice letter from Newlin, and letter from Harriet about newsletter. I cashed upstairs – a very easy evening; \$.08 off. Home to finish the newsletter.

27 – 31. Wednesday – Sunday [no entry]

February

1. Monday: Smitty not in yet – Mrs. Shaeffer, all atremble, came for breakfast. I showed her salts and peppers, a real weak sister! Sees nothing! Home to mail cards to Newlin and H.S.S.

2. Tuesday: Did salts and peppers frantically overtime. Pretty tired – nap instead of shopping. Could hardly get up! . . . Cashed upstairs, and balanced! Wonderful. Helped Dawson till 9:30 checking tapes! Tired.

3. Wednesday: Pure exhaustion, tears, hysterics – Mrs. Preston and [Sulfon?]?! Did the steam table alone, with occasional aid – ended quivering! Vaccination is pus-sy and odd. Slept the maximum and felt O.K. by evening. Cashed –.90 long! And so to bed. Picked the scab off the vaccination.

4. Thursday: Rain and feeling better. Not much reserve yet. Bought a Time and read almost all of it. Scab still bad. . . . Must get the paper Saturday. Pretty tired yet. No reserve, no reserve! Napped a long one. . . .

5. Friday: Day without major incident. Cashed .30 long. We have the room, now to ask for the front on! The back one will be warm – and smaller. A card to Kutztown, and Newlin.

6. Saturday: Rainy! I slept late. Got the vaccination certificate; shopped a bit, looking hard at the black shoes!! Visited Mrs. Royall, and decided to move. And did, by taxi, in the rain. A dozen boxes! Unpacked and settled. The hardest pillow I ever used!!! All else OK.

7. Sunday: Up late. Wrote letters. No meeting; feel rested. Cashed 12:00 to 4:00 with Russell. Very cold. A bit tired. Evening on steam table – pretty big. Talked long to Opal Larkin – curious! Woodie has an astrology book!

8. Monday: Bad day – poor cooperation. Nobody in kitchen, just all off. Smitty back though, talking a blue streak, and me with a tickle in my throat and nose again! Doggonit.

9. Tuesday: the usual day. Wound up with Wood's horoscope book – poor on Ruth, fair on Newlin, good on me! “Creative urge but no creative power” – brilliant child burned out! Right-o. . . . good ability, but must not live on laurels!!!!

10. Wednesday: My nose cold is worse. Read a lot of papers, thinking to go shopping for a dress or two. To bed earlyish. Some radio – it's a nice room all right – though the water is really cold.

11. Thursday: Up early. Washed blouse at Inn, ironed after breakfast. Home

in rain to get skirt to cash at noon! Cold is a mite worse. Slept all afternoon – easy evening. Home. No floor lamp or radio – fuse blown! . . . Package from Newlin!

12. Friday: A colored girl walked out. Miss Shomber pushed her for standing around! I poured boiling water on my hand! My cold is snorting evil [illegible] strings! . . . Dashed off in evening to see Noel Coward's excellent movie of a ship in British Navy –

13. Saturday: Rainy. Up late; shopped for dresses. Bought a \$2.98 one! Home to nap, and after supper wrote letters all evening. A lovely day off. I feel better. Should have another like it!

14. Sunday: Up, wrote home. Room cold, weather terribly cold – fingers almost froze holding pass money. Meeting fair. Left early. Next week is Quarterly meeting, and Ruth coming! . . . Cashed 12 – 4:00; off one cent! Evening cash .30 off – very slow day.

15. Monday: COLD as BLAZES! Tore off to buy a woolly jacket to be dyed. Napped long all afternoon. Cold hangs on. Read a bit of Cross Creek. [cookbook?]. Slow in starting. Tom dropped in to beef a bit – looked very tired.

16. Tuesday: Dashed home to do laundry – no hot water! So I read Cross Creek. Off to Art gallery for pin-up girl – bought rayon stockings and hangers and such; home tired. Rested ten minutes. To work; light evening – balanced! Read Cross Creek too long and late – very nice. Her food was fabulous – must read it again sometime. Heard Alec Templeton [radio broadcaster] in one number. . . . !!

17. Wednesday: Washed stockings and slip in a.m.; quick lunch. Hair done across the street, acceptably. Returned Cross Creek - too much temptation! Napped – very tired. Cashed big night – concert etc. Foster fun; Rowe-Craig quitting!

18. Thursday: [no entry]

19 Friday: Got the room picked up. Met Ruth at the train – thrilling. Woodie went along. Station restaurant had the most insolent waitress! . . . Talked all evening. And to bed, very tired. Nice to have her here.

20. Saturday: Up late. Breakfast and all around the Inn, and around the block. To button store, Successful purchase of studs, To Art Gallery and on lecture tour. Looked until tired; had lunch. Looked some more; home for nap. No concert tickets! To Moneyways [?] for cocktail, and he took us to University Club for dinner. Back to penthouse for talk of books. Lord Calvert a nice guy too.

21. Sunday: Up late. Ruth packed. We wandered to Meeting via several drugstores for breakfast. Rufus Jones good. The Christian honors imperfection – blessed are those who hunger and thirst, not blessed are the satisfied. . . . Ruth went at 1:00.

22. Monday: Had a big mob for dinner but closed early in honor of blackout, 8 – 10:00. Tom was here with us. Blankets fixed me all right, and I did the whole Quaker letter. Then took it down at 12:00 to mail! Jittery tired, but glad it's over.

23. Tuesday: Queer day. Did Quaker envelopes in one hour in a.m., and note to Mrs. Thurber in p.m. – then sleep. Phone to Newlin – he can't come yet, a cold dragged him down a week. Well, no conflict for the bed tomorrow! To bed early.

24. Wednesday: Washed up in honor of Fran's coming. . . . She did; nice talking visit. She read several hours and I didn't sleep much. I was up and out early. She came over at 8:40, pleased with the visit, I think. Nice – she is a rare one!

25. Thursday: Hardly know how to worry through the day. Napping in p.m. – drugged. Steam table slow, evening was only salvation! Then I tore off to use a pass to “Yankee Doodle Dandy” – Cagney as Cohan. Interesting music and theater of '20's and before. Good of Pres in “I'd rather be Right.” Good dancing, too.

26. Friday: Hardly knew how to get through the day. Cashed with Foster, lots of fun, but short \$1.80!! Napped in p.m. . . . Started to Helen Hayes' but rain turned to snow and stiff wind so I came home and wrote Newlin. Read digest in bed.

27. Saturday: Cold again – brr! I bought Ballet Russe tickets, a slip and

pajamas, but not the dress! Napped. Tried for Helen Hayes, but it was too jammed! Disappointed. . . . Did a big wash, wrote letters. To bed early. Constipated. Rode the R2 bus to Riverside Stadium through negro slums!

28. Sunday: All O.K. until Newlin came March 2 – then I realized how slowly he is working, and he was no good for a week after he got home. I don't know what to do. Dreadfully depressed with I think of it.

March

1. Monday: Got the room picked up and fixed ready for Newlin.
2. Tuesday: Newlin came – down the 2nd-floor supper line! So glad to see him. Ate together. Home to talk and unpack and get settled.
3. Wednesday: Newlin came and went, going to the Library every morning and afternoon; napping, coming to the Inn for as many meals as possible.
4. Thursday: We nap together – he goes before I need to . . . but I'm glad to have him here. I wish he were STAYING. . . . Will the thesis ever be done??
5. Friday: Tom and Newlin ate together, then Tom came up to chat about their house he has rented. Nice evening. To bed pretty tired, Newlin tired too. But tomorrow is my time off!
6. Saturday: Up late – rainy! Spent a.m. in library for Newlin. Then a lunch in [illegible] Office Building Café – fair. At Art Gallery for a couple of hours; home for a nap. To Smorgasbord for dinner. Reasonable – odd food. . . good enough, I guess.
7. Sunday: UP late; bath, etc. Nice date – we had a drug store breakfast. Back to the room, me off to work. Newlin came through the line and left on the 2:00! Durn. I wrote a pile of letters and felt fine. Did a lot in the evening.
8. Monday: Up, and sprinkled the blouse – ironed after breakfast. Did salts and peppers, too. Did lots of odds and ends – paid rent, returned Newlin's key, changed bed – no nap. Tired in evening. Cashed – one cent off! Wrote H.S.S., and to bed. Dreamed of [illegible] Detwiler going to war!
9. Tuesday: Still cool. Walked up for more tonic in a.m. Saw some pretty

prints . . . Shampoo at Paul's, across the street – dumb gal. Only \$.50 though, so I may go again.

10, 11. [no entries]

12. Friday: Worked as usual. Getting pretty tired for the day off. Ola was burned, at home. Too bad. . . . Short of hands again. . . . Read Woodie's Coronet all evening. "The Seventh Cross" must be terrific. To bed, mad that it was so late!

13. Saturday: My day off – slept till 11:00! Just tired out. Rainy, too. Ate lunch at Scholl's – cheap but poor. Saw "Random Harvest" [movie] – Greer Garson and Ronald Coleman, a swell couple – shell-shocked memory, lapse problem. . . Supper at Latchstring.

14. Sunday: Slept late. Throat sore – mumps? To Meeting. Libby on "Peace Now" interesting. . . . Worked upstairs all day. In [time] off, walked down to 17th Street to the Tidal Basin – balmy ! Everybody out! . . . Wrote a typed letter and phoned Newlin – he's tired from Washington a week ago. . . .

15. Monday: Well – soon be pay day! Mrs. Nickerson is back, praise be. . . . I bathed and dressed to go to Delta Gamma meeting. Couldn't get in, but persisted! [illegible] back broken! Riding! . . . nice time.

16. Tuesday: Sore throat still here, tho less! Hot and muggy. Checked at noon for the first time – pretty wearing. Washed stuff and napped. Still muggy. Checked in evening, too. Phoned Florence; air raid planned.

17. Wednesday: Getting fat! Stopped the tonic! What a mess. Was very blue – awake at night worrying about Newlin never getting done, and the expense of the room. Willing to bet he'll not be in Washington before September.

18. Thursday: Clear. After much fuss I did steam at noon, and cash at night. Sat in sun to write cards; talked with neighbor. Felt fine by evening, read "Feeding Post-War Europe!" What a job!

19. Friday: Trotted out to get envelopes and things, addressed them in p.m. Steam table in evening, and walk and talk with Woodie. Stopped in for Tom's manuscript and messages, and so to bed.

20. Saturday: Up fairly early; bath, breakfast at Inn. Late, but made the train. Newlin in Chester! Shopped in Swarthmore – shoes, etc. Walked home with a big bag! Sunny and nice. Walked over to Haines and Kay Turner’s new and modern house – rolled grass, hung up laundry, chopped trees, walked home – nice! Nap – perfect dinner with raspberry gelatine! To Clothier to see “Abe Lincoln in Illinois” – fine.

21. Sunday: Up a bit extra early – packed all the dresses and the tray and shoes. Newlin took me to bus and rode along to Chester. Phoned home, all OK. Back to work – checked upstairs, then down! Luckily it snowed and the crowd was thin.

22. Monday: Pretty tired. Slept all possible, did overtime on salt and pepper! Nothing unusual though. Can’t start the Quaker letter yet! . . . It was an idyllic weekend! Tom dropped in for results, news, etc.

23. Tuesday: Quaker letter day. I started in the afternoon; finished and mailed at 11:45 pm (with two cokes to keep me awake!). Typed, short, about AFSC . . . OK, I guess – nothing else of interest.

24. Wednesday: Gosh – the letter off! Checked at noon with Mrs. Miles – nice person. Perfectly hectic day, really – everyone questioned and criticized and cranked! Nap. Checked in evening. Had nervous stomach, but all was smooth as silk! Ironed blouse, wore Mrs. Pettit’s – fuss, fuss.

25. Thursday: Overslept! Feel better – breakfast OK, salads for lunch, with run-in with bus girl over a trifle. . . . Typed in sun! Shampoo, \$.50, nap, and off to cashier. Large time! \$9.10!! Cashed a check for 20 – 15 [sic] for Tom. . . . Talked long in dressing room about people and things – pink tickets, no food, everything. . . . Phone is in downstairs – 9403.

26. Friday: Noon was awful. No coffee cups, cranky complaints, and strangers . . . big mob, too. But I survived at checking. Supper was smooth as silk! Crowded but no complaints, no fuss. Went home and read Life on Russia.

27. Saturday: Rainy! Slept slightly late. Eye hurt, and twitched. . . . Downstairs, slip, stocks, fur coat, rent, etc. Lunch at S&W. Home, tired, pooped. Napped three hours. To supper, ate chicken. Headache developed – to bed at 8:00, feeling vile. Nerves.

28. Sunday: In bed 13 hours! Up, sun – beautifully clear. Mag. [?] to hospital, shoes to dressing room. Off to Meeting – ate apple going up Connecticut Ave. Dan Shoemaker spoke on brotherhood – You can't practice brotherhood on the mountaintops, you must go down to the multitudes. [Met] Dick Perdue and wife on street! He is in Office of Education. St. T. at noon, check at night – good combination. To bed after letters and phone call with Newlin.

29. Monday: Feel dull and sore throaty! Darn! Starting my tonic and [illegible] regularly for a month. . . .

30, 31: [no entries]

April

1. Thursday: Straightened up the room and got set – went to meet train and was 10 minutes late! Ma and Auntie here, and pretty tired. I had dinner off; we went to Cathedral for Virgil Fox [organ] recital for Red Cross. Enjoyed it, though tired. Home at half [sic] and so to bed.

2. Friday: Clear and cool. Ma and Auntie to breakfast and all over the Inn . . . then walked through Red Cross and other buildings, and down to Tidal Basin. Tom called at noon! Nap in p.m.; Florence came for dinner in evening, and talked all evening.

3. Saturday: COLD and blustery, but we sallied forth – to the button shop, Washington Monument, and the Art Gallery. Lunch at Gallery – lecture on Bellini! Home for nap and dinner, and then over to Lincoln Memorial – lovely at twilight. Cold. Home even by taxi!

4. Sunday: Slept late, up late. To Meeting early via drug store. Meeting good. Then out to Ga. Alaska end of line to wait for Florence. She came and walked us to her house. Dinner, nice. Like Mrs. Richerts! Me back to work. Ma and auntie stayed for visit – Florence brought them back in p.m. And so to bed again.

5. Monday: Ma and Auntie off to 10:00 train – bless them. I believe they enjoyed it. Too bad it was so cold and windy. They saw some of Washington, anyway. And I don't feel tired. . . . Tom brought in some work

in p.m. and I stated on it at once.

6. Tuesday: To library for Tom – only did half enough! Doesn't work so well. Henceforth, I proof read, he does the library. Nice to see him in and out now and then.

7. Wednesday: Worked on Tom's chapters every spare minute! Getting pretty groggy, but I can finish it.

8. Thursday: Pretty tired when I got up, but it passed and I felt OK. Worked in p.m. – to dinner at Cleves; fair. Worked in Tom's office from 8:00 to 11:45 – Wow! Foster traded Saturday for Thursday for me! Nice.

9. Friday: Up, dry, taut, nervestringy [sic!] – but I finished Chapter four by 4:30 pm. Tom delighted to get it. Newlin came for dinner – so pleased to see him – all a-twitter! . . . Home and undressed – dead tired. Tom in for a minute – pleased with thesis.

10. Saturday: Slept late, and had a leisurely round! Newlin to lunch with Tom, me to hunt shoes in vain. Back for nap, then checked for a slow crowd. Newlin and I walked to the Tidal Basin, then up the pool to Lincoln [Memorial] and home to bed, to sleep well.

11. Sunday: Slept late, then played around – up quickly, and off to fair meeting. Walked around the block first. . . . Then to check 12:15 – 4:05 and 4:35 – 7:45. Exhausted. Just crawled home and into bed! No letters..

12. Monday: Just pooped! Everybody equally tired. A big lunch, but a wonderfully small dinner! To bed early. Hardly a chance to talk with Newlin. Cold and damp – but Tom and Eleanor moved. Lucky!

13. Tuesday: The usual day – tempers ragged over one thing and another. I left a dog in! to the moat, by misunderstanding!! And a woman wanted a refund on yesterday's tray!! Tired, I napped. Very slow rainy evening and I was short! Home with Newlin, to write home. Room cool. . . .

14. Wednesday: Cool and brisk and clear. Newlin left and took the radio to be fixed. I hate to see him go – feel pretty pessimistic again. I feel more rested; shampoo, laundry done. But still blue.

15, 16: [no entries]

17. Saturday: Rainy again! I hunted a hat and shoes, finding neither. Rode to Anacostia, then to Cabin John! Nice ride past Georgetown. Then I shopped and bought a lamp base! Read Harpers all evening. Woodie and Park and I stopped in to the bookshop and talked soup with a stranger. Fun!

18. Sunday: Palm Sunday – and more fussing and bickering and griping and racket and chaos than I care to have again. Skipped Meeting. . . . Special [delivery letter?] from Newlin. Wrote home, did checks and such.

19. Monday: Rain! A regular nor'wester! I worked overtime! Very slow day at noon and night; I cashed and balanced at dinner! Tom paid me my \$20 plus \$11.25! Wrote Newlin and Harriet and the bank. Trouble with tail!

20. Tuesday: I trotted all around with Ellen's lamp base. Got it wired – \$1.50; paid \$1.25 for a shade, and generally covered a lot of ground. Too tired and late to buy a hat! Read Coronet that Mrs. Boyer gave me. Good.

21. Wednesday: Mystified by call into State Department – via Tom's window – “Editorial work” at \$2,600! and permanent! I can't think of anything else! Told Woodie and Mrs. Runnion – they say consider it! I said No! Just stewed all evening – slight headache. . . .

22. Thursday: Sort of headache all day. Addressed envelopes in am, slept restlessly in p.m. Dashed to Woodward's for blue cheese after work. Home, wrote cards and picked up this and that. Can't get to the Quaker letter. Pat Malin and Staunton Calvert ate!

23. Friday: Hazy, warmer. Home to wash in a.m. Paid rent, a terribly busy day. Didn't know how I'd live through it! Newlin came in p.m. – so glad to see him. Talked State Department job . . . he says Go ahead!

24. Saturday: Nice day. Warm. We set off for Quincy Street! Finally found it and the tray in Chevy Chase and enjoyed [illegible] . . . home to lunch at Inn; nap, then to Tom and Eleanor's in Falls Church. Nice dinner, cool airy clean-cut house, nice to visit, too. But so far from work! and awkward to live. . . .

25. Sunday: We slept late, got up, talked Buffalo Quakers and such things.

Dressed carefully; breakfast at Drugstore. Newlin wrapped Ellen's lamp and I went for paper. We walked in around the Octagon house and garden. Spring is here. Then me on the steam table, and Newlin ate dinner and left. Easter Sunday and I worked all day!

26. Monday: Fran blew in for shopping – brought jonquils. I stepped around to the State Department to tell them my hat is in the ring! Talked with Fran in afternoon, wrote Quaker letter in evening, mailing it at 11:30 or so. Relieved, too!

27. Tuesday: So hot and muggy – just slept and rested up after the exertions of the weekend. Don't feel "clear" about the job yet, curiously enough. Thought it would be nice to leave the Inn and have a real position! Ego! And what about the summer??

28. Wednesday: Hot! Today is the day the librarian says yes or no to the State Department job! I tore downtown to shop for Eleanor. Very poor service, but got everything in the time I had. But paid cash for it! Phoned Newlin; the job unsettled –

29. Thursday: On tenterhooks. Went to see Helen Telford, talked job, got paper, all diswrought up [sic!] – feel rotten about it! Filled out papers, to bed at 12:30 exhausted. This seems to be the turning point between family and career, and I'm stewing over it. . . . 260 for breakfast! A tremendous crowd.

30. Friday: A devilish day. Told Mrs. Nickerson and Shomber about State Department job; got papers notarized. In p.m. saw Helen Telford and made arrangements for interview with Dr. [illegible], then slept restlessly. Slow evening cashing – home relaxed! To bed early.

May

1. Saturday: Slight throat! Feel a bit rested. Breakfast with Mrs. Miles. Foundry paid \$60.00 dividend! Washed slips and stocks. . . .

2 – 8: [no entries]

9. Sunday: Up too early. Pleasant breakfast, and off to the bus. Newlin went along to Chester – he's a nice guy all right. . . . Tried to call home. Worked upstairs both shifts – hot, all cranky. I wound up with a terrific headache.

Home to try to sleep.

10. Monday: Up, feeling tired. Sticky hot; cleared by p.m., and I sunned in the window, then napped. Room in great disorder – and Tom called to pay the shopping! Ei, ei, ei. . . . I up and washed, and to cashier for dinner – headache came back in small degree. To bed at 8:30!

11. Tuesday: Sticky wet, looks like rain; drizzling too. But I washed seven pairs of stockings, slip, and pants! Muggy and rain in bursting torrents. Evening with Foster – what to think about before marriage! Home to write home, to Beulah and Doc.

12. Wednesday: Torrential rains – finally cleared, but muggy. I washed more pj's and a dress; more showers in the offing. Mrs. Brown on steam table for breakfast! I took a quick walk up Connecticut Ave. in the evening – coat and all! I must do something about my fat legs!

13. Thursday: A Perfect day – clear, cool, and peppy. I did salts and peppers and by pm it was clouding up again! I did sprinkle all the laundry. And in the evening took a quick walk with Woodie to see the Eve of St. Mark. She paid \$2.75 – and I went home.

14. Friday: An ordinary damp day with occasional showers. I ironed all a.m. and most of the p.m. My clothes are in pretty good order now. Nothing unusual about the day's work. . . . I announced my 22 – 29 vacation!

15. Saturday: My day off again – glad I'm not going to Hedgewood! Bought a beret, Bally shoes, and a pin for Ruth! Popcorn! Nedick's orange drink, and then to the Eve of Saint Mark" – well done, malaria on the island, variety of soldiers, molls, hometown and mother and farm folks . . . good. Home and to bed early to music – a good day. Coat in Woodward's storage.

16. Sunday: Wet again! And my popcorn doesn't sit too well! Sorted out my wardrobe and took an exercise. Checked all day after quick trip to Meeting. Not too tired. Feel better about things, and me and my personality!

17. Monday: Hot day. Popcorn sat poorly – almost woozy with the heat. Luckily, not a very heavy or taxing day. Curious itch at first floor desk . . . everyone has welts and itchy [illegible].

18. Tuesday: Run, run, run! To the toilet four times – completely run out – heat plus heavy doses of tonic?? Tonic made me watery before. . . . Felt rotten, napped all spare time; better by evening. Have been wearing Kotex since Monday a week – just a drop and dribble every day. . . .

19. Wednesday: Hot – not insufferable, but hot! Darned stockings all p.m. State Department is telephoning – me and Miss Halm, etc. Well, maybe, pretty soon. . . . Sat on Woodie’s porch till 9:30. I wore red shoes all day. Raymond Gram Swing [radio commentator].

20. Thursday: Overtime – payday, with \$5.90 adjustment made by Jensen. Muss Hughes walked out! The house-keeper stayed three days. An awful hag on the steam table – “Slow death” she’s named by Foster. Not a very heavy crowd. . . .

21. Friday: A regular day. Talked long with Mrs. Miles; her father and brother were doctors, and she had two years of medical school. Sensible, too. . . . To movie with Woodie at her suggestion – Charles Laughton’s “This Land is Mine” – good character for him. Nazis taking over a country, and the beginning of complications – schoolteachers the spearhead. . . .

22. Saturday: Up; washed slip and blouse. Off to breakfast and Library. . . . Not much success. Rode Hill Crest bus in Anacostia – home, lunch, nap, supper, and off to Seat Pleasant [town in Maryland]. Eyes tired! Walked home from 11th and Pennsylvania; to bed tired.

23. Sunday: Slept medium late. Up, and to Meeting. I read Intelligencer in basement, then left! Served upstairs with “slow death;” Tracey is equally bad! Ye gods!! . . . Not a very large crowd.

24. Monday: Wrote home, making plans for vacation. Get a kick out of it in planning. I’ll be short of money! Wish the State Department job would not [?] come through. Did envelopes and planned the Newsletter.

25. Tuesday: Got the envelopes off in the morning, rested, and rolled up sleeves and finished the newsletter in the evening. Mailed it and walked home – with Woodie. Glad it is over – not a very good one. Not too tired. . . . A bedbug.

26. Wednesday: A perfect day – everything went smoothly. I visited Mrs.

Miles and got copy of Civil War poem, formerly Mrs. Wardlaws! Walked to Basin in the afternoon, then slept. Toured gardens in evening with Woodie. Average day at work.

27. Thursday: Gorgeous day! Bath; to work. Sunned and read paper in garden, cashed at noon, checked at night. A big crowd at noon – and me full of errors at night! A bad time. . . . Shampoo; read an hour without glasses! To bed early, after viewing exhibit of Corcoran class work. Sunday nudes!

28. Friday: Phoned State Department – at least I'm fit to work in their department. My case is OK. The next move is – is that the job for me?? and at what pay?! Got my pay in evening. Sat around and waited for Woodie, then took blouse, etc. home. I can't believe it is time for vacation!

29. Saturday: Up early. Bath, and packed all I need. Bag light, but I taxi-ed in state! To Aignier for cleaning; then out to Swarthmore by 69th Street in time for late lunch. Fiddled over in College machine shop with Newlin about the wheelchair [presumably Henrietta's]. Home, nap. Supper and sit on terrace – nice; to bed early.

30. Sunday: Up fairly early. To Meeting; everyone but us at Baccalaureate – four at Meeting! Ate dinner, dashed off to 69th Street by early bus, made an early trolley, rode to Allentown bus Station, and home to hotel in time for Bittner's poor Baccalaureate. Pretty warm! Very Dutch!

31. Monday: Pa's garden looks elegant. I washed the dark sheer plus stockings, etc. Just slept and loafed. Went over a rehearsal of Ruth's Commencement – seemed queer to be in school again. . . . Ruth's evaluation session a wonderful tale! Ma hopes she'll get upper Darby!

June

1. Tuesday: Warmish. I walked up to see Margaret G.J. and Harriet and Claire. Poor Claire looks like Jimmy! Read and napped and visited – Fran and Foundry and other topics.

2. Wednesday: Hot. Did the dark dress a second time – it's OK! Visited Mrs. Guldin and Mrs. Wiltraut – Mrs. W. a wonder – upholstered davenport and chairs – but what a room! All there but tidies! Quite evening. Drove over for Ruth at School.

3. Thursday: Ruth off on rehearsals. HOT. I called on Ruth Grim and talked about this and that. Newlin came in p.m. – nice to see him. Napped late, bath, and to Commencement. It was HOT! Just dripping and moist. Round table on Post War was OK. Ruth as moderator was good; Newlin talked with and enjoyed Dunkelberger the Agriculture teacher. Talked with Turkey by phone – \$1.00!

4. Friday: I bought an electric fan! And so did thirty other people! We all rested, and Ruth got a wire for Bernardsville. Newlin fixed the lilac bushes in a big wrap. Nap. Sat on the porch for the evening, and so to bed. Depressed to be leaving so soon.

5. Saturday: Up fairly early. Ruth already gone – packed and off on crowded 8:10 bus. Reading stockings, train to Philadelphia. No dresses for me! Bought umbrella for Woodie; three teeth filled by [Dr.] Aiguier. Hot – to Dr. Bowie for blood and things. Home, nap, and supper.

6. Sunday: Perfectly beautiful day! Up, breakfast, beds and things; then over to Chester to see Eleanor, Jarett, Hannah and Newlin at Meeting! Nice visit – she's really busy with two and no help! Lovely place. Then Home, dinner, nap, round. Walked down for ice cream . . . warm but not hot. Played rummy; Newlin won. And so to bed – a nice day.

7. Monday: Cloudy. Bad night with nose and throat. Up and packed and off by early bus to 10:00 B&A. Hate to go, but my mind is made up! Got down early, unpacked, put away, rested, and then off to work. Mrs. Shomber out four days!

8. Tuesday: Up for pill prescription, and hunted for swimming pools. Y.W. evening hour is the only time. Visited Ambassador Pool but I can't see the health end of it! Work gets done in a mechanical unruffled daze!

9. Wednesday: Mrs. Wendt isn't so hot! I washed my blue winter dress and the sleeveless linen – both came out well. I'm beginning to be conscious about my work again! Everybody glad to see me back! Nice, too!

10. Thursday: Elsie asked if three slices of tomato would be .15 too! Riot! Foster is a crazy gal anyway! I like her. It has been blissfully cool all week – cloudy, etc. But I'm awful glad I got the fan. Woody likes her umbrella.

11. Friday: Washed up a lot of stuff – usual day. “Checker is St. Peter” – trying to clear; sun was out a little. I made wonderful mistakes at noon! My off day. Strawberry shortcake is back to .25!

12. Saturday: My day “off.” Dr. Neumann did a very easy basal – very regular! Then a date for a Y. exam. Felt dressed up in good blue. Lunch; then to Art Gallery; bought two. . . . Cashed and balanced upstairs in evening. Home, to bed, punk.

13. Sunday: Warm. Letter from Newlin at 8:00; diary up to date. . . . To Church! Thought it was Tom preaching! “Church of the Presidents” pretty high Episcopal; o.k. HOT-HOT-HOT. I cashed, then checked. Then sat on Woody’s porch.

14. Monday: Stood the heat well, to my surprise! It cooled off some. I sweat buckets at breakfast!! Lunch and dinner not too awful. Miss Welborne very short and snappy with people. Very late – 8:20 leaving! The advanced Square Dancing at the Y is off for the summer. I walked up and back about that; then read Life.

15. Tuesday: I paid my Educators’ \$30.00 – I’ll have to build up some now. Ironed two dresses and three slips in p.m. – water just ran out of me. But I feel OK!! In fact feel good. Used fan in evening – crashing storm helped some.

16. Wednesday: First Quaker letters here – only two! Pretty hot. Fan again – it is such a comfort! Tried to phone Tom and Eleanor, wrote H.S.S. . . . Newlin won’t be down this Saturday – it’s good he won’t; too much to do.

17. Thursday: HIT – flooding nicely. Doctor’s report is good – 5,000,000 red bloods good, 15,000 whites not so good. 8,000 normal indicate infection or spilling too much! Recommends thyroid for poor menstruation.

18. Friday: Pretty hot. All went well till upstairs in the evening. Spooner upset, Wiegel trying to observe and do ice cream. Childress in a bad humor; line long and slow. And then it took hours to get finished. Woody and I went to Watergate for all-Gershwin program – and all Washington there. . . . Walked home, tired and upset.

19. Saturday: Up for breakfast with Betty Mallon – nice. Then off to library with some success. Got tickets from Miss Stanley! Lunch, (ate too much; hot) shopped a bit. To Y.W. for Pool exam; bought Dipticket, 10 for \$2.00. Home with gorgeous headache. Phoned Eleanor – no dinner. Put the package in the Nash and came home. Lost lunch at 7:00. Some rest after that – what an evening!

20. Sunday: And Fathers' Day card is still in my pocketbook. It looks to be hot . . . and was terrific – I was wobbly from three aspirins, in bed until 11:30. Worked only one half; sat on Woody's porch, then rested again.

21. Monday: Wrote home; got Quaker envelopes off – but still feel unequal to Newsletter. . . . Pushed off again – HOT and wet and sticky. Had fan going and was SO glad for it!

22. Tuesday: HOT, sticky – pew! Ordinary day. Afternoon spent on bed with fan. Decided to try swimming. Not bad – cooling anyway. Ate limeade with Wiegel and Mrs. Michail, then read Coronet instead of doing letter.

23. Wednesday: Still HOT. Steinbeck's articles in Post are interesting. I finally got at Newsletter . . . \$12.00 from KB&L does come in handy!

24, 25. [no entries]

26. Saturday: Up early. To Dr. Aiguier – very poor filling job. Mama there to meet me! Ate at Bookbinders – hot. Talked to George S. and Darby about jobs for Ruth, etc. Out to Swarthmore – quite evening, and so to bed.

27. Sunday: Up early. Dressed, and off to train. HOT. Stood under a tree – Newlin a peach. But I do wish he'd get his work done!

28. Monday: Up on time. Fran and Candy soon rose and left after lunch. Me, I slept! Tired, but I'll live! Washed stockings, went over checks, wrote cards home. Felt dull.

29. Tuesday: Felt drugged, could hardly get up! Did get going – breakfast ordinary; lunch, Wiegel in a fog! But balanced. Mrs. Miles left for Indiana and California! . . . Delivered light to Tom's office. Napped briefly, drugged again. Cashed with some error – very slow winding up. Rain broke the heat – sixteen days over 90 degrees. Read Mlle. on babies and got depressed. . . .

30. Wednesday: A Philo day – after all heat records were broken! Can't believe it – got Woodie out for a long walk all around Lincoln Memorial. Washed stockings and dress. Tom in – all set to be drafted. . . .

July

1. Thursday: Gorgeous day, not so cold – so I sunned on All States roof. Nice but windy. Got some little burn and felt very tired. – is sunning enervating?? Tom says his heart is OK, and is all set for Navy! What to do?

2. Friday: Newlin called at 6:45! Good trip down. He will call Sunday at 9:00. I slept every minute! Ironed blouse in a.m., also slips and seersucker dress. I'm all set now. Gorgeous day!

3. Saturday: I could hardly get through the day. Evening was light, though – and me \$2.00 short! Sunned on All States Roof again – too windy though, only got a bit. To bed early.

4. Sunday: Our first closed Sunday! A day of leisure. I got up late, dusted, and cleaned out magazines. Off to Meeting via drug store breakfast. Fred Libby spoke – “It is principles that are timeless in War or Peace, not public opinion.” Good. Walked home, and walked to a movie, but it was too full. Paper, nap, radio.

5. Monday: Ruthanna's first day – we returned to room and napped. I washed eight pairs of stockings! To bed early after reading about “The Homan Body” – fat ones and thin ones. He has a choice sense of humor!

6. Tuesday: A tremendous day. “Humans don't get tired, they get bored!” So I washed dresses in a.m., shopped for “The Maine Idea” and a white handbag all p.m. – and went to a movie with Foster! Phew! Saw “Blossoms in the Dust” with Greer Garson and baby adoption theories, illegitimacy quite good, though she didn't age in fifteen years of worried life!

7. Wednesday: Made up for splurge by sleeping all day. Answered Ruth's Bread Loaf letter! I'm so glad she has a job. . . . I caught a tickle and took baking soda at night.

8. Thursday: Feel watery and headachy after soda. Rainy and cloudy, good

for sleeping. A bad cold sore in my upper right gum. Felt pretty rotten, but no cold! Downtown for bus ticket and blue bag. . . .

9. Friday: Pretty tired. Ruthanna stayed over night one night – we walked in the evening. She does all right, and is lovely to look at. . . . I checked upstairs – feeling as though the lid would blow off at the slightest provocation. Didn't, though!

10. Saturday: Terribly tired, and butterflies in my stomach over making the bus. Hot, showers. I got away early. Rainy. Mob at the bus – missed first 8:30 by a mile; jammed in and missed 12:00 by an inch! And went home so thankful to have a home.

11. Sunday: Up early to phone that I wasn't coming; back to bed. Ice cream for brunch; dinner at the Water Gate Inn – at \$1.75, delicious. To Tom and Eleanor to deliver corn pan. Brief visit, and home again to write a long letter. On second thought I'm glad I didn't go up the mountain. I never want to go again. [?!]

12. Monday: Woke up in a dither – hysterics and all. I crave to write a letter to Newlin; I'm tired of waiting. . . . Washed some stuff. **HIT** – So that's why the hysterics! [Went] to see Stage Door Canteen – good. Ray Bolger swell; stayed too long. Eyes shot – to bed at 6:30.

13. Tuesday: Up late. Ironed two dresses – could hardly get going after so much vacation. [But] felt as though I had some reserve for a change – through the day easily. Mailed some letters, read a little, and to bed at 10:00 – sleepy!

14. Wednesday: Pretty warm. Had my hair washed in p.m. Relaxed and slept twenty minutes; feel OK. Borrowed a ball and pitched a while – arm tires easily. Nice air, thank goodness! Must get a ball before the weekend.

15. Thursday [no entry]

16. Friday: Newlin surprised me and came in at noon. I was really pleased to see him – all nicely thrilled. . . . To “Jane Eyre” in the evening – Sylvia Sydney and Luther Adler. An interesting performance. HOT. Nice Victorian setting, choice costumes.

17. Saturday: I worked. Newlin mailed the thesis package! What a relief – and I hardly know it. We sat in park with water lilies all evening. And then to bed. He won't be in Washington before Christmas.

18. Sunday: Up fairly early; ate at White Tower. Then to Meeting: good on serenity as Jane Addams, not of ignorance or complacency or self confidence but of faith in what God can do! . . . Read paper in park till time for dinner at Ivy Terrace - wasn't bad. Newlin was in sun! but it clouded up. Nap – and to Falls Church with Eleanor and Otis Starkey. A nice time had by all. Light supper and beer and good talk.

19. Monday: Up early. Cool. Bath and bedroll – off to work. Newlin ate with me, then we sat with the water lilies till it was time to go. . . . I sunned in afternoon – steam table at night. Hashed with Miss Wiegel – washed five pair of socks, blouse and slip, wrote Woodie – and went to bed!

20. Tuesday: Coolish – will warm up. I ironed blouse and slip. Ruthanna's pay delivered to Tom . . . sat and talked a bit. My pay \$43.00, big tax on it! But I can live. Pretty hot; steam table is tiring. I'm soft!

21. Wednesday: Ought to get up gumption to write home. Breakfast and lunch trays for Miss Wiegel – they do take time! She does appreciate it though. Paid rent. Talked all afternoon with Mrs. Thibault, who knows the neighborhood.

22. Thursday: Hot and tired. Tore downtown for “Vermont is Where You Find It” – I like it, though not as much as “The Maine Idea.” Steam table again; worked hard. Tired. Palmer is fun. . . . Me discouraged, ready to give up.

23. Friday: Devilish morning – Dora late with everything on the steam table. Home to read paper. Checked, napped; pooped. Steam table, and iced tea for dinner. Very tired. Palmer is lots of fun, though – the only redeeming feature.

24. Saturday: Sleepy and tired – bored? I got a car pass and rode to the end of D.4 Reservoir Road and McArthur Boulevard – pretty. Fox hall a bit overdone. After dinner I bought peanuts and rode to river, sat on wall to watch sunset and shell the peanuts. Vary calm and restful. To bed early.

25. Sunday: Missed everything! Up nice and late. Breakfast too long at White Tower – no Meeting. To Art Gallery – open at 2:00! I read and watched tennis in Cafeteria at 4:00!! I looked at war drawings, then ate at California, and home to nap and write a letter. Newlin called; to bed early. Feel rested anyway! . . . Cally Gruber buried!

26. Monday: Another Monday – me on the steam table again. It seems to be a regular thing. Sunned and read Life all p.m. Really got results, too, itching and red! Talked termites with Mrs. Thibault – she’s a great one. Nice Louise Wiegel is back. . . .

27. Tuesday: Mail day; hot and sunny. I read paper all a.m., sunned all p.m. Bath; and steam table for dinner. Tom was inducted yesterday! I can hardly believe it. . . . Walked fast down around the end of the “Basin” – very pretty sunset – to bed early, pretty tired.

28. Wednesday: A hot one! I darned stockings “all morning,” felt very tired so I slept all afternoon. Foster and Wiegel and Michael and Barrett and Clements helped Mrs. M. move – with much hullabaloo. Shifted furniture and planned room – small but nice. Fell asleep in Roosevelt’s speech. To bed, to Kay Kyser’s antics. Nice air – no fan necessary.

29. Thursday: Another stinker! Mrs. Deane and M. [illegible] liked Vermont. I washed night gown and socks. . . .

30, 31: [no entries]

August

1. Sunday: We got up late. To Meeting – Serenity again, but Libby had errors and everyone talked. Dinner at Ivy Terrace; nap and paper. . . . Canoeing 7:20 to 8:20 and just about perfect, picnic supper included. Sat in the park a while, then home and to bed.

2. Monday: Newlin left, and turned up again at dinner! The milk truck didn’t wait. We tried to go down to the river – dark, wrong bus, ill-fated trip. But it was nice to be with him even when so tired. To bed, HOT.

3. Tuesday: Very tired. Wrote letters in p.m., to bed at 9:00 and slept fairly well. Newlin left his bathroom kit complete. I’ll have a sweet stew next

week with roommates and visitors! Wow! Work just the same. Pretty hot. To bed early –

4. Wednesday: So hot – I ate light, slept all afternoon, and got up half sick. Very close and stuffy. . . . Checked upstairs – wonder about another job – pay, hours, etc.; bought a paper to see. To bed early, clean sheets. Wrapped Newlin’s package in the Y.M. alley!

5. Thursday: Ruthanna came in – odd, she didn’t unpack, just lived out of her suitcase. Don’t know what I’ll do next week.

6. Friday: Hot, and HIT – big flow, and I felt sort of washed up. Steam table is wonderful in this heat. By dint of much drinking and salt, I get by. Ruthanna to U.S.O. [United Service Organizations Inc.] – nice. Me with hit; headache and aspirin to go to bed with.

7. Saturday: Fixed up bureau and closet, emptied hangers and such – all set for visitors. Mag to hospital. Generally cleaned up. Went to Meridian Hill Park to hear the Siberian singers. A lovely setting – liked it well.

8. Sunday: Up earlyish. Washed blouse and slips and such and ironed sprinkled dresses. Then napped, and dressed to meet Ruth’s 1:30 train. We taxied here, then bused to Watergate Inn – elegant dinner \$4.75! Nap, ginger ale, sit in the park, and to bed early. Awfully hot. Nice to see Ruth.

9. Monday: Up – HOT. To bathroom four times getting some blood – something we ate. I was weak as a flea, but held out by doing no sandwiches. Rested in p.m. Ruth to movie, [I] walked a little and sat in park with Ruthanna. I slept with Miss Wiegel. . . . Ruth upset, too.

10. Tuesday: So Hot. Carefully chosen lunch doesn’t sit too well. Everyone comments on it . . . but a nap straightens things out, and we go to East Lyme, on The Willard Roof. Excellent seats, and a wonderfully funny show – olio [?] songs good – quartet especially so. Home late.

11. Wednesday: Breakfast as usual, and the rest of the day off! Wonderful – we shopped, saw “Lady of Burlesque” [film] with Barbara Stanwyck in Gypsy Rose Lee’s G. String Murders. Too fast moving for me. . . . Eagle Shipyard Symphony was grand. Then a Coke and “The Constant Nymph” [film] with Charles Boyer and Joan Fontaine – leggy kid believable. Dinner

at the Parrot; home to drink, to bed.

12. Thursday: Work as usual – Ruth left during breakfast. Felt blue at her going. Sure in Hot! Ruthanna gone too – no effort to pay, or bring anything! Queer – no job for Ruth!

13. Friday: Slept up. Tom in for goodbye – left note; wants me to do proofreading. Seemed pleased with khaki purchases for his army stuff. Too bad about him. . . . He took Ruthanna's bag and left maps for photo-stating.

14. Saturday: Tore down for photo-stating, using my pass for the last time. Newlin came; it was hot. We sat on the park bench while I blew up about cussed pink slips and Mrs. Sorenson and all the other headaches. Me very dissatisfied with job and room.

15. Sunday: Slept late, nice air. Baths plus. Breakfast; idyllic sunning in park – hot, no humidity. Nap; dinner at Greenway Inn, then to Zoo, walking till we were tired. Bears, cats, birds – houses closed at 5:00.

16. Monday: Washed up stockings and slip. The room's settled; I stay here till a double turns up. Still hanker some, though. Wish I could get satisfied!!

17. Tuesday: Well – sneezes, and I put on my nose-ring. Mass meeting of checkers – no pink slips; 70 pounds of sugar per day instead of 100!! To bed early – Cool. Folks sent me soap and T.P. – nice.

18. Wednesday: Perfectly gorgeous day. A large breakfast. Talked with Mrs. Bailey in a.m., walked to the [illegible] Gov. Checkers and cashiers - \$.55/hr – .75/hour for part time. Erratic dinner on steam table. Talked with Woodie and wrote letters.

19. Thursday: Beautiful day, but I still have the itch. Collected recreation bulletin and American University classes for fall interest. If I'm here another winter I want some stimulation. . . . Pay is small this time – \$42.60 net!!

20. Friday: Gorgeous day – getting hotter, though. Average day: washed sox, napped, checked pregnant women – there were so many! No excitement . . . wrote Mrs. Thomas, to use everything in the cellar but keg, wine and spoons!

21. Saturday: Getting tired again – always do before weekend. Napped, dressed for dinner and Wellborn gave me her pass. Went to “Heaven Can Wait.” – Amache grows old amid great scenery in Technicolor. Very lonely, but [I was] annoyed by neighbor who made advances.

22. Sunday: Slept late – heavily sexed! Got to Meeting with no food – interesting on “unity and disunity, and other people have problems too!” I felt better. Walked to Y.M. lunch with Woodie – fair. Sunned two hours, napped, and ate . . . wrote letters home, and to bed early.

23. Monday: Washed everything in one bowlful of suds! Got ambitious and wrote to Walter Lewis, Foster, and Nickerson. Cleaned up the desk. Felt fine, all stimulated and wide awake.

24. Tuesday: Hot and muggy again. After a restless night I woke at 5 of 7:00!! and moved. Not late though. Ginger ale after dinner; read Readers Digest. Bought Rinso at A&P!! first in six weeks! Muggy. Ironed dress, slips, blouse.

25. Wednesday: Package of Ivory from Ruthanna! I have SOAP now! Phoned Eleanor for news. Shampoo in honor of the weekend. No to crab-flakes, and didn’t get going on the Persian melon angle. Hot, tired, slept a lot.

26. Thursday: Just rested and tried to catch up in honor of the weekend. Thought of a new hat, but too hot to go get it. Wondered if I really wanted to go – rest would be good for me, too.

27. Friday: Anticipation worked – all pleased. Packed after breakfast, picked up Maggie, hung around Dairy till 2:00 for truck. Went – nice ride Purcellville, old Ford; Lion full – up the Mountain – steak dinner, talk but me tired. Jacked up the thesis, finally.

28. Saturday: Slept late - nice under the wood roof. Breakfast dishes, lunch at the big house, and we slept on rag carpet in sun all afternoon; with Life, pillows, etc. Fried chicken for dinner, played hearts in p.m. Then home to fireplace and liqueur, and to bed. A most satisfactory day. Newlin woke me up but I was only fairly successful . . . poor session. . . .

29. Sunday: Up, breakfast, dress and off to Meeting. The twins sat with us

and I didn't like it at all. To dinner at Hedgewood – a leisurely sterling silver dinner in the best manner. To Taylors, and Uncle Howard and Asa Moore – nobody home. Rode back up the Mountain. Supper, and endless chores of logs of wood for Newlin to do – then an open fire and talk; and to bed. Quiet, tired; end of a perfect weekend. Henrietta off on letters and Newberry Prize.

30. Monday: Up at 5:00; dressed and packed by candlelight, a bite at the big house, then off to the bus. Cassie and I got the last two seats, and it got full. And I got disgusted with bus travel again. To the Inn, to work, feeling as though I'd been away a week. Walked with Woodie to the Y. for their program – looks interesting. Letters. Cool. . . . Odd that some should live in such leisure.

31. Tuesday: Feel much better, feel like purring, could go on indefinitely. HIT finally – a light flow. I can wait for Newlin now – sort of found my balance. Wrote letters all around. Read and wrote late.

September

1. Wednesday: Pretty hot again; tempers fraying again. Ate too much, though – must watch it. Wrote more letters, did a big wash in the a.m. – iron it later.

2. Thursday: I'm working up to a headache. Hot, rushing around, panting, heart flipping lightly – must take a rest cure. To bed with headache 8:30 to 6:00 – and I feel better. . . . Pretzels go over big in dressing room.

3. Friday: Rain! The first rainy day since June. I napped and took the rest cure all day. Pulled the trumpet vine from around the window. Everyone is seeing "Arsenic and Old Lace." Headache is gone, anyway. To bed early again. Pretzels all gone!

4. Saturday [no entry]

5. Sunday: To Meeting – only fair. Ironed all a.m. To see "Watch on the Rhine" with Woodie – Bette Davis and Paul Lukas and kids; very dramatic, excellent. To call on Eleanor and Ruthanna. Harvey is teething! Hot. Missed Newlin's phone call – tried to get him, but without luck. All upset!!

6. Monday: Newlin phoned in a.m., fixing that up. I washed and ironed to get set for Pa's coming. An ordinary day at the Inn. Woodie is working for her last week – just not interested in overtime.

7. Tuesday: Pa come early for lunch! Sent to room to unpack. He stayed in my room; I slept in basement and dressing room. Up [Washington?] Monument in p.m.; army show too. In evening just talked and visited, and early to bed.

8. Wednesday: Papa off to Rotary. We saw a little of the Army show in the making. After dinner we went up to see Lincoln Memorial by nice moonlight. Pa got into the art gallery for a little; up to the Cathedral in the afternoon. . . .

9. Thursday: Papa spent the day at the Capitol and office buildings; back for a nap and packing, and off in trolley to the Trailways bus station. He had bad luck on the way home – stayed overnight in Reading. Insisted on giving me \$5.00.

10. Friday [no entry]

11. Saturday: I washed up some stuff – got the room ready for Newlin. Got slept up some. . . .

12. Sunday: A gorgeous day – a date in the a.m., and a big breakfast. Meeting – both Libbys spoke on searching in order to find the answer. . . . Shopping and “My Wife and I” – a French movie with Raimee [?] – quite good, over first World War. . . . Walked home. Nap, supper. Here with fried chicken and kosher pickle!

13. Monday: Up extra early for fun. Newlin to Library; me a normal day. Then off to Army Show with Newlin – walked long. Saw kitchen, dehydrated foods, dogs, uniforms, guns of all kinds, tractors and such. Business machines, big show; worthwhile. But gosh, the money! Home, tired of walking.

14. Tuesday: Up, tired. Newlin to work, me to work, too. Normal day of big crowds and tray pulling – we sat on a park bench in full moonlight, then did income tax! We have \$110! to pay. Mailed it, and phoned Frances and Eleanor.

15. Wednesday: Up extra early. Nice in bed with Newlin. Then rush to get straightened up and off. Newlin rode home with Fran and Lissa. Eleanor and Ruthanna went in a.m. to Meadowbrook; I slept in p.m. Did desk in evening; mainly sorting. Did laundry in evening – not as good as day time. Proxy off late!

16. Thursday: Up, more rested than yesterday. Really got a letter done for home. Must get some others up to date too. . . . Bought a Time for a change – reading Sense of Humor is delightful

17. Friday: Is there an Indian in the house? The lady with the ring in her nose! Gave us all stitches. [Marion apparently had her hay-fever nose ring in place] . . . I spent the evening with Mrs. Michael – she's having a hard pull with devoted son and his jealous wife. Wrote a note to Miss Wiegler.

18. Saturday: Such crowds! But sausage and scrapple and scrambled eggs for breakfast! Wow! 250 guests. Had my hair done. Noon with Mrs. Michael, and evening on steam tables upstairs. Home to bed; paper, then rest.

19. Sunday: Telephone woke up the house – dozed till 9:30. Up, to Meeting – foreign man spoke of three levels of man – physical (animal), member of society, and spiritual plane of pure free will – as Lincoln. Good. I walked home, window-shopping; sunned and picnicked by the pool, then sewed and mended all evening. Finished Sense of Humor – grand.

20. Monday: Pay day – wow – and \$8.36 of guest checks to knock a hole in it. Considered possibility of other jobs. . . . pretty low; slept poorly.

21. Tuesday: Well, I bought my shoes - \$16.75! [\$210.93 in 2008 dollars] and they are beautiful black Bally suede – best shoes for years to come! Tried at G. Miller and looked at Beam, but Bally won! . . . The Quaker letter stuff came. Must give it time to jell.

22. Wednesday: Only Harriet's letter for news! I went shopping for the lamp base and found one at Angela [illegible] \$2.50. Fun to tour the antique shops . . . I enjoyed it. Tired, though. To bed early.

23 – 25 [no entries]

26. Sunday: Up late after phoning Kutztown at 9:30. Read magazine and missed meeting. Wore new black shoes and had to take them off – too short! I was crushed! . . . Dinner at Park Lane Café, then to Washington Sanitarium, Takoma Park to visit Miss Corwin; looked around. Home and cheese and cracker supper, radio, and to bed. Eyes tired of looking.

27. Monday: Headache, cramps – felt lousy. Observed menu board posting – otherwise day without incident. Cold! Sat in sun and wrote Harriet and Walter Lewis. Saw Kay Grenier on the way home – thrilled to pieces. Wrote home in p.m.

28. Tuesday: Up early. HIT and flow started. Made bed with clean sheet before breakfast! Inspected the middle room – for moving Oct. 1. . . .

29. Wednesday: Newlin came in to early lunch – we rested; I felt rotten. Took lamp to Muddiman, made a million sandwiches. Rested in p.m. To first Y.W. class in p.m. while Newlin waited. It was good. We'll have fun, and I'll put a little time on it now and then. . . . Date with Newlin after class!

30. Thursday: Newlin went on after early breakfast; me tired and washed up after headache, hit, nerves; tired and constipated! Must get myself straightened out – and I will, too – with rest.

October

1. Friday: I moved! Got everything shifted in the afternoon, and put away hastily. At least the room is clean! Enrights move to my room! Put things to rights and rigged extension cords to suit my fancy.

2. Saturday: No sandwiches for first day. I finished the wedding present nicely in the a.m. Washed stuff and rigged a line in p.m.; fixed my desk in evening. I'm pretty well settled now in the new room. Answered invitation.

3. Sunday: To Cathedral with Foster, stayed for the works. Home at 2:30. Hunted up cartons for the lamp – finally well fixed. Napped, ate dinner here alone – a quart of milk and such! Radio and letters in p.m. Newlin called in a.m.

4. Monday: Bought the gift card and finally sent the lamp. Took the N.Y.

Times on language over to Woodie; she was not at home. Saw a fire and fire engines on way to P.O. Wow, the speed and excitement!

5. Tuesday: Went shopping for ten pounds of peanuts! And it took all my morning time, with no results.

6. Wednesday: Shopped for Pa's shirt, with no luck at all. Class in evening – my rhythm awful, rationing worn out, à la moded [sic] . . . good.

7. Thursday: Walked down for my RR ticket – stores open at noon! I bought pink to match the gloves. In p.m. lined the sash and hemmed the gabardine. Mess Davis fluttered half an hour in the evening!

8. Friday: Finished the dress sash, and planned the wardrobe. Wool for cool.

9. Saturday: Up for 9:00 train – good seat. [Met] Newlin at 30th St. Station; bought pink lipstick. To Lansdale, visit with Shellenberger and Krauss. Folks came – Ruth at Hatboro station, Nathan's wedding and reception, supper at tearoom. To bed at Auntie's. Sister attended in blue . . . perfect day – warm, clear. Pictures outdoors, ice cream and cake, plain little church. Almost everybody there – no Watsons.

10. Sunday: Up. Cold. Breakfast for paper. To Meeting. I got some signatures; dinner at Aunties. Ruth to Meeting. Newlin napped; Uncle Ellwoods visited, then we came home via Trainors at Quakertown. \$1.15 for a staggering meal. Home to inspect dining room walls and Ruth's boudoir lamps – elegant.

11. Monday: Up late after loving date. Talked, got tan coat, black shoes stretched but not enough. Dinner. Ruth home for it, then looked at garden, picked apples, and talked outdoors. Off on 4:13 bus – stockings in Reading, train via Outer Depot with white mice and rabbits [?!] – change at Norristown to make good connection in Philadelphia. Newlin rode to Wilmington – no Chester stop! Smokey – home at 11:10. Tired; removed filter.

12. Tuesday: Dribbling blood again. I washed up, slept up, caught up on money and putting away. Almost sore throat from smoky car. To bed early. Perfect weekend. Bookends help a lot. Studied army, navy ribbons with Mrs. Deane.

13. Wednesday: Dashed up for notebook filler and glue! Normal day at work. Miss Bleezarde angry, furious at sugar and cream at breakfast. No one had poems to be criticized. Watched the square dancing again – fun.

14. Thursday [no entry]

15. Friday: Rain. Light day – both noon and night, so I decided to see “For Whom the Bell Tolls” it was tremendous! Very dramatic – Pilar swell – Maria 4*. Nice sequences – dream-like for the town disaster. Almost had a heart attack over the bridge!! As I came out, the blackout sounded – my first away from home . . . OK . . . home at 1:00!

16. Saturday: Sleepy all day! Had a good time with Foster in evening, then she asked me over for the night. I packed and went – a nice time. No chairs, but homey anyway. Talked late . . . trolleys at 17th and Pennsylvania bothered me a good bit.

17. Sunday: Up in time to be back for Newlin’s call – all about N.Y. and his thesis – OK, but he still has heaps to do on it. Breakfast with Foster, then Meeting; no Allan White. . . . Caroline Malam and her three kids going to London next summer!! Nap, then out to Eleanor’s – nice, long cozy visit. Home late to Harriet’s news letter.

18. Monday: Slept and tried to do the newsletter. I’m tired and sort of stopped up. Didn’t do much. Rearranged my room – it is excellent now! Best yet – beds in each corner.

19. Tuesday: Dashed down for coats, got name pencils and hanger-hooks too. Quick and successful trip. Changed linen – very tired yet! Little done on letter – just main outline.

20. Wednesday: Worked on newsletter in a.m., slept in p.m. To class – she read samples from her hundreds printed. Then I finished the letter – typed till 11:00; wrote the notes and envelopes and finished typing in the bathroom! Mailed them at 12:35, home to bed by 1:00. Not a bit tired!!! Packages wait for my birthday. . . .

21. Thursday: Up early, not sleepy! To work; home to open a new black

cloth bag, a pair of stockings, shoe polish and brushes, and a rhyming dictionary! But I'm discouraged about the whole thing. I need more money! Ate brownies and read the paper, and to bed early. Odd birthday. Toenail hurts.

22. Friday: Hung the mirror – toe hurts more! Limped around and rested. Got ivy for my little vase; fixed pictures, finally. I like the room this way.

23. Saturday: Whole foot hurt – tired of limping around, I stopped at hospital. “Soak it in Epsom saltwater.” I did. They gave me Dr. Pennsy’s name for cutting the nail and removing a sliver. Soaked all evening in Mrs. Enright’s pan.

24. Sunday: Soaked and soaked. Up and out for three hours; rest of the time in bed! Toe oozed a lot; I phoned El. for further directions: hot running water. . . . Tom is at Penmar, near Hagerstown!

25. Monday: Toe much better – wore red sandals in spite of rain. Heavy door tore one to pieces! But the toe feels all right in the blue shoes. Wrote home. . . .

26. Tuesday: rain! I got a suit box and started on putting summer things away. Washed linen dress. Probably less soap next year. Will wash others later. A final soak; toe looks so much better.

27. Wednesday: My class met! Had fine time reading verses and seeing rejection slips – directions on how to do it all. I watched the dancing and made a date to dance with Mrs. Ridgeway – tickled pink. . . . But worried about money!

28. Thursday: Restless night over too little money, so I went and interviewed the Shoreham – they make good money all right. Asked Mrs. Watson for a dinner release – she offered me the storeroom at \$85.00 – 6-3/day! [?]. Wow – everyone upset. . . .

29. Friday: Got some mail off - \$4:00 deposit and ordered Libra earrings, to H.S.S., too. Mailed package to her too. Cleaned up room for cleaning – even though Newlin not coming. Finished a bond at \$3:50 and feel very pleased with myself. Ought to do twice as much.

30. Saturday: A normal day. Read Life, did a pile of odd shopping, medicine, birthday card and such. Neighbors in front room fought all evening – I read and wanted to sleep early but didn't. Pretty tired.

31. Sunday: Up late. Sprinkled wash. To Meeting and Allen White – busy time. Howard Kershner and Librarian and Allan all spoke. “May the Kingdom of God come and start with me” – “he licked me back,” to start the fight. Dinner on chicken leg here. Library no luck. Supper at Willard coffee shop; home to paper and to bed. Ate up fruit and ironed and cleaned up dishes.

November

1. Monday: Clear, warm, Indian summer day. I cast up my accounts for the month. Diary up to date; wrote nice letter home. To bed, tired. Throat sore, feel grumpy.

2. Tuesday: Still a sore throat. Wrote Newlin and slept – not much else all day! Ate two perfect persimmons, .15 each!

3. Wednesday: Felt fine - the Feosol must be working. Washed blue with white embroidery – it shrank! Also did sharkskin. Toilet is stopped up! Pew dirty. My sore throat is about gone. To class, then square dancing! Only did one and was so tired and stimulated I didn't sleep well at all! But I'll do it again next week.

4. Thursday: Beautiful Indian summer day. I changed my bed and the bureau scarves. Washed stockings, finally put suit box of summer things away. Just a card sent to Mama. No aftereffects from square dancing – nap, of course.

5. Friday: Fixed up room for cleaning (she didn't do it!). Assembled fruit for the weekend. Lucky, for Newlin was here in the evening! Nice surprise. We talked hard all p.m. Got the hooks up crooked in the bathroom!

6. Saturday: Up early. To different bathrooms; off to work. Newlin to Ag(riculture?) Library. He got what he wanted. . . . The usual crowds at the Inn. I'll be glad to leave at dinners. Called on Foster and bought crackers. Pleasant time. Annoyed at Mrs. Quillen for dirty toilet. To Woodwards for cheese in p.m.

7. Sunday: Slept very late – date. Breakfast at 12:00 in room, cheese and things. Fussed about, looked at thesis. Read paper, nap. Off to Eleanor via Evans Coffee Shop. A Duncan Hines restaurant – cream of peanut soup, good. Supper of cheese, crackers, salad. Tom looks swell, Eleanor tired. McClures, Tim and Pete – nice folks.
8. Monday: So sleepy – slept in a.m. and p.m! Started my new no-dinner schedule successfully. Found plenty errors in thesis. Rain in floods, glad to be indoors. To bed after exercises, feeling fine. Must be a different star out! Newlin left at breakfast. . . .
9. Tuesday: Very short of help – [illegible] breakfast on the steam table. Felt rested. It’s clearing off cold. Finished first batch of Tom’s final. Will see Eleanor tomorrow. Through nicely early.
10. Wednesday: Sort of raw. Dashed off to show Eleanor the errors and things – nice visit. Walked back. Home at dark, off to Greetings class – and then dancing! Did one and loved it! Must do again. Mrs. Michael Stevens went too! They liked Mrs. Ridgeway – Home, wrote letter to Newlin; to bed late.
11. Thursday: Usual day. Poked around in p.m. getting off to late start. To library – one of four! Frustration! Did some shopping for a brown beret and a \$3.00 slip on the way. First time in a store for weeks! Must think of Christmas.
12. Friday: Routine day – I ran around and borrowed Odell’s dissertation as a model, then dashed up to the Library. Got two of Tom’s sources. He really was careless! . . . Saw Bette Davis in “The Little Foxes” – it was tremendous! Walked home in the cold; washed stockings and ate, and so to bed.
13. Saturday: So glad to be off at noon – felt relieved and gay. Finished listing the errors, and got Tom’s all ready to send. It is concluded . . . in the first part. An amazing number of errors! But I’m convinced it should be correct.
14. Sunday: Up late. Missed Meeting and phoned Tom – got some sources at the library. Home for supper sandwich, radio and letter home. Quiet, and rested some.

15. Monday: Tom's work all done for the present. I shopped for Christmas Dickies! and Christmas books for A.F.S.C. [American Friends Service Committee], then sewed on petit point for a while! Almost busted my eyes again! I forgot and did too much of it! To bed earlyish.

16. Tuesday: Been sore for a couple of days but flow won't start! Hair washed, then off to Library to read for Newlin on Lloyd George. . . no luck. Then to dinner at Shoreham – sat around a while, on the outside looking in. Home to bed.

17. Wednesday: Washed up some – even blouse in pm. Light supper, long nap, phone talk with Harold Watson – nice! Saw him off at station, met Florence's Harold; talked a bit. To class, to dance. Paul Jones had some good ones! To bed tired.

18. Thursday: Slept light for some reason. Cool fresh day. Good. Spent am brushing up – nap, and off to bus to meet Ma! I sat in waiting room while she got a taxi and came home! I dashed home, almost missed again! Goop! Such a lot of food along! To Inn for dinner with Mrs. Michael – pleasant time. Home to bed . . . talked long and hard – Harold, Auntie, and things wanted. . . .

19. Friday: At breakfast Ma broke her teeth! So we quick found a place in p.m. Shopped a bit, then to see "Jeannie" delightful Scotch girl who spent fortune in Vienna in a week! Naïve time had by all! Home for sandwich and radio.

20. Saturday: Up at usual time. Brought Eleanor's go-buggy and got the teeth! In p.m. to Corcoran Gallery. Nap, and to Shoreham for dinner with Florence and Harold Seaman. He knows Dot Shoemaker! Seems unsure of himself, nervous, etc. Nice dinner and sat in the lobby a while – driven home, and so to bed.

21. Sunday: Slept late. Up, dressed up. To Meeting with no breakfast – Ma coughed so we left at 11:55 – a good meeting on feeding [?] etc. Odd story with dying child, mother and Buddha – "Bring me a mustard seed from a house that has known no death." Woman found that death was universal. . . . We had dinner, much crowded, at Hamilton Arms – good salad. Walked in Georgetown; home, nap, radio, and talk.

22. Monday: Up at usual time. Talked a bit with Ma, then took her to bus station. Couldn't wait, came back – usual work. Nap, then Quaker letter. Did it with curious pain in middle and depression . . . a fight to finish it, but I did mail it.

23. Tuesday: Washed up all laundry in a.m., napped in p.m. and worked with Foster in p.m. Tired, home to bed after trying woosily to read a little. Tom's package was delivered to the Inn.

24. Wednesday: Damn! I'm catching cold! I cleaned up the room, bought lemons, mailed cards, and went to bed at 4:00. Drank lemon juice and ate aspirin! Skipped class. Tom came in at lunch to talk for series commas. I'm glad of that. Felt punk!

25. Thursday: Up, tired and wobbly. Did breakfast all right. Ate generously, read part quickly for errors. Cashed from 11:15 to 4:00 and was \$5.94 long! The usual jam, then lull. Turkey \$.75, plum pudding \$.25. Ate \$1.32 dinner – home for diary and other work. Cold only fair. . . .

26. Friday: Slept again at every chance, trying to throw off the cold. Fairly successful. Put new Life pictures in color up – instead of the pale Chinese. Fed 1,900 yesterday. Mr. Brown's turkey leg – a hit!

27. Saturday: Up at usual time – washed in a.m., ironed in p.m. The de-monogrammed dicky [false shirt front] is fair. Off to movie, saw "The North Star" a tremendous movie with Walter Huston as doctor, Anne Harding, mother, kids killing and general scorched earth, working in a small village. Home to read, and to bed.

28. Sunday: Up at 9:00. Got Meeting lists fixed up; to Meeting at 12:20. "Prayer for Mercy and Sanity." Glowing strength. Mind the light (tend it) and Humility is the key to success. Home, via big breakfast. Violinist Szigeti was very interesting. Letters and persimmons during the evening.

29, 30 [no entries]

December

1, 2 [no entries]

3. Friday: Tried to do a bit in the library, with singular lack of success. Very depressed and mopey and uncoordinated mentally. Need a class or a jag – I have too much leisure, I guess. . . .

4. Saturday: Newlin came – so nice. A certain amount of mental bucking up happens automatically . . . After nap we dined at the Inn, walked to the Trans-Lux, and enjoyed the news. Home via Garfinckels! Pleasant to loaf. . .

5. Sunday: Up late. To Meeting. Visit with Nick, and odd time over check for lunch. Newlin to Library, me a nap. Newlin took about six loads to 1740 – big help. He left at 7:00 and I cleared desk a bit; and so to bed, mildly placated, but still disgusted with me.

6. Monday: Discarded old mail in a.m.; packed and moved in p.m. Took forever for probably ten trips. Began to rain. Much quicker getting put away. Talked a little with Mrs. M. Wrote cards home – my desk is swell. Pooped!

7. Tuesday: Usual – nap, then shopping for Christmas things. Wrapped a couple, then had a blitz of old Christmas cards. Filled the wastebasket. Wrote Ethel Shellenberger and went to bed at 11:45! Much too late, but keyed up.

8. Wednesday: Up, very tired. Steam table at noon, then stood on bus. Saw Bobby Book Wasserman! . . . To see Eleanor and Harvey; dinner, a bit upset by H[enrietta?]; tired. . . . Back, lovely – and moonlight to last meeting of greeting cards [sic]. Home and to bed – not a minute too soon!

9. Thursday: Up, very tired; work as usual. Flow is better on rage . . . steam table at noon, so late getaway. To Cathedral for Pot Pourri and stop in Caled[onian?] ship – saw Mims Epstein! Invited her to dinner – refused – felt licked again! . . . Home, nap, peanut butter.

10, 11 [no entries]

12. Sunday: UP late, to Meeting – a forum session! on education after the war. Libby said we're not good enough. . . . To Y.W. for dinner; Newlin to library. Me rested and lettered.

13. Monday: A normal day with a scratchy throat. Gargled and napped. And back for lunch – but my throat got bad and I felt rotten. Home, and to bed. Newlin was shocked! But got me stuff and oranges.

14. Tuesday: Temperature only 100 $\frac{3}{4}$ m – but I thought I was pretty sick. Newlin is sleeping at 1738, thank goodness. The weather is COLD. I'm glad this is the time I took!

15. Wednesday: Newlin kept me in juices, milk, tea and lots of liquid. Florence called – nice. Her Harold was a corporation lawyer in the Interstate Commerce Building, now a secretary to a Colonel in Washington for the duration.

16. Thursday: No more fever – felt pretty low, but must make a start sometime . . . dozens of oranges!

17. Friday: With great effort I sat up from 12:00 to 3:00; very weak and tired. And it isn't just food either. Phew! It was wonderful to have Newlin here for it all.

18. Saturday: Slept late. Up and to work, so wobbly I could just about walk! Sat and checked all right. Home, nap, and out to dinner, again so tired I could hardly get home. This is the darndest flu!

19. Sunday: Slept late – breakfast, paper. To Y.W. for dinner, and me so weak I could hardly get home! Nap, up, cleaned up room, bureau, dishes, and such. Newlin to library. Me nap and radio.

20. Monday: To work – so weak and dizzy I almost gave up. Blanket for feet was good. Pay – slim; guest checks \$6.50! Paid room rent – not much left! Sent Tom's last section off, plus letter. Dinner at Cheerio, and so to bed.

21. Tuesday: Cold. I felt better, though not over it yet. Used blanket; Mrs. Sorenson was much pleased to share it! Christmas trees are up and decorated. Home, nap, washed in tubs. Early supper, and Newlin off to Swarthmore. I wrapped last of Packages and cleaned up the room and Christmas cards. Tired after laundry. . . .

22. Wednesday: Still wobbly, and I tire by the end of lunch.

23. Thursday: Stockings washed, and practically packed. Just beginning to get excited! Steam table with chop suey! I did get along with Esther and others, that's something!

24. Friday: Worked as usual, but on steam table, a bit tired. Left with sandwich for train; elated to go so early ahead of traffic, yet depressed to have so little. To dentist. Horn and Hardart lunch, to Kutztown – pretty ride on train and bus. . . . Good ham with candles and balls . . . Christmas! Woolly shoes and white scarf and black slip and earrings. . . .

25. Saturday: Up early! 3:00 a.m. Showered; taxi through thick fog. Stood 45 minutes at gate, but got a seat on crowded train. Philadelphia; Newlin to Reading, Papa home by 10:45! Swell. Talked, dinner early, packages, nap, supper, Crokinole. A perfect day – umbrella and baggage rack, soap, and slip. . . . Ma cold – davenport in sitting room – good. . . . Date.

26. Sunday: Up. Newlin diddled in the garage, we talked and packed and off to Swarthmore to turkey dinner and talk. Music, then folks left for Kutztown – hated to see them go so soon. Nap, supper in front of fire, and gifts: salted almonds, hankies, and the mirror from Newlin. Nice everyday bag from H.S.S. and J.R. – we gave JR the SPOON till 1945. To bed after Christmas cards and a second date! Nice –

27. Monday: Up extra early to talk a bit together. . . . so nice to be with Newlin. He went along to Chester, [I took?] train to Inn – served dinner and supper (slow) and home to bed in taxi. Bag heavy, unpacked, and fell into bed.

28. Tuesday: Did routine only. Very tired. To bed early – didn't even write letters!

29. Wednesday: Worked as usual, and between times got the newsletter off to B. Took it down to P.O. at about 11:30 and or – ! [?] envelopes. . . . but I'll be pooped.

30. Thursday: Just exhausted! But did salt and peeps! Must get my tonic and pills going again – couldn't do anything but sleep. . . . So relieved the letter is done. Envelopes off, names checked and everything.

31. Friday: Wore black oxfords – was tired, but with dinner off, I went

shopping and found blue shoes! So pleased – and \$5:00 dress! Ate dinner at Inn; home. Wrote letters, washed hankies and slips to be ready for New Year. To bed at 10. Very tired, but ready for 1943 [sic] and good or bad luck. A party in the house, but I didn't care.