

## Marion's Diary 1944

### January

1. Saturday: Just an ordinary day. Worked, breakfast, and lunch. Napped. Wrote Eleanor and Fran's thank-you's. Went out to mail them at 10:00; delivered calendar to Mess Foster – and stayed for New Year!! So I slept on Saturday! Cleaned up Christmas cards from mantel, did lists.
2. Sunday: Up for 9:30 call – Newlin's been having a cold! To Meeting with leftover calendars. "Our flat lives are made deeper by constant contact with the spiritual" – fitted me. Interviewed Allen White, lunch at YM; home, nap. To Inn for Miss Whitaker, all went to Miss Halm's for a tea. Jolly time. . . . Home, letters, and to bed.
3. Monday: Read Eric Sevareid on Inflation in China! Wow! Awful. American \$1 is worth .05! . . . Washed in afternoon; nap. Then to work on Tom's Part III. Tom phoned about thesis and Eleanor's living [arrangements] – so I wrote to Tom, about what we thought. El[eanor] is really lucky and ought to be satisfied.
4. Tuesday: Ironed everything in the morning space. Worked on Tom's . . . got along pretty well – all but ten pages. Hashed two hours with Mrs. M. – too long. She's nervous and keyed up most of the time. Feosol [iron supplement] and milk make indigestion.
5. Wednesday: Really worked on Toms Third Part. Dashed up to library after supper, in rain, and they are closed for inventory! Came home, wrote a letter, talked with Mrs. Michael, and to bed early. Restful rainy evening.
6. Thursday: Up, rested. [Worked] steam table for breakfast – nice. Cashed \$1.30 short at lunch! Not so good. Mrs. Sorenson told Mrs. Runnion that she should spread an aura of peace and calm and love!! Yeah. . . . To Library, finished Tom's notes successfully, shopped lap shade – and diary!
7. Friday: Pretty tired, and nasty sinus headache kept grinding away. I started typing up the corrections, but couldn't finish. And so to bed.
8. Saturday: Typed every minute – finished, wrapped, and done by 6:30.

Dressed quickly in pink with blue earrings and wool fascinator [ladies' headpiece]. Got compliments! Felt swell. Took packages downtown. Home to relax and clean up and do a letter to Dorothy Swart.

9. Sunday: Up at 9:00; Newlin phoned. I'll go up the 22<sup>nd</sup>; his cold is over. I sewed buttons on the blue dress and went to Quarterly Meeting. Meeting [illegible (uneventful?)]. J.R. on guidance or power – monk who promoted war! . . . Good dinner: chicken, candied sweets, peas, cranberry, carrots, celery, and pie. I served, then ate with Janet and Forbush; home to go to Inn. Afternoon supper and evening 7:30 – 11:00. Quiet evening.

10. Monday: Clear and COLD. Washed stockings and shook wools outdoors. Velvet dress and jacket came from Newlin, and Christmas from Turkey – Hummel cards and nylon stockings! Very tired by 2:30 – home, read a bit, then slept till 6:00. Ate, diary, and letters.

11. Tuesday: Cold. Up, rested. Steam table with Bailey – she's useless! So I hounded her properly! Lunch checking. Nap. Steam table with Palmer and Mrs. Albrecht. Good time; tired, though. Ate too much, too late. Mrs. M. headache – I rubbed it a bit and hypnotized some. [!]

12. Wednesday: Up, tired-ish. Breakfast on steam table. Shampoo and poor rinse in a.m., in p.m. bought sandals, \$5.50, and gray writing paper. Home, nervous and pooped. Rested one hour, then supper at Inn. Talked Quakers to Boyers and Sorenson. Read Intelligencer. Wrote to Felter, Mallonee and Ethel's friend Lingeback. To bed, pleased with shoes.

13. Thursday: Off to Library as soon as quick – to no avail. A most empty and discouraging visit. Closed early, so I moseyed downtown and stopped to see "Thousands Cheer." Movie, army farewells, aerialist Joe Kelly, a good dance sequence. . . . Home, eyes buzzing, but stimulated by music. Tired though – I'd better rest or a bug will get me!

14. Friday: Tom's package returned by a miracle. The address torn, but not the return address! Thank heavens! Took it around to mail again. Then slept and slept and slept. . . . To Ag[riculture] Library; read climate and Man. To Mrs. Watson's birthday . . . ate too much!

15. Saturday: Same breakfast. Middle watery and crampy . . . home. Tom's package back again! To the Post Office to see about it; the man in back said

“OK, now we’ll see . . . snow, sleet and such” . . . and I still ache with wind – slept in Jennie’s room, worked in pm. Closed at 7:00 . . . took light supper and package. Loose b.m.; still pain.

16. Sunday: My wind and water was about gone – phone call from Newlin. To breakfast, then back to bed, sandwich and all. Up at 3:15 – sat for Miss Whitaker 4 – 6, ate. Home, blouse, and letters and to bed. Not so exhausted as before. A big week ahead of me. . . .

17. Monday: Started out OK. Tom’s package didn’t return and Newlin’s didn’t arrive yet. So I went to see Greer Garson and Walter Pidgeon in Mme Curie. It was very good . . . but left me discouraged again. The endless radium experiments, the return after the party “it’s there!” thrilling. His death at the crucial moment, then suddenly a 25-year anniversary – I’d like to have seen Garbo do it. Home, to sew and think!

18. Tuesday: Still having a vacation – no work yet. So off to see “Claudia” at the local theatre. Enjoyed it. Then took 7-up to Foster and Nelson’s for a nice brief evening. Talked income tax mainly. They are fun. Me, to bed, feeling stimulated and alive! first time in weeks.

19. Wednesday: Newlin’s package came. I unpacked, sorted out and got acquainted. Got change for phone to call him, and he called! Telepathy! Talked with Mrs. M. about awful Inn! Bonuses and two sisters, same job, three month difference – got \$25.00 and \$5.00, and they wonder about labor! Mrs. Deane’s French Navy Officer – French on Mayonnaise!! in print [?]. Worked in evening with Palmer. . . .

20. Thursday: Up, rested. Breakfast balanced. Washed stockings and sprinkled in a.m. Nap. Card to Ruban, still miscarrying; card home. Payday \$18.00 after rent is paid! Slim going.

21. Friday: Went down for Pa. ticket, also bought Wayne King waltz records for Newlin’s birthday. Mr. Thibeault played them and danced. Then in p.m. I ate up some food credit an Inn – not “Ulcer Gulch.” Concert in p.m. at T’s. Everybody danced and had a fine spree. . . . Worked a bit; to bed. Woke up at 4:00 on Tom’s lost package.

22. Saturday: Scared sick! Started p.o. on tracer for Tom’s package, after phoning N.Y. at \$1.30 [\$15.17 in ‘08]. Packed in a twinkling, Worked till

2:15 and over. Left Inn in a tear at 2:30, made the 3:00 train! To Swarthmore, dinner, nap, to dance in Whittier – nice. A lot of easy ones. “Ach, ya!” Nice mixed up crowd. Home early, date, and to bed.

23. Sunday: Up very late; breakfast. To hear Dean Hunt on Religion in College – Conformists, Ritualists, Humanitarians, Muscle, Radical Anti’s. Good talk, clever, well done, broadminded, etc. . . . Walked around, dinner. Talk on letter to overseas men – nap . . . date! Pack, supper, bus, train, climbed on! Sat; to Washington at 11:00! Home dead at 11:25 – in bed in seven minutes!

24. Monday: Not too tired. Washed stockings and unpacked in a.m.; p.m. to P.O. – not much satisfaction, though. Home via Holgate toys and walking from Woodies’s. Milkshake for supper. Diary, mail, and so to bed – early.

25. Tuesday: Up on time – missed bathroom! I must be more careful. Put fan away and cleaned up extension cords. Darned socks and stockings, napped in p.m. Cracker supper. Birthday card to Newlin – letter to Margaret. Walk from Dupont Circle and back. A bit of Newlin’s work. Throat tickles a bit!

26. Wednesday: Balmy hot! Wore brown to go to Eleanor’s. Met and approved of Bonnie! Scrapple and fruit cake; very pleasant time. Home too late though – here at 11:00. And snuffle grows worse – curses!

27. Thursday: Balmy warm – and my snuffle develops. Mrs. Sorenson had one just like mine at noon – we sniffled in unison! I washed my blouse, bought oranges, and went to bed at 6:30, and had a good night. Trots toward morning.

28. Friday: Almost overslept in spite of twelve hours. Up, cold much better, though I’m weak from the trots. To work – still warm. Cashed at noon . . . \$5.57 long! Wow! Took \$6.00 to Red Cross for Mrs. Kerr and wrote the note. Nap; letter to H.S.S., and to bed at 9:00.

29. Saturday: No cold – I’m so pleased. Had a very long load at lunch – to 2:30 and no food! Home work a piece. Nap. Inn for supper, with Reader’s Digest. Mrs. M. to Kiss and Tell with Staff. Me to visit Woodie – long hash session, she talking! Home at 10:30 and darned if I didn’t sit and read the Digest till 12:30 – such a Goop! [sic] A binge as bad as anyone’s. Must not do it again.

30. Sunday: Up – Newlin phoned. Breakfast at All States; Meeting. Paper till 1:30, library till 4:10 – successfully. To Miss W. desk by 5:00. . . . Worked on thesis; ate at 6:00 – 6:45, with trouble from Miss Sutton. Home at 10:00 plus, tired and wound up. Eyes tired.

31. Monday: Up, sleepy. Worked, helped pack and send a bag. Lunch – cold – home via the old house being redone across the way – attractive units, but small. Breakfast “nooks,” etc. Nap. Some [work] on thesis – it goes faster! Talked Japs and Jews to Mrs. M. Too long though – she’s narrow!

## February

1. Tuesday: Got dope on a special errand for Newlin.
2. Wednesday: Finished the listing of citations – now I’m ready to work.
3. Thursday: Ate and napped and off to library to check. Home by way of yard goods, and cut rate that has no Drucker’s Revelation [tooth powder].
4. Friday: Worked, napped, and checked.
5. Saturday: Getting pretty tired – but went to Library right after long lunch. Got in two hood hours. Home. . . . Mrs. M. blew off about Sutton and Lieutenant Barker – she said Mary Cleave wasn’t good enough for him, and he ordered her out of the room! Wow! . . . Me supper at Inn, and to bed early.
6. Sunday: In a flood too [sic]. Slept late. Newlin phoned – breakfast at All States. To Meeting; sat facing Meeting with Frances Cloud. Home, nap, restless. Sat at Inn 4 – 6, ate cold limas and pork chop! Letters, to bed. Practice blackout. . . . Feeling a bit tired – must eat more iron!
7. Monday: Sinus most of the day, constipated, and I fought of a headache with aspirin. Enjoyed Mr. Friend of the Br. Law Library – “You’re thee and thou!” Read law of Elizabeth’s reign – ears nailed for failure to put up 20*f* for perjury! To White Tower with Mrs. Michael for bouillon – felt rotten.
8. Tuesday: Gradually feeling better . . . not right yet. Long exhausted nap, then off to library to do routine checking. Home, and to bed. Unexciting, but

I feel I'm doing something, anyway.

9. Wednesday: Cold. I ate carefully, rested in a.m. and went to Library from 4:00 – 9:00 with an hour off for vegetables at the Methodist Building. Got along better. And holds no terrors! Newlin sent me a \$15.00 check! Nice for a reserve. . . . Cold and clear, and full moon.

10. Thursday: Shampoo at new management across the street.

11. Friday: Did quick shopping in a snowstorm for mints and peanut brittle for Eo, and ticket. Also a Valentine for Newlin! To library in evening, as usual. So sleepy and late leaving Library I lost my pen! Durn!

12. Saturday: Worked long and late – rushed! To Library till 6:00. Washed and ironed blouse, etc. Busy time. To bed early for once . . . all set for visit.

13. Sunday: Up early – off to see Eo Felter Mallonee and Gardiner Mallonee and Essie, Dubby, Geegee, and Georgine and Snelsie! What a household! Eo is just the same as ever. Her mother is gay and flighty as ever! Nice day. Made early train home and got back at decent hour.

14. Monday: Very tired – some reaction settled in; I slept. Wrote home, and did a little at Library. Newlin sent a Valentine letter – and Ruth a card! Rare!

15. Tuesday: Newlin sent a Valentine box of candy! My! . . . I don't see how I can finish 90 pages this week. The job is worrying me, and I'm tired (and bleeding again). Cards to Margaret J. Johnson, too. Tough for her!

16. Wednesday: Shopped for a fountain pen – a possible one at \$3.50! Got mints, too. All set – whether I go up or Newlin comes down! More Library – worked late, pooped. Must get more sleep . . . hard to get up in a.m., rare for me!

17. Thursday: Up – so sleepy. Napped in a.m. and p.m. To Library and did successfully in the Government documents. Mr. Smits is a big help. Got a lot done. We must move our furniture is anything but good news! Aspirin at bedtime!

18. Friday: Work as usual. Frantic shopping for a wristwatch for Tom – success. Loafing in Woodie's saw Pennsylvania Dutch painted tin and pine

wood, commode included! Nice. . . . A bit at the Department of Agriculture. Home to talk long with Mrs. M. Tom phoned – This is it!

19. Saturday: Breakfast, packed and got set, lunch under steam – crowd got on my nerves badly. Left Inn at 2:28 without ticket – made 3:00 train, bought ticket, and all – but tired. To Swarthmore, dinner, exhausted. But went to Clothier to see “Gentleman Jim Corbett” Good – home, and tumbled into bed.

20. Sunday: Slept fairly late. Did thesis all a.m. Dinner of lamb, plan where to put [J.R.S.s?] secretary’s house, when, as and if! To prepare planting. . . . Nap, date, up and quick pack, and off to early train, equally crowded. But I was lucky –home by 9:15, and to bed pooped.

21. Monday: Up, dead tired. [Worked] steam table both breakfast and lunch – and both hectic! Too tired to eat! Home, and to bed till 6:30. Over for good dinner, back for letters and then to bed. Heart flippy! Bleeding a bit . . . bad. Nerves jittery too. Bought pen for \$3.50. . . . Mrs. Cleave talked an hour on the U.S.A. – Shipped out blacks, segregated Jews, shot all C.O.’s, and had no one left but Mrs. Cleave!

22. Tuesday: Slept very little, but to work feeling OK. Washed stockings, to lunch (rain). Off in a tear to “Life With Father.” [Elizabeth Taylor film] Liked it – three sons, Mrs. Hodgdon’s mother sang the songs to us. Enjoyed it hugely – a real relief from tension. . . . Milkshake, two letters, and to bed at 8:30 – and slept like the dead!

23. Wednesday: Up early – on steam table at \$1.50/day! Miss Bailey got \$1.50 before she left!! Is there any point in being fair to them? No lunches off this week – so I went to Manpower Commission and they said “leave, if you wish.” So I wrote a note to Mrs. Shomber. Starting Friday of this week, till March 1 – no lunch or dinner! . . . Nap; newsletter off, I hope.

24. Thursday: Dana’s post script on the newsletter off in a.m. Steam table at noon, and break. . . . Tiring – nap. Up to Library in evening. Didn’t do much, but got started. Newlin changed orders, so I’m to send as fast as I finish footnote form.

25. Friday: Off to Library for all day – worked well, got a lot done, but got sleepy in middle. Must plan it better. Waited too long for lunch – that threw

me off. The greasy spoon has A1 ice cream – banana and chocolate! And I almost popped! Mailed first batch.

26. Saturday: Felt much set up! Second batch off at 1:00. Hoped to finish third – but struck a snag on Webb! Mrs. M. came up to the library and we ate at Methodist Building! Home, washed, to bed tired, at 9:00! . . . Mrs. M. is leaving!

27. Sunday: Up at 9:00. Newlin phoned – nice. Mrs. T. still in bed. To Meeting – right good – home and off to library – went swell till about 6:00. Soon knocked off, sent a piece to Newlin, and home to take Mrs. Michael to hear Edith Sharpless murmur on Japan. Looked sick. . . . so harmless – a real lady, though. Ten enemy aliens were not interned in Tokyo, etc. etc.

28. Monday: Pretty tired – but after morning shampoo kept at it pretty well. But had trots from 7:30 to 8:00, and cramps and trots later in evening. Progressed but slowly. Wow! Rice pudding? or Feosol? or tired and nervous?? I dunno.

29. Tuesday: Felt tired and sore in the middle, but got a nice bit done. Home for nap! Supper – stew, spinach, and tea at Methodists. Home by 9:45. Phoned Eleanor – Tom hasn't gone yet! Cold, snowy, sleety, wet, nasty day – cleared in evening. COLD.

### March

1. Wednesday: Cold – started blowy –

2. Thursday: My eyes went groggy and my head ached – I loafed and napped and took time off and still felt overworked! It is moving but slowly. . . .

3. Friday: Worked till I had a headache at L.C., then went to Ag. and finished (me) up! But I found several books! And felt better about things. Home dead – and to bed with aspirins. Had a real headache.

4. Saturday: Up – felt better. Now if I can get through the short day – Library closes at 6:00. Hit several snags, made headway but slowly. Guess I can't finish tomorrow. Worse luck. But I'm still inside the deadline! In evening, talked, loafed, looked at Mlle., and to bed early. Pa sent me one Dinner!

5. Sunday: Thin sleet and snow on the ground – I lazed long. . . . Then to Meeting. J. Russell spoke on needing new people with new ideas for the new peace. The old attitudes will only bring on another war. . . . Home, off to Library, worked fairly well. See my way clear to the end! Eleanor phoned and Tom called! I missed him! They want me to edit Newlin’s opus – topic sentences and such things.

6. Monday: Breakfast, then off. Pestered Mr. Smits considerably – but I finished it! and express mailed it on the way home at 4:00. Then I loafed! Read Mlle. and paper and washed stockings and mended . . . just diddled, and to bed early.

7. Tuesday: Upon desperate plea I served lunch, too – and was good and tired from it! Nap. To library to read first batch of law. Got a good eye-ache, too, out of it. Didn’t get too much. Home tired, took fruit cake and orange juice to Mrs. M.

8. Wednesday: Newlin called in early a.m. – to get international data! I hystericked two hours, got a topping sinus headache, and got information at D. of A. Library (also good lunch). Then home. Sent the material and went to bed at 7:30. Newlin phoned at 10:00 for me to come to Swarthmore.

9. Thursday: Up, groggy. Worked breakfast and then left Inn. Tired, washed out, discouraged. 11:00 train, here in Swarthmore by 2:00. Unpacked, numbered some notes, and mailed a package. Very tired. Stew in for dinner – brought Fran to Pa Hospital “for observation” in cabulance! He’s buying irrigation pipe. What a guy – Ruth would like him.

10. Friday: Up, latish breakfast. Stew off in a cloud of dust. I trotted back and forth, corrected form of footnotes, numbered some notes, and mailed a package to Mrs. George Crossette, 109 Glenrose St., Kensington, Md. . . . Tom blew in! Cold – almost an ear and sore throat!

11. Saturday: Up late. Newlin tiring a bit. I did another chapter of footnote correction and note numbering. Went to Library for Quaker books – false alarm – home. Newlin too tired for movies – Yankee Doodle Dandy! So to bed early after lovely date . . . it was nice!

12. Sunday: I weighed 120! Slept fairly late. Phoned home and talked a

while. Uncle Ellwood in hospital again! Worked instead of Meeting. After chicken dinner, checked Quaker Meeting references at Library. Home with special. J. Russell gave the geographers horse paper too fast [sic] as Cooper Foundation. Got the wrong map and sent to N.Y. for the right one! Fussed around all day. Newlin too was tired.

13. Monday: Up on time. Set up a table, etc. Letter from Fritz about research staff of Alien Property Custodian – would be perfect! Wrote to him, June 1 and five days a week. I phoned the Inn to stay another day . . . we wrote Ralph Epstein too. Big time. Newlin really outlined his plans for the future for the first time. I'm glad I was there.

14. Tuesday: Up on time – worked fast – another table, another chapter, and many footnotes! Tired – left at 12:20, packed in ten minutes. Phone visit with Elizabeth Penrose Palmer – sat on bag in sun to eat lunch. To Washington. Errands, mail, and to bed early. Tired!

15. Wednesday: Served breakfast. Sort of headache; napped till 11:30! Felt better. Read law till 7:30. A half hour off for ice cream cone and coke. Springy and warm, but I must keep rolling.

16. Thursday: Regular old home week welcome as I served lunch for the first time in weeks. Bailey is back – only 50% co-operative. Read debates till woozy, and Newlin said I had enough material – what a relief! Hope he's turning out the stuff. . . .

17. Friday: Newlin wanted map information from Department of Agriculture – and after \$1.45 of phone! I traced the map and sent in along special delivery. The Captain teases me about “burning up the phone,” etc., wearing out my voice, and such. Home in early evening.

18. Saturday: No particular job for Newlin, but started search for Efficiency Bond, and was relieved to hear that the package had arrived. Worked three meals for a change – dinner was slow, rainy. Nielson nice to work with. Foster having a rush!! Read in bed until tired – slept only fair. “You Must Relax!” [book by Edmund Jacobson]

19. Sunday: Cold – snow sleet, and rain in p.m. and evening. I found where Holbeach Marsh is, and sat for Miss Whitaker 2½ hours (\$.90); and finished “The Time of Man” by Elizabeth Madox Roberts. I liked it lots – whimsical,

personal, earthy, unschooled, colloquial, but rhythmic and poetic. Ellen Chesser like the Yearling hero. . . . To bed early.

20. Monday: The ice stayed around, even on the trees, all day. “Washington promised relief from Spring” was the Post headline! Cloudy cold. I shopped quick in the morning. Darned socks and stockings all evening. Nice quiet time; I’m caught up now. . . .

21. Tuesday: The sun was brilliant through the iced trees – and it was melting and gone before you knew it! I lectured Mrs. Albrecht on an English accent! Mrs. ? here would sew a dress for \$4 or 5 ! ? ! . . . Uncle Elwood continues pretty sick.

22. Wednesday: A lovely day. I did a bit of bibliography at Agraculture, then elected to visit Mrs. Crossette, 109 Glenrose Ave., Kensington! I saw a lot on Kensington and Wheaton and finally fond it! She was away!! . . . Home, rested; steam table for dinner – 547 – something of a record! Wanted reading stuff so called on Nielson – her gray squirrel coat fits and would almost do! Home, and to bed.

23. Thursday: Rain – gentle but wet. I went to the National Geographic to get the last of the chapters from Mrs. Cossette. Mr. C. looks Prussian – blond, heavy, thick, eyes too close! He made a speech and gave me the package. I looked around – then home. Did a little on bibliography.

24. Friday: Finished setting up the cards for the bibliography, but they are not all ready yet. At least if Newlin isn’t meeting April 1, I don’t have to hurry! But I’m tired and worried. June 1 still holds, I believe. Fritz’ second letter is pro – nice.

25. Saturday: Off to Department of Agriculture – got trucking item Newlin wanted. Very sleepy tired, so I wandered in to the Labor Library; then home, and nap. Worked in evening – looked around at other apartment houses in the neighborhood. J.P. Jones is best. Mrs. Wert is the manager, and liked me!

26. Sunday: Arranged furniture in Foster’s apartment all night! Restless. Special delivery – then phone call and I talked awhile. Then – it welled up and I couldn’t talk right and I keeled over, bumping the door! Mrs. Thibeault came running, Bill carried me upstairs and I was weak and shaky and

depressed. In bed all day, broth for lunch. Sat in sun. To Inn in evening, ate big! Sat listlessly . . . queer!

27. Monday: Breakfast – a little wobbly. To Library and did much better than I expected. Got a lot done. Walked to Labor Library and finished Davis. Walked part way home, felt better after walking. I need exercise to combat nerves.

28. Tuesday: Stew phoned for room reservation – I trotted around and learned a lot about rooms and reservations. Republic 2600 is the housing number, and it really gives service. Didn't go to Library – just loafed, and probably needed it! Inn upset about Joseph in the ladies' bathroom. . . . Wrote home. Bought OgdenNash for \$.25! – good investment!

29. Wednesday: A deal: I work three meals today and none tomorrow! Rainy; easy evening. Read Ogden Nash to Foster and to Steve, Mrs. M. and Joan Wiegel. Talked a while; cleaned out magazines and stockings. To bed late. Card to Uncle – Went to Library with Onslow in p.m. and did a little finishing.

30. Thursday: Cloudy, showery. Breakfast, pay, then hairdresser. . . . Packed; heavy bag to Union Station. To Library for last minute items. Done in time for 4:35 – but very tired. Rested on train. Bag carried by bearded wonder, Dresden. . . .

31. Friday: Laid out a table most of the day [sic]. . . . Nap. Not much else done.

## April

1. Saturday: H.S.S. wants another gold brocade horror! and other shopping done. I fixed up Chapter 2 and put it away. Three and four are short. Slept, drugged till 6:00, then off to movie to see René Clair "Italian straw Hat," a silent 1927 farce that was slow winding up but had some good stunts and tricks – deaf man with horn, man without gloves, etc.

2. Sunday: Rainy. We were up late. Did a little on manuscripts. No Meeting. Dinner, nap, manuscripts, and supper on the second floor with Drew Pearson and Charley McCarthy. This casual life, with no schedules but to eat is conducive to rambling!

3. Monday: Newlin slept restlessly. Up late, made beds, washed socks, phoned Aiguier, and read Time! Did a little work but not enough. Got some items at Library, chaining Wanda both times – pore dog!
4. Tuesday: So I'm going in town to Aiguier – Doris needs shoes, orthopedic and dress, and I'm elected! (after many conferences). A rushed and worrying p.m. from 1:20 to 6:00 – with luck in the shoe business! Fixed all of H.S.S.' hats in p.m.! To bed, talked out and tired. Behind on chapters!
5. Wednesday: Did pages – 6, 7, and 8 done and sorted. But me tired. Cassie had dinner off, so I went to The Ingelneuk [a nice Swarthmore restaurant] alone – Newlin too relaxed after osteopath, J. Russell too busy! Nice evening anyway. I felt good all dressed up alone, with no one to check. . . .
6. Thursday: Sat on chair and did pages till blue in the face. Just shaky! Packed at dinner, taxi to Chester, to 8:25 train. Home by 11:15; to bed by 12:00. So tired – and there is still work to be done! And I don't know when I'll do it!
7. Friday: Very Tired – nervous edge of exhaust[ion]! To breakfast; to Agriculture Library. Got data – some shaky, mailed notes and tried for a nap. Ruth came at 3:00! We talked and visited. She to dinner at Inn. Walked up Connecticut Ave. to Mayflower, sat and talked. Then home pooped! To bed fairly early.
8. Saturday: Very tired – up for breakfast, home. Talked; to art shop for American Gothic print – 17x21 too big – ½ better. Nice kids' prints. . . . By slow degrees to Evans coffee shop – \$1 lunch. To Eleanor's – nice visit – she with sinus; Harvey cute with red hat! Home, me to work, dead and pooped; easy night. Ruth to large date with Howard Mulholland; me to bed early.
9. Sunday: Easter! Balmy and nice. Up latish; to Meeting. Libby harangue too, too – softend finally to “reasonable.” Home, rest and paper. Howard Mulholland came with Lieutenant Hanson. Dinner fair, long drawn out at Watergate Inn. Home, nap. Walked down to Cherry blossoms – very pretty. To bed early. Tired.
10. Monday: Still clear and balmy. Up for breakfast as usual. Ruth over,

toured the Inn and its remodeling. Home, packed. Dropped bag at Station, bought pink rose for hat, and bedroom slippers. Ruth got a vestee [sic]. She said the \$6.50 painted cloth at Woodward's was \$1.50 on South Street!! Ei, ei, ei. Me home, nap, a bit of sinus, nap, dinner, sat on swing twenty minutes with Mrs. Thibeault . . . to desk. . . .

11. Tuesday: Took it easy a bit – worked two meals; library in between. Last nicks at Bibliography, and an item or two for Newlin.

12. Wednesday: Dumb day in the library trying to find agricultural statistics – couldn't read index, couldn't do nothing. Even patient \_\_\_\_\_ got tired and brought the wrong books. Home. Phoned Newlin – he's a little behind schedule! Well, June 1 will be the date. Started Quaker letter –

13. Thursday: Tore around Agriculture Library, borrowing a bibliography and much advice. Home to work at dinner, then off, tired, for the 9:00 train. Swarthmore by 11:15 with good Chester connections. But smoky and sleepy – rolled in back door, all quiet. Finished Quaker letter in afternoon by the skin of my teeth.

14. Friday: Looked over Bibliography for the last time. Did only a fair job on it; to Mrs. Scott's to get it fixed up. A nice old house, strange “dressy” furniture, gold chaise longue, etc. Nice dining room.

15. Saturday: Up early. Dashed off to Map man in Philadelphia, wrong address, in the rain. Tore home by noon. Proofread the done. No movie, no spree – work, right through. Rain and carrying typewriter back from Mrs. Scott! Feet wet – no cold.

16. Sunday: Had Philadelphia lady all day to type. Did last of [Chapter?] I. Newlin dictated to J.R., finishing Chapter XII by 5:00. I checked Bibliography. . . . Scott did a good job but is nervously ill! and we're pushing her too hard. J. Russell and Henrietta decide Newlin can't risk a cold by going to B[yberry?] . . . and I plan N. F. exit! Frantic!! Special but no supper . . . N. working!

17. Monday: The deadline! Up and at it again, at 9:00 Newlin got out ten figures to be done. Title page, contents, list of figures, Appendix B. and Chapter XII – !! Awful. To college for four pages. Mrs. Marot did some.

Mrs. Scott worked nobly till 3:00! Lunched in my place. At 1:00 he began to cut and past, and I proofread XII! Awful. Done by 3:45, in folders and wrapped by 4:30; off to 5:10 train, leaving everybody dead.

18. Tuesday: Up, very tired. Full of telegrams about keys and letters of arrival – weak for food and exhausted otherwise. Phew. Searched for keys in inventory here, mailed bookends, unpacked, put away etc. etc. Long nap. Talked too long with Mrs. M. To bed early, feeling better –

19. Wednesday: Rainy. Shampoo –

20. Thursday: Went for ticket to B. – cashed Newlin's check, rushed around in general. Wrote Walter Lewis at last minute while clearing desk. Worked three meals as a restful start . . . to bed, packed. Bought string, labels, ink, stamps, and such to take along.

21. Friday: Up even a bit earlier. Breakfast, and a long wait in line. . . . To Station by trolley at 8:00; asked for reservation on 8:15 to Buffalo. Sat on B 4. Lady from Miami claimed it but I sat in it! Baltimore, Harrisburg, Emporium and Renovo [Pa.] . . . Olean and Buffalo. Very tired, but better on chair than not. . . . By streetcar – ancient arks – to 49 Englewood. Miss Edgecomb OK, met Mrs. Thomas; house looks natural . . . Lovely hills . . . rainy dull day.

22. Saturday: Up early – breakfast at Decco. Went over things with Mrs. T.; everything in good shape – curtains, rugs, mattress pads clean, etc. Paid \$6.00 for lamp, silver salt and pepper, teapot, Fiesta cups, etc. She left about 2:00. Lunch with Miss E! I packed a barrel of jars and had a thrill dumping unwanted glass with lots of racket !!! Supper up the street, and long call with Wilsons. He is 78 and well – working for Curtis! and so to bed. . . . HIT.

23. Sunday: Up as usual. Breakfast at Miss E. . . . Packed a barrel. Assembled lamps, extension cord, pictures, and some attic cartons. Sorted the attic, cleaned out a lot of stuff. Mrs. W. and Miss E. helped get trunks down. Late breakfast bite. Then dress, and to Meeting. Rain, of course. Nice Meeting – standbys there – Janet and Harriet took me to Tuyn's for a good dinner; Harriet went home with me. Talked till 9:30 – I packed the trunks and then to bed, tired!

24. Monday: The packer and barrels and cartons came. He went to work on

china and such. I assisted. Lunch with Miss E. . . . Packed up the books with his direction (broke a sherbet glass!). Dinner at Wheelers.' Mr. W. in Coast Guard Reserve – making 100% improvement. At 8:00 went down to see Mrs. Shadle. We talked till 10:00 – Major Fred Hull came, I left at 10:30. And so to bed – one more day. . . .

25. Tuesday: Up late; rainy. Harriet phoned and the truck came at 8:30. The rain stopped while they loaded. All done at 12:30, barrels out and all. I just walked around and was present. Dinner with Miss E., then I finished sweeping up all around. Packed another carton and the suitcases and took the hot plate to Dye's on the way to Walter Lewises. Dinner and talk – Mrs. Kelley came in – smart, artistic! To bed tired. Reaction setting in!

26. Wednesday: Awake at 5:00 – forgot the Bendix! Ei, ei, ei. So to 49 Eng. in a hurry, early, rainy. To Station by trolley, no taxi to be had by phone! Phoned Dye and Mrs. Wheeler and got 10:05 train. Breakfast at Lewises nice, and good start for day. Slept all the time on train! Folks in Allentown – supper, and home and phone call from Newlin, and to bed. Pretty snapdragons from Newlin. . . . Glad to be home.

27. Thursday: Tired to sleep but couldn't! . . . Up, gave the tan dress to Auntie to sew! Unpacked, sorted out, etc. Went up to the bank to get my account balanced. Rainy [illegible] walked and I went to the Faculty assembly. Sextet – music lesson. Ruth shopping. Wonderful play “The Villain Crept In” – wildly funny. Supper, then to Women's Club – Ruth on Jan Smuts [prime minister of South Africa, writer on evolution] was very good. Me with jittery indigestion . . . just tired, I guess – reaction.

28. Friday: Slept even later – felt better. Read magazines, packed Newlin's bag. Rainy, clearing. Nap in p.m. In evening. Debbie Shaw, Miss Kirk and Mary Jo Brown came for bridge. Chocolate ice cream with mint sauce and pretzels and ginger ale. A nice crazy evening, easy to play bridge again. Shad for supper.

29. Saturday: Up latish. Walked uptown with Ruth and Aunt Anna, bought \$6:50 garden hose, to be shipped. Home to read, and finish “Movies.” Good dinner, then dress up for reciprocity meeting of women's club at College. Beautiful day! Mrs. Chee spoke. I bought pencils! Nice tea, then home, naps, and supper. Pa did garden all p.m., a round of Chinese checkers in evening. And then to bed. Sorry it is almost over.

30. Sunday: Perfect day. Up, packed, tried on dresses for Ruth's red and white gingham. Toured garden and yard, chicken dinner with dried corn and Spanish cream. Talk, bus to Reading, train HOT to Philadelphia. . . . Newlin and to Whittier. Talked . . . let off Newlin but too tired to join. 7:11 train, checked bag, it was late at station. Saw Murphrey, [she's] getting \$50 – 60/week in addition to her government job. Home without bag, and so to bed. . . . All over, and chapter closed.

## May

### Newlin makes progress on his thesis

1. Monday: Up, breakfast, a mad rush, toaster busted on both sides, very harrowing! And me tired. To station for suitcase, unpacked it and all put away. Lunch dizzy on first and second floor [sic]. . . . Hot and sunny, so I sunned twenty minutes – a tiny bit of burn! First of the season. Then slept soundly. Dinner OK, and to bed at 9:30 after a couple of letters. All cleaned up now, and ready to roll on. . . .

2. Tuesday: Cloudy again! Checked at break. . . stockings and nails done. Pleased to sun thirty minutes in p.m. Newlin at Atlantic City till Saturday night! I'll be durned. Restless and unimaginative. All sorts of crazy plans – job, future, suicide, sickness, run away, separation, everything!

3. Wednesday: Still too much imagination – just driving me into hysterics. Sunned a while. Ate light. It is HOT. Nap, dressed up for encouragement, but tired in spite of it.

4. Thursday: Felt sort of punk. . . . pretty hot yet. Tore up and down stairs at lunch, with no satisfaction. No sunning, just a nap to try to catch up. Terribly tired, and no ambition.

5. Friday: Headache! Little food, washed a bit in a.m. Could hardly make lunch, but did. Nerves in stomach all upset. Nap all afternoon, cashed (.05 off!), home to read Life and go to bed; relaxed at 10:10. Pretty hot, yet!

6. Saturday: Could have slept longer. Cloudy, cooler. Hair done in a.m. Lunch – indigestion, hysterics, tears – left steam table several minutes! Pain and discouragement. Tossed and rolled in bed. Got nothing accomplished. Hot, too – didn't help any.

7. Sunday: Up by 7:00. Sorted out woolen clothes, unpacked summer ones. Newlin phoned from Swarthmore – J. Russell had an operation! . . . Nap, too tired to write. Played Tripoli in evening – fun. A little pain in middle!

8. Monday: A new low – just dragging around! Slept in a.m., slept drugged in p.m. Bought high powered vitamin stuff and took one at noon, one at night. . . . Blackout practice, so I got to bed by 9:00 and slept through the music radio program. Slept as though drugged again. No pain now, but awfully weak. Liquids for breakfast! Soup for supper!

9. Tuesday: Felt wonderfully better. Clear cool spicy weather. Everything went well. Bragged about being better.

10. Wednesday: Began to think of a movie again – but it turned hot in p.m.; I began to wilt again! Sat on swing and Mr. Thibeault got all wound up about the army and politics and I couldn't get to sleep!!

11. Thursday: Indigestion is back – just a hard lump in my middle. Can't eat much. . . . Some people bore me – Miss Beatty for one. . . . Just dragging around again. But doing three [meals] a day on the steam table! Marco came through at lunch, darn it! – snob!

12. Friday: Mrs. Brown and Mrs. Sorensen both in for breakfast. Mrs. S. at coffee: "Mrs. Shomber, you have a pencil in you hair." Mess on checking trays, everybody ragged. I shopped at Sears – overcharged! Late for lunch! Easy lunch. Home to rest. Still have indigestion in my middle. Foster all agog about Annapolis weekend – me sick!

13. Saturday: Hot again! Decent breakfast. Off to Sears for my goods. Stopped at Cathedral for Eleanor's requests. Beautifully peaceful – yard full of babies; nice place to live! Indigestion still here. Figs and milk for lunch. Cashed with Mrs. Sorenson – balanced! Nap, and rest in hot dark room all p.m. Soup and custard for supper. Checked with Mrs. Shomber, peaceful evening. Lump in middle going. Walked twenty minutes, home, talk and to bed. Hot, but better.

14. Sunday: Will be hot – but I feel OK for once! Pretty thin, though. To Meeting; no phone call. Phoned Kutztown for Mother's Day. Too emoted to speak clearly! . . . Meeting on slum clearance and post-war military plans.

Breakfast; out to Eleanor's with all Tom's thesis stuff. Harvey sick – 103°! Sunned, napped, gossiped, and home to bed.

15. Monday: Dampened blue and sharkskin to be ironed; ironed in evening, dripping wet! Newlin phoned at 9:15 – passed. Herbert Nase came through the line and we talked twenty minutes out on the pavement! Nice to see someone I knew. To bed tired. . . . Funny – Newlin's thesis really doesn't matter any more.

16. Tuesday: Bailey refused to do iced tea – so I did it and got along swimmingly. Mrs. Sorenson and Mrs. Michael blew up, on the first floor, while working. Must have been rare – sorry I missed it. . . . Mrs. M. is quitting – she told me much too much about pays. New dietician \$195 plus board; Mrs. Watson \$155 plus room and board; Bachman and Irvine \$145 and board, Mrs. M. probably \$130 or 135 plus board . . . it is so unfair. Mrs. Shomberg probably \$155 and board.

17. Wednesday: Got my new Sears goods started, and the red gingham came from home. It will do nicely with buttons and a belt. Slept all afternoon and wrote H.S.S. and Lewises at night, and so to bed. Fan out and room straightened up.

18. Thursday: And a stinker again! Shampoo in a.m. Mrs. Strom has to go for flowers, just one more trick since Gude can't deliver!

19. Friday: [no entry]

20. Saturday: Newlin blew in looking fine for a steak at lunch. Rested – but so hot. And me tired.

21. Sunday: Terribly tired, grouchy. HIT with cramps, slept poorly. Just off to a bad start. Breakfast at All States with Woodie . . . Meeting – odd assortment. Home, long drugged nap. Dinner at All States, and listened to radio and to bed by 9:00! Heard about the exam.

22. Monday: A sunny, humid stinker. Fran to Inn for two nights! Mrs. Michael leaving in p.m. . . . Awfully hot. Newlin had fair luck shopping for suits. Baths and a date to put us to bed, dead tired. Three a day regularly is taxing.

23. Tuesday: Some cooler. Newlin left at breakfast. I washed in the a.m., quick and hot. Napped in p.m. Had window visit with Fran about lost "\$11.00 and Gaslight." Then home, and did a very brief newsletter! To bed tired.

24. Wednesday: Getting hotter, muggy, cloudy. And me on coffee for both dinner and supper! No food left – soup and pie a la mode is poor dinner. Home, to bed by 9:15. Little visit with Fran in morning. Inn is being papered.

25. Thursday: Sticky, damp, cool, misting – at least it's not hot! Coffee again – ei, ei, ei. Have had a very light flow for this hot period. . . . Bought House Beautiful and such, and read all of it. Even did shopping via it.

26. Friday: Cleaned up the room, napped, read some more, cleaned up desk, and got all set. Mama came in for dinner; I was on steam table with awful Beatty – and pleasant Palmer!

27. Saturday: Ma fixed my gingham for length. . . . Otherwise a quiet day. She wouldn't eat more than a salad; I enjoyed a strawberry sundae!

28. Sunday: Up about 9:00. Newlin phoned; breakfast at All States. Home to change; to Meeting. Homer Morris good. Looked at flower prints by Quaker lady. . . . Home, nap; to Mrs. K's Toll House. Took 1½ hours! Sat in shade under tree for 45 minutes. Ate very well – Mrs Runnion and Air Marshall Williams, the Hahn Sorenson party, and innumerable guests. Nice dinner at \$2.50! Home, nap, radio, swing, to bed! Nice day.

29. Monday: Ma slept restlessly in chair, in bed. Up extra early; walked up street for taxi. Off at 6:50 for 7:15 bus. Back to read about Greyhound drivers' strike! Home OK, though. Busy day – I sunned and napped and that was all. To bed earlyish.

30. Tuesday: J. Russell came through for breakfast! I tipped the maids for Fran, bought vitamins, washed stockings and such. Steam table at lunch; sunned and such, extra early dinner. Slow evening. Foster and I will see Gaslight later this is a "holiday."

31. Wednesday: Just a day – hot. Planned shopping but did none. Bought magazines, cleaned up room some.

## June

1. Thursday: Mrs. Shomber stopped. . . . I sure am glad. The Inn doesn't deserve her. Hot – rested with fan on, broke in new cashier, Miss Miller with Childress. Hot and close – then bit storm cleared us all up a bit.

2. Friday: Mail! Stockings and a Foundry interest! Pretty nice. \$70.00 off to the bank is quite a help. Felt punk, ate salt. On steam table for dinner; ended feeling FINE! Talked building houses with Stevens till 11:30! Too late.

3. Saturday: Hot. ME pippy again, and very tired. Bought pretzels and candy for Dot and Mac, iced tea only for lunch. Forty-five minutes under the park tree was all right, and bit of salt, and I did upstairs checking all right. Newlin called. To bed, hot. Mrs. Shomber back!

4. Sunday: Wonderful – cold, cloudy. Me off on 9:00 a.m. 11 and E, Vienna bus to Beulah Road to see Dot. They have a grand place now – guest house with Pat and El and three kids, ten workers in the lower fields raising truck, dogs, kids, garden, everything. Restful cool day – home and to bed. Tired, but couldn't sleep for wanting to get started on the same thing! 8:00 a.m. to 7:00 p.m. for Mac, though!

5. Monday: Up, usual time. Cool, and I feel good! Did up blouse in a.m., rested without sun in p.m. to get over night spent in planning a home. Wonder what we'll end with! Wrote home in p.m. Nice to have Miss Weigel around.

6. Tuesday: Clear and COOL – after quick breakfast I tore to town for \$6.95 skirt, \$1.50 red belt, \$1.20 white beads. Successful shopping. No play shoes yet, though. P.m. – sunned (broiling hot) supper had a cracking hard thunderstorm to slow the [illegible]. D-Day! Me on coffee with [illegible]. In pm modeled clothes with Miss Weigel. Everyone excited by D-Day.

7. Wednesday: Sun after a foggy start. Caught a bit of cold somewhere. Sunning in cloudy cool wind with Miss Weigel didn't help much. I'm probably in for a good one! Curses!

8. Thursday: Tore around and got a rental book – just have an itch to read. Wrote Mrs. Michael; napped. Rotten cold sticks only too well. Hope Newlin

doesn't come down this weekend. Dreamed of moving into Mr. Eulace's apartment!

9. Friday: Fought off groggy cold with Pentagon Prescription: ½ t. baking soda, 2 aspirins, ½ t. as. sp. ammonia, few drops peppermint! Does fairly well. My pair of pins came – leather. \$3:00 each! My skirt is ready-to-wear. “Taps for Private Tussie,” Jesse Stuart [novel] – fair.

10. Saturday: My cold is OVER. We sunned a little bit – I bought Playshoes – red and wood \$8.75 – shopped all over Garfinkle's, had a fine time. Exchanged shoes in quick trip in p.m. Mobs of people, with numbers for turns! Ei, ei, ei, - the morning is best. Sewed an hour on my life work! [?].

11. Sunday: Up early and off to C. and O. Canal boat ride. 4 ½ miles up to Little Falls. We ate and read paper and sang and had a silly fine time. Lunch and sun; home by Cabin John Trolley by 2:00. Sunned, napped, read paper. Sat on swing, had quiet evening. NICE.

12. Monday: Stinking hot; brilliant sun. I washed eight pairs of stockings! Sunned, bathed, and napped in usual routine. Steam table for lunch and dinner quite a chore. But I lived. Wrote home in evening.

13. Tuesday: Stinking hot. Nap in darkened room. Steam table at noon and night, and I just dripped! Drank lots, and ate salt. Took back “Tussie” and got “The Robe” [historical novel about the Crucifixion]. Read in evening and liked it a lot. Washed in a.m., ironed in evening, too.

14. Wednesday: Cloudy, muggy. Shampoo in a.m., read “The Robe.” Pink Sears Roebuck dress finished in p.m. at 4:00. No nap. Read again in p.m., read Robe and paper. To bed at 11:00 groggy. Feeling hit . . . it's about time.

15. Thursday: Muggy. Mrs. Shomber not in for breakfast; I tried to assign busgirls – messily! Washed stockings and did nails. Read some. – Pretty hot. Rested, pretty tired. To bed at 11:00.

16. Friday: Hot. Sinus, headachy, feeling rocky anyway. Napped in closed fanned room in p.m. but still almost gave out on the steam table. Mrs. Boykin – horses and army – is game at serving, but no thanks on the rest. Bought a white dress for \$5.00 from Jensen!

17. Saturday: Hot yet – too hot to sun. I finally managed to finish “The Robe” – must now get slept up. It was deeply moving; I liked it ever so much. People, plot, surroundings, period, etc., all seemed vividly now!
18. Sunday: SO HOT! 86° at 9:30. I basted a bit on the white dress, breakfast at All States – talk with Louise Wiegel. Off at 12:00 for picnic under Falls Church tree. Dropped in on Eleanor at 5:20, stayed till 6:40. Hot bus ride, bath, to bed, still very warm. A mite of breeze now and then. . . .
19. Monday: I got trembly and shaky just sitting at breakfast time. 90° at 10:00 and so humid, it just rolls down all the time. I packed a barrel with my stuff before I got up, heading for Sk [?] in Conn.! Endless gusty drenching thunderstorms spoiled my trip, but eased the day and weather.
20. Tuesday: Payday! Beautiful day in many ways! An occasional shower kept us cleared up. Me on steam table twice a day all this week. . . . Fun with Palmer. Philo Day too.
21. Wednesday: Cooler and brisk! I up and bought \$5.00 of stamps – 5<sup>th</sup> Drive and I have a book filled in its honor. Wish I could get more. Newlin coming this weekend. . . . A terrible evening of no food, big crowds, overtime work, empty pans! The worst we’ve had.
22. Thursday: News! Two dozen roses for Tom and Eleanor on Monday the 26<sup>th</sup>, their anniversary – and I ordered them at \$3.50/dozen! Phew. Busy day – tried to finish up the white dress. No luck.
23. Friday: Miss Wiegel had attack of ? – food poisoning? Out at noon with attendant fuss at the Inn, and at dinner which didn’t affect me. Mrs. Boykin on steam table. . . . I sat on step with the gang, leaning about salutes – left-handed recognized by the Navy but not by Army! To bed tired. Palmer and I had fun!
24. Saturday: Pretty tired. Have dinner off and Newlin can’t be here till dinner time. So the whole point of time off is wasted. I was much disturbed! But got two fried chickens at lunch. Nap. Tom’s message to florist in time, wore blouse and skirt for dinner. To bed early – nice and cool for date.
25. Sunday: Cool and airy. Woke up gradually; had a pleasant date. Breakfast at All States. Read paper on swing, sunned on Thibeault Beach.

Nap. Cold fried chicken dinner. To library and iced tea. Home for shoeshine, and to bed. Nice day –

26. Monday: Newlin off at 8:00 – and a stinker of a day. Me tired, but enjoyed a movie! Danny Kaye in “Up in Arms” – smooth double talk, faces, dancing, especially in the dream sequence in an arbor of black-gowned beauties, knee deep in fog! To bed late.

27. Tuesday: Tried to get slept up all day. Wrote in the Ogden Nash for Miss Wiegel, fun and talk, too. Mrs. Miles wants Quaker data and I’m lazy on the Quaker letter. I hate to do it, all right.

28. Wednesday: Hair date – and so hot it was wet when I got up! Only a fair one – slept a bit in p.m. Louise Wiegel got off, barely making her train! . . . So hot on steam table, but I stand it surprisingly well. Tired of course, but not exhausted. Can’t eat much.

29. Thursday: So HOT. I couldn’t stand many more of them hot and humid like it. Napped all p.m. with fan. Did hostess work for Mrs. Watson in evening, breaking in Curtis, a nice busboy.

30. Friday: 79° as I left the house at 7:10! But the air cleared some in the afternoon. Still I was tired and wringing wet after work. Read “A Bell for Adano” [Pulitzer-prize winning novel by Hersey] and liked it – episodes – a picture of Amgot [Allied Military Government of Occupied Territories] at work in Italy.

## July

In which Marion discovers she is pregnant.

1. Saturday: Gave Mrs. Shomber “A Bell” to read – she has arthritis in feet, terribly. . . . Been thinking about Quakers for Mrs. Miles’ Forum. How I’d like to wangle a share in it! – for Newlin especially.

2. Sunday: Newlin phoned – the appointment is confirmed! Thank goodness! To All States – then early to Meeting to get books for Mrs. Miles. Took them over, and stayed for lunch! Cucumber and lemon juice! and melon. Nice time. Nap. No scions! Rode with Thibeaults to Haines Point and the airport – very nice evening.

3. Monday: Wrote some letters – Mrs. Shadle included. Slept a lot – pain up under rib bothers me! . . . Can't seem to get the Buffalo letter done! Ashamed – but still I don't do it.
4. Tuesday: The dreaded day [4<sup>th</sup> of July]. Clear, warm to hot. Lunch A.525, Dinner A. 542. Did they ever whoop through! 100 less for B. . . . Everyone geared to the last notch! But we finished in good shape. I sat on the park bench for full moon – nice. Fireworks at big Army show. Tired, and high indigestion pain. To bed.
5. Wednesday: Up early, tossing with that pain. Massaged it and passed some gas, but felt worn out. Newlin phoned for a Department of Agriculture bit. HOT; I went and got it. . . . Palmer had no carving, so I was frantically busy at coffee! Payday \$52.22 – the money sure looks good coming in.
6. Thursday: So hot – 89° as I came in at 8:00 p.m. – and no air. Not too many people, but I was tired anyway. Napped under tree with ants, then on bed. Too hot to wash or do Quaker letter. Visited McNeils a little in p.m. with map.
7. Friday: Hot. I dopped down [sic] for Ruth's Gothic. Still don't have it; home quick in heat. Had blueberries and peach pie for lunch! Mrs. Boykin sure is the original Army horse woman! Got a pain in the evening – under the bottom rib.
8. Saturday: Ate a respectable breakfast. Still pain. Felt ROTTEN at noon – steam table – rested. Milk lunch, tea supper! Rocky in evening but not so bad. . . . Dressed and went to see the Javanese dancers. Liked them a lot. [Illegible] dance, mad emperor kills imaginary enemies. Hobby horse dance! Red fans and black satin sheath skirts, lovely arm movements. Glad I went. Home with Jensen! Coke at Statler.
9. Sunday: I moved! Into half the bureau and half the closet. I'm really down to essentials now! Took all a.m. I returned books to Meeting; ginger ale for lunch. Rest, paper, nap. . . . To J. Sidney Cates for gooseberry scions, Thibeaults drove me – thank goodness – and I packed 'em up fine. Brought ice cream home to pay a little for the ride – Alexandria and all around. To bed relieved.
10. Monday: Pain in middle. Ginger ale morning, noon, and night; custard

noon and night. Got bad at lunch. I rested and sat in evening, so felt better. Went down for Ruth's Gothic. Don't have it yet! Disappointed. Bought post cards for substitute.

11. Tuesday: Newlin is to come today! Relief! New set of problems! Shampoo in a.m., no pain in bed, but it returned in a.m. Ginger ale morning, noon, and night! HOT, too, and with some pain, by golly. Newlin in at late dinner.

12. Wednesday: Still too sick with pain and gas and funny stuff to know that Newlin is really here. Hot – rested and worked and perspired and ate ginger ale! Can't go on forever, though.

13. Thursday: Ruth's birthday, and I didn't get the Gothic on time! Had dinner off and enjoyed it with Newlin. Sat by the lily pond and went to bed early. I'm still on light diet. Some pain yet. Wonder what it is. . . .

14. Friday: Up as usual. Washed in a.m. in spite of dampness. Ironed all p.m. Got everything cleaned up and dried! Newlin put the trunk away and now he's really moved in. French celebrate Bastille Day at the Octagon House, but I slept though it all! Newlin went down to living room – surprised Mrs. T.

15. Saturday: Cloudy but hot but sunny! [sic] No rain, anyway. Called on Mrs. Wert of J. R. Jones Apartments. Made good impression, I do believe. Nap in p.m. Dinner; two chicken legs in evening. Picked up nuts at 17<sup>th</sup> and G! Fun, and so to bed. Noon was very hectic.

16. Sunday: Damp yet. Up first in the house – breakfast at All States, then back to bed till 12:00! Up slowly, picnic lunch, and off to River Side at G. Street. Pleasant under a tree; home by 6:30. Nice sunburn. Sewed some names on shirts, Newlin did letters. Pretty hot.

17. Monday: Sleepy all day. Nothing new. Drugged sleep in afternoon. Cashiered in evening, then we sat in lily pond park, walked around to find Dr. Wassell crowded, and walked home via a new alley.

18. Tuesday: The heat wave must be broken – the air was dryer! I did coffee in p.m. – Mrs. Shomber tried to come in late and Miss Bachman called her at 7:10! Such cooperation! We played ball in the evening, and shocked the

Thibeaults.

19. Wednesday: I washed in p.m. – perspired plenty! Hung it all out. Almost dry before shower; Mrs. T took ‘em in. Uneventful evening. Reading “Virgin Soil,” [Turgenev novel] bit by bit. Not hit yet – maybe it did bite!

20. Thursday: Newlin’s day off. Started rainy. I had dinner off. Went to see about Gothic printer’s name. Shop still a mess. No satisfaction! . . . Bought House Beautiful with Modern home in it. Read all evening. Wrote home. To bed early.

21. Friday: I finished a bond album in spite of the Philadelphia trip next week. Bought ginger ale and Life. Fixed up finances. Nice and cool! We went canoeing in the evening. A trifle late, but gorgeous sunset and nice blue evening. I probably paddled too much too!

22. Saturday: Scared myself with an increase in bleeding. Rested a.m. and p.m.; felt better. Bleeding lessened. Quiet evening at home with ginger ale. I worked three meals.

23. Sunday: Slept late. Breakfast with Woodie – nice. To Meeting, fairly unsuccessful. Rested. Chicken leg dinner. Read paper, visited Eleanor. Felt very low. Must see that doctor. Home at 10:00.

24. Monday: Worked a.m. – shampoo (thank goodness) and off at noon. Went to see Dr. . . . . recommended Dr. Boyd – and bed! Got pills and went to work! No Philadelphia trip for me – Newlin will be back Wednesday evening.

25. Tuesday: Bled quite a bit. Thought maybe I was fooling myself with just a run-down late period. Glad to be quiet in bed. Amazingly relaxed. Dr. Boyd called in evening. He looks all right. Wish I could be sure we have a bite.

26. Wednesday: So hot again – I’ll be glad when Newlin comes back from Philadelphia. Mrs. T. gave me good lunch and beef dinner from across the way. Newlin in in p.m. Very warm – everything put away OK. From the feel of my middle, I’m not fooling!

27. Thursday: Read junk all day – non-ambitious. Passed blood, but no pain.

So hot – just a stinker. Newlin insisted on going to Inn for my tray – chicken and ice cream. Took long, though. Thibaults to Market for lots of stuff.

28. Friday: Felt better. Very little blood. Hot, but not unbearable. Soup for lunch. Mrs. Runnion didn't come over. . . . Read "Who's Who" – Newlin brought veal supper. Shined shoes, etc. Then we had a party! Newlin gave me a bath! Very restful.

29. Saturday: Cooler, maybe rain! More drops than yesterday. Mrs. Thibeault worked like a Trojan all day – phew! Just another day for me. Still tired to pieces. Read paper and magazines – pure time passers.

30. Sunday: Nice day. Newlin brought late breakfast from All States, then napped. Chicken leg and cheese dinner with milk; more nap. . . . Picked names all afternoon and had a swell time. Timothy, Kirk, Darby, Jessica, Felicity – DePau, Loud-on, etc. . . . Letters at night. Doctor came at 12:00 – I can sit up tomorrow, etc. Good.

31. Monday: Restless for the first time. . . . good sign, I think. Read Shakespeare's sonnets – left me cold! Sat up half an hour to eat dinner; felt as though everything fell sown inside! Bled a spot or two. Newlin got budget book up to date.

## August

1. Tuesday: Muggy – a thorough dog day! I had a bit of blood, but took some extra trips to bathroom and such. Paid Mrs. T. only too little for food. I must be better – I was restless today. Read Fosdick. Good. . . . Miss Whitaker stopped over – nice.

2. Wednesday: Walked in to the front room twice and generally tried to cover some ground. Pretty tired just from that. My muscles must be atrophied – and in one week!

3. Thursday: Ghastly day – hot. J. Russell called in a.m. I washed some socks, and sat up five hours all together. Feel pretty rocky yet. . . . Mrs. T. gave me fried chicken for lunch! Salad for supper, and Newlin off to Philadelphia. To bed early.

4. Friday: A beastly day – terrifically hot. 98°, room hot, etc. I managed

lunch downstairs all right. Not much pep. Mrs. Brown called. Heading for Maine and wool shirt next week! . . . Fried chicken for lunch. Glad Newlin was home in p.m. from hot day in Philadelphia with no transit functioning – bad strike. . . .

5. Saturday: An awful day. I was out in glider for first time, dripping at 96°! Hot, no air, a beastly night with a fan all night, etc. Felt punk and tired and sticky. Bled a spot or two or three. Newlin bought a watermelon for the house.

6. Sunday: Pretty tired, but up and over to All States for breakfast. A long walk with many rests, very tired. Bled too much, too. . . . Comfortable cloudy day; good chicken dinner, many naps, watermelon. Newlin busy with mail and budget book.

7. Monday: Cool! Blissful! Forced myself to go out to lunch and dinner. Not much reserve. Bleeding less. . . . Mrs. Runnion and daughter Grace called. I told them the score. Newlin had bad night with covers! Tooth bothering him, too.

8. Tuesday: A lot easier to be up for lunch and dinner. Cheerio [restaurant] for both meals. I don't see how they do it for the price. Newlin had another restless night, even after a glass of relaxing brew!

9. Wednesday: Newlin took the day off He looked pretty tired. He got my breakfast, then went to bed. I rested hard. Cheerio lunch . . . Dressed up, and taxi to the Doctor. He removed a “large” polyp the size of a pea. Pretty wearing. Dinner at Cleaves – ate too much, felt stuffy and painful. Scion still O.K., we think.

10. Thursday: Last breakfast in bed – felt fine. Lunch at Cheerio; hair date at 1:00. Newlin raced home, and off to Philadelphia to dentist. Rested. Dinner at Cleves. Sat on swing and talked dogs and money with Lorenzin. Wrote some letters; a start on the desk. Bed at 10:00.

11. Friday: Could have slept more. Inn for breakfast. Pretty wearing. Hot again, and feeling sort of tired. To store for soap and Life. Rested most of the day.

12. Saturday: So hot again – rested, but feel more ambitious. I'll be glad to

work breakfasts.

13. Sunday: All States breakfast – bought a star! Went to look at a house – no luck. Saw an empty [one]. . . . Home; cold chicken dinner. I worked on Quaker letter in basement. Off to Meridian Hill to hear the Southernaires [top gospel group]. Quite nice. Home early, before the crowd broke. Three bottles of milk on the swing! and so to bed. Tired.

14. Monday: Wondered how I would ever do breakfast, but it went OK. – So hot and humid. Got a speck of blood. So I stayed flat all day, reading “So Little Time” and enjoying its description hugely. The Quaker letter is off! Gory be! Thibeaults left at 10:00 . . . exciting time.

15. Tuesday: Pretty tired again after breakfast, so I stayed in bed in the a.m. Everybody glad to see me back – nice. Finished “So Little Time” – disappointing finish. Read in the basement again. Good lunch of chicken broth and tomatoes and peaches.

16. Wednesday: Lord it is HOT! Got Ruth’s book and Walter Lewis’ material off. Lunch at [illegible], dinner at Cleaves. It sprinkled, but didn’t cool off. Saw Bette Davis in “Mr. Skeffington.” Fair – makeup, overdone; ending didn’t seem to follow. . . . Not too cool in theater. I didn’t get much horizontal rest. Must watch it, it ticks.

17. Thursday: Another awfully hot one. Newlin stayed home. I washed a sock, and went to the Central Market – peaches, tomatoes, seckel pears. No cheese, no Smithfield ham, no fish, no olives. . . . Lunch at Y.M., nap upstairs and down. Cloudy. . . hope it pours.

18. Friday: Thibeaults back from very hot vacation in New England. Me hot, tired; resting but not getting anywhere.

19. Saturday [no entry]

20. Sunday: Up fairly early. To Meeting (no hat!). Newlin spoke, too, but I was busy thinking about a place to live! Chicken-leg lunch with apple pie, and cookies by Mrs. Thibeault! Very good! Rowing on Tidal Basin, then to bed early. Tired . . . doggone!

21. Monday: Wrote letters, washed a stocking – that’s all. Did up my white

blouse again. Talked apartments in evening.

22. Tuesday: A busy day! Bought filters and stopped in a 3 [sic] apartment houses . . . dressed. To Washington Loan and Trust Co. – lunch. To Fairlington; to Hellengone out – back. Visited with “Mrs. Albert” for an hour. That place would be perfect. Home, pooped.

23. Wednesday: Up, a bit tired. Washed stockings, put room “away.” Ride and lunch at Walter Reed with Thibeaults – Hershey bar and ginger ale! Home, washed. Read end of “Night Shift.” Room got hot and I got a headache – a whopper. Pipped at 11:00 and then to bed.

24. Thursday: Up feeling rocky. Worked, then “rested” until 1:00. Lunch. To see a house via Mrs. Irvine – Sale \$12,500! Frame like Auntie’s. . . . Shopping: hat, blue Dutch girl \$3.95. Home tired. Nap, sup, and soon to bed.

25. Friday: The day to go – I trotted about and got some rest before Stew and Fran came at 2:30. Tired, though. Nice ride to Round Hill; the ticklers were pretty bad. Fran snorting badly, too. Lissa home from camp. Supper at Corner Hall - \$1.25! Good, though. I rested on swing. But no Newlin on the bus . . . we waited an hour, then went on up the mountain. I slept in Knothole alone – pooped!

26. Saturday: Newlin turned up after breakfast – waited in bus station 1½ hours for second section. Glad I didn’t have to. . . . Sunned and slept and sunned all day. We both needed it pretty badly. Hay fever bad. Ate grapes till we busted.

27. Sunday: And we elected not to go to Meeting. Just sunned and napped. Fixed two chickens for Cassie to fry. Good dinner. Nose bothered me a lot, but nice to be on the mountain – not as nice as anticipated, but bearable.

28. Monday: Newlin went squirrel hunting with his precious shells. I talked all a.m. with H.S.S. . . . Lunch; and I packed our lunch – squirrel and brown biscuits. Sun, nap, and off to train. Long jouncy ride with supper a break. Home and to bed after ginger ale and grapes. Hershey bar our celebration for the day.

29. Tuesday: To work, tired. Less snort. J. Russell phoned I’m to go on a vacation! I didn’t believe it! Pretty tired, rested after train ride.

30. Wednesday: Phoned Department of Agriculture, and A.A.A. and tried to make up my mind. Dr. gave me the name of a Saranac Dr. . . . Shopped for p.j.'s and cheese. No check at Woodie's – market closed at 1:00! Curses. Home dead tired. Newlin took me canoeing on Tidal Basin in sunset and moonlight as a farewell party. Lovely.

31. Thursday: So much to do! Took sample of urine up, gave blood for test, bought chesses, packed. Mrs. T. washed my coat! Off on 3:00 train. Ate in diner with colored girl – surprise! To Midston House [residential hotel in mid-Manhattan] with help of Travelers Aid – \$3.00; lavatory nice and handy. To bed after buying ticket.

### September

1. Friday: Up early; breakfast and sandwiches, to station. No red cap – frantic! Carried bags in fit of anger. Air-conditioned car and tears. Off on a spur at Saratoga Springs. North Creek end of the line. Seemed very long. Then a bus ride! I knew I was done for. . . . Hedges nice. To bed with headache after wiring Newlin. Almost scared to death – sure of miscarriage and all that, bit it didn't happen!

2. Saturday: Scared everyone – stayed in bed all day. Ate much, felt better. Lake is lovely. . . . Bruised feeling in middle gradually left. High wind, some tickle, not much. \$35.00/week is the best rate he can give me. To bed early in spite of moonrise!

3. Sunday: Perfect day – up after dreams of mis-carriage , then relief from pain after going to toilet! Ridiculous! . . . Walked to village in a.m.; 45 minutes. N.Y. Times \$.20 – sunned in a.m. and p.m. – big towel is nice. Roast chicken and much rest. Letters.

4. Monday: Labor Day – I walked down to Eagle Nest Bridge and it was pretty much – especially after feeling so good I let off! Probably bad. Rested all p.m., wrote a letter wrapped in towel on bathing roof at twilight. So pretty!

5. Tuesday: Rode to village, walked home via Squirrel Inn. Glad to get Kleenex! Milkshake \$.20!! Moved between showers and downpours, good nap. Little walk to turn in road. Wrote letters under a very bad light in my

new noisy room. Feel no pains for once. Must go to Saranac.

6. Wednesday: So little pain I'm worried – is it amiss, and rotting inside above the pessary?? Ei, ei, ei! Watch 35 minutes fast! I did some “fishing” before breakfast. Showed off the “vault” to Davises. Nap and walk and rummy in evening with Miss Willmant. Feel fine. Worried now for fear I've lost it! Coat came.

7. Thursday: Feel FINE. Walked in brisk cold wind and felt wonderful. Sewed a small bit; nap. Walked briefly for some colored leaves – looked nice. Lamb at noon and steak and onions for dinner was too much! Played 15-card rummy with Merickles and Willmant. Gang played “coffee pot!”

8. Friday: Cold and drizzling enough for no walking without a soaking! Had heat by 8:30. Mrs. Merickle wants to go home. I walked  $\frac{3}{4}$  mile around the porch! To village in p.m. – peaches .04 each! . . . Played 15-card rummy in Stone House – pleasant, but felt punk. Ate something wrong.

9. Saturday: Still cloudy but not as solid I sewed a stitch then walked “around” and down the road. Calves liver and br. tomatoes and apple turnover and cheese lunch! Phew! . . . Trees are turning. Nice letter from Newlin – enclosures and \$10.00! – mercy! Played rummy in evening, then had three letters to read! Feel better.

10. Sunday: A perfect day for the Collins family reunion. Lake without a ripple and all the kids went boating! I sunned and slept and ate and walked and read by the fire while Merickles and friends played pinochle. Thermometer to 40° at night! Wasn't cold.

11. Monday: Perfect, placid day – warm, autumnal, gorgeous. Hated to go. Said goodbye to the mountains, packed and was ready  $\frac{1}{2}$  hour early when the bus came! He rounded up passengers and off to Thendara [Station] – lunch in the tavern! Mrs. Akins worried about me! On to Saranac and to Alpine Hotel – a messy drummers' stopover. Blue Gention good supper. Window shopping and to bed early, a little tired. Not bad.

12. Tuesday: Up and out. Diner breakfast \$.45 – one egg, three bacon, toast and milk!! Mrs. T. B. Information urged me on to Placid! I went gladly! Mr. Marcy most uncooperative, but I found Interlaken Inn. And Mrs. Lattremore is swell. Good food, big room. I got settled and walked around a little. Nice

view from Signal Hill behind us.

13. Wednesday: Drip and drizzle. Poor Father Woods decided to go. Two hours to pack!! Showed me where the boat is, nice and useful. To bed early after talking hospitals and girdles and food and such. Nice sunset – I walked in evening. Read History of Adirondacks – interesting.

14. Thursday: Rain and more rain – torrents, then drizzle. I wrote Newlin and Ruth and mailed them between showers. Napped 2:30 – 5:00! Steak, spinach, beans, baked potato, tomato salad, cake!! Storm warning for tonight, but it hit NY coast, not us.

15. Friday: More rain – ye gods! We had pancakes for lunch. Like a fool I ate four! I walked around the lake between showers, but food still didn't set. Fish and cucumbers for supper. And so to bed. To pip the works at 4:00 a.m. The start of nausea??

16. Saturday: Stayed in bed – tea for breakfast, consommé for lunch. By supper I was starved, and all nausea was gone – so I got up for milk toast! [It] sat restlessly, but stayed down. Bed early again. And the first clear day, too! I must watch food more.

17. Sunday: Up, feeling much better. Went to Community Church in pretty Gothic Chapel. Much moved emotionally. I must still be tired! Bought Duncan Hines for Mrs. L. – She was pleased. Asked me to go to movies – saw Danny Kaye, “Up in Arms” – I loved it. So wound up I slept but poorly!

18. Monday: A clear-ish day. I walked in p.m., though for some reason was pretty tired. Up around Ruisseaumont – bull dog! At least I found a woodsy walk instead of cement. Rested; sort of tuckered out in evening.

19. Tuesday: Some red stain! Scared! Phoned Dr. – away. Went to bed. Stayed, too. Dozed and slept. Mrs. Childs brought mgg-in [sic] in evening. Swell. Feel funny, may be to little H2O. Wonderful crop of letters, delayed in Saranac.

20. Wednesday: No more stain, thank goodness. Felt pretty rocky. Up at 12:00; to Dr. Volpert, a general man. Ate raisins and bought grapes – \$.35/quart box! but good. I ate and spit over the railing and passed [them] around. . . . Nice evening with Canadian Timons. To bed late.

21. Thursday: feel excellent! Washed stockings and pajamas, cleaned up desk. Nails and darning done. Walked only a little. Talked and visited a good deal. And rested.

22. Friday: Finished buying Christmas ties! And pillow and pants! Cloudy – but ought to clear. To Club in evening to see show – swell. Truth and Consequences; Nose and screen, Dr. I. O. It was good, though long. I enjoyed seeing everybody and everything.

23. Saturday: Cold! Sinus chilled. Up, and off after breakfast to Club; walked back in the 80 cottages, then surveyed the club – was chased out of Library by Miss Hicks! Home via village and bank. Rested. . . . To Doctor. All OK; pessary removed with some pain! Wow! Home to rest – pretty tired. Manual arrived!!

24. Sunday: Up early. Cold night; sinus better – might be the smoke. To Episcopal Church – highly unsatisfactory. Lamb dinner – then all went for ride with Childs: The Club, golf house, toboggan slide, Whiteface Inn, and mink farm. Perfect day. Clear, warm in sun. Sam Packer suicided! Letters in evening.

25. Monday: Cold at night, but 50° by 10:00. Washed a slip and put pine in my vase. Treibers went on to Rochester; [I] walked a little and tried to start thesis. Table of contents poor, and discouraging!

26. Tuesday: Well – a building lot across the street here is priced at \$4,000! Nice, but!! I trailed around behind Lake Placid homes and found a garden! Amazing. A nice pine needle walk, too. Childs came to dinner and took us to the Show at the Club – Sausage; night club – “if you lost both ears you couldn’t see!!” Good time. . . . All the fellows are from N.Y.!

27. Wednesday: Trailed all around the Stevens House and porches between showers. All it needs is a match! A marvelous view in all directions. And found more gardens over near Hillside Avenue – quite a nice village. . . . Thesis in evening.

28. Thursday: Hated to see Mr. and Mrs. Alec Timon, of Montreal Power go. Rain! I cleaned up the paper on the picnic ground between showers. Long nap. Color and light good. Thesis in evening. Then Town Meeting on

soldiers and job preference. Only 20% want their old job back.

29. Friday: Cold around – I fixed blue pajamas so they're better. Walked in a.m. – orange juice \$.15! Cleared off in p.m., strolled to Signal Hill, sunned! Had ride to a “Camp” (\$5,500). Interesting inspection; got flowers, too. Felt messy in evening. Read on bed and didn't go to Arena and Welcome Show! Must do better!

30. Saturday: A gorgeous day! Did desk work . . . walked around the town end of Lake Placid, past the stage and altar for the big outdoor Meeting Sunday p.m. Too nice a location! Went to see “Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs” again – Horrible queen and mirror magic; charming animals and music.

### October

1. Sunday: Walked carefully down for paper, lay low the rest of the day. A perfect one! Letters ready at night. Strawberries for Pa's birthday! Hills and trees are beautiful. New York ads read so intriguing – I can't wait! Must do more thesis – page 100!!

2. Monday: Felt fine – walked to R.R. for tickets, paid Doctor – out all afternoon – too excited to nap! Plans and tickets all fixed. Lamb chop supper, and off to Catholic Confirmation – huge class, much fuss – Bishop in red and gold and robes. Priest spoke well – Jesus ambassador from Man to God; Holy Ghost ambassador for God to man. . . Home and to bed – emotionally stimulated; tears for no reason!

3. Tuesday: COLD! Blanket double. At 11:00 shady side of house roof showed frosty! I walked to P.O. and bought cards. Heart fluttered badly in Persian shop. . . . Wrote checks and checked money. Steak for lunch! Chop for supper! Thesis in evening, and so to bed, early.

4. Wednesday: No B.M. of any account. Thesis in a.m. Threw some wood down cellar – lunch – burned the paper I picked up last week. Beautiful clear balmy day. I inspected “Breezy Point!” Nap; supper. Thesis slowly. . . . Jimmy yelled for an hour and fussed ½ hour longer! Ei, ei, ei! I'd show him who's boss!!

5. Thursday: Gorgeous day! Worked too hard on thesis, got a stiff neck and

a lot of progress. Sat in sun for twenty minutes. Hills are getting tawny orange now that there's yellow with the red – beautiful! . . . Nap, bath, dress, saunter downtown with Mrs. L. No movies, tired eyes.

6. Friday: Rain again! Progress on the thesis, then music and cards. Nice sun for afternoon nap! A bit more on thesis, then up to call on Childses in evening. A very pleasant evening and walk home in balmy air. Took too energetic an exercise!

7. Saturday: Rain and fog. Don't drink Coke at night! Gas and some pain, and stiff from too much exercise! I though I was hard up! Mailed package to Newlin. Half-pound steak at noon; nap all afternoon! \$.50 taxi ride in the Rolls Royce Town Car!! Finished thesis in evening and to bed early. Rain again –

8. Sunday: My last day at [Lake] Placid! And a gorgeous one. Washed slip and stockings and brushed up desk. Walked for paper. Everything beautiful. Childs to dinner, then came back to drive me along – all around golf course, ski jump, and finally Whiteface. Hills were grand. Packed, rested, supper, and off to train by 8:30.

9. Monday: Sort of restless night – oranges were good! Too early 7:20 [train?] for N.Y. No luck at Traveler's Aid. . . . Breakfast, then Macy's after an hour on a box! Warm. Bought dresses first, then table mats, and pitcher. Lunch at Childs. City crowded – no rooms, so I gave up and came home. Pretty tired. Supper, then to bed.

10. Tuesday: Pretty tired – much nap, much talk, much sit. Up in car to meet Ruth. Ice cream at Denners! Fine.

11. Wednesday: More sleep and rest. Nap. Walked around park and east end of town. The houses and yards and gardens look so comfortable. I hope we can find something. Picked clover for my vase. Waited for Newlin's call – but it didn't come! And to bed.

12. Thursday: Up late as usual. Finished the almonds – good. To school for assembly program "The Moonstone," by Wilkie Collins. . . . HOT – and slow class in poor commas [sic]. Home; phone in evening to H.S.S. had to wait twenty minutes – and Newlin [?] and so to bed.

13. Friday: Off on 8:00 bus. Stockings in Reading. Good car to Philadelphia, bought the gloves, no hankies, lots of nicknax. Lunch at Reading Terminal – oyster stew – free! and ice cream. To Dentist. Rested an hour! Found the “American Gothic” print! at Newman Galleries . . . and out to Swarthmore; dinner at Ingelneuk – too noisy. Evening visit with H.S.S. with a very bad cold. To bed early.

14. Saturday: Very foggy. Poked along to breakfast at 8:00 – a little further visit with H.S.S., and J. Russell took me to station. Newlin’s hat, Ruth’s print, and no candy! Dentist. No hankies. Ruth at Eagle, lunch at Horn & Hardart, five pounds of Whitman’s mints! Reading Terminal for food. Home, quiet evening – and so to bed.

15. Sunday: Up too early, but light on hills and sky was worth it! Ma made pie out of coconut. Long nap, some letters – much ice-cream for supper. I ate too much and felt downright uncomfortable. Radio – Drew Pearson, Charlie, Quiz Kids – to bed.

16. Monday: Up feeling better. Early lunch; to Doris Hess for hair. \$.60 – better! Mrs. Rager looking oddly thin. Dressed, and off to San Carlo’s Aida in Reading. Fair – too sleepy, too draughty! Cold, home at 12:00. Lee Scholl and Grace, DeChant, Lucille and Debbie.

17. Tuesday: Bigolly I have a cold. Began to doctor in late p.m. Three-cornered bottle – Pa’s nose grease, much Kleenex. Auntie gave the box and we followed suit for the party. Ma not too worried. Pa tickled. Christmas cards are nice.

18. Wednesday: Cold not too bad. JU called, and I’ll go to Swarthmore for two weeks. Walked up for 30 oysters – a beautiful day! Nap. Cider and soup for supper. I almost busted! Did second copy of Thesis, and so to bed. Newlin phoned, probably can’t come – Durn! Washed tan and pink spots – can barely wear tan one – pink is out.

19. Thursday: Cold somewhat better. Washed socks and pots. Phone voice “The Hottensteins are in town!” So I went to visit, and was surprised to find Lillian there, so I didn’t announce it! Macy’s package not here yet.

20. Friday [no entry]

21. Saturday: Funny birthday – forgot all about it. Ruth shopped for stuff, and we counted plates. Nap. Dinner at Guldins: veal, stuffing, sweets, beets, corn, salad, rolls, pumpkin pie with whipped cream and pecans. Nice evening. And so to bed.

22. Sunday: The day. A good 45<sup>th</sup> anniversary for Pa and Ma. We set the table and made the punch. Ma got out the dress and certificate. Auntie dusted. . . . Packages came! All set and up to dinner at Bruce Orth – Newlin was there! Nap. Then shapshots, then people headed by Ruth Bowers. Cake was swell; punch fine – ate more ice cream and cake than ever before! All gone. 85 by 6:45! Then sat and chewed the fat. And so to bed.

23. Monday: Newlin punched thesis all morning. I talked party leftovers and packed. It was cold up attic. A nap, then into the car to drive to Swarthmore. Nice old hills. To bed early. . . . Newlin woke me up in the night, and we changed sides!

24. Tuesday: To Philidelphia with Newlin – got my brunch coats and patterns for sewing flannel. Visited Reading Terminal market – saw Porter and Ruth Groff! Lunch with Newlin, and he was off to W[ashington?]; and I to Swarthmore. Cassie served a good dinner, and so to bed, early. Macy's package got to Kutztown – two weeks and one day!

25. Wednesday: Shopping first thing with Cassie's list – not bad. Mrs. Kemble came and we asked Cassie questions! She left at 1:30 – supper was a scramble. But we do all right. Sat in the sun a few minutes, but had too little sleep. Ate like a fool at Ingelneuk!

26. Thursday: Up fairly early. Breakfast a scramble. Washed a lot of dishes. Walked down town; washed stockings. Lunch; laundry. Mr. Phifer's room, and no nap till 4:00. Pretty tired. Packed a box for Tom. Fish for supper at Ingelneuk, and I ate a decent amount.

27. Friday: Did big shopping with all kids of heavy stuff. Then went down in afternoon to get it. Got a good long nap. My first real afternoon sleep. Oysters at Martel was a delayful nuisance. Stew was fair. Crackers stale!

28. Saturday: Made tomato juice and watched window washers. Fried tomatoes for lunch were swell. Managed a short nap. Tea and music at Pendle Hill was excellent. Mrs. Kemble and I sure enjoyed it. Pretty drive,

too.

29. Sunday: Took all a.m. to bake stewed apples and chicken dinner. A scramble for the potato masher! Coffee gelatine good. J.R. off to Pottsville. I walked dogs in Crum [Creek], wrote letters. Nice quiet day. H.S.S. down for dinner for a party.

30. Monday: Raw cranberry salad was not enjoyed by H.S.S. Made junket, too. And churned an eighth of a pound of butter off the six quarts of milk. They last two days only. Got too heavy a load downtown – pretty tired. To bed early. Pulled all the chairs in for monkey night – festoons of toilet paper are about!!

31. Tuesday: Took myself an easy day. Sewed some in a.m. on slip; finished blue cotton – napped, loafed, and felt better. H.S.S. sunned, and overate as I did on stewed chicken and fried potato cakes. Bet I'm gaining weight!!

## November

1. Wednesday: H.S.S. off her feed – but eating chocolate mint and lima beans and sausage! I went to the Sewing Group's Fair, which was feeble. Bought an apron for \$1.50 and brownies at .05 each! Walked to village in a.m. . . . H.S.S. on a talking jag! Awful!

2. Thursday: Big day. Laundry off, downtown for adds and ends, and cleaned up Mr. Phifer's rooms including washing piano keys!! Out in sun in a while. H.S.S. down for sun. . . . Very tired; to bed early.

3. Friday: J. Russell back with a tickling throat, and on a liquid diet. Me very tired over nothing much. To Media for big shopping at co-op and Snowden's. A very successful trip. But so exhausted – nap helped. Took Life to bed to look at; fell asleep. . . .

4. Saturday: Foggy day. Walked downtown on shopping. Very tired. Felt better after lunch; mended socks. . . . Went over to Clothier to see "Princess O'Rourke!" – good, funny. To bed after lying awake too long. Cheese soufflé for supper was good, though – Mrs. K. was in a dither about it!

5. Sunday: Up late-ish. J.R. [took] no breakfast or lunch. We did up a swell dinner of leg of lamb, spinach, baked sweet potato, vanilla ice cream, and

mints! Quick visit to Eleanor Penrose Palmer; she looks worn and thin. So does Newlin! His birthday – home, supper on tray, radio and letters. . . . Blew up cold at 11:00 – brrrr!

6. Monday: Ate leftovers as hard as we could. Newlin came in about 9:00. Nice to see him, but the double bed is too hard for me! Slept poorly. No [illegible] – sort of messily upset and tired. . . . Dewey vs. Roosevelt.

7. Tuesday: Darn – a headache brewing. Too much Lebanon [baloney]? Too poor B.M. – anyway it arrived and I skipped supper entirely. To bed, missing all the election news and fuss. Newlin left after hurried lunch. Things poorly organized.

8. Wednesday: UP – feeling rocky but normal. To store in leisure. House is now in good supplies to finish up our stint on. Off to dinner with boutonnieres for Newlin, Palmer, and Morris Penrose at Strathaven [High School]. A nice visit with everyone.

9. Thursday: Off to town – full of shopping lists – nice visit with Mama, and satisfaction of shopping for “tiny garments!” Lunch at S. and C., to Swarthmore via Reading Terminal Market and Gents! . . . Rested and read end of Hubben’s “The Exiled Pilgrim” – fair.

10. Friday: Up at 7:30 though rainy. Sorted out many letters and items in the closet; straightened up the room. Packed bag and lunch, and off at 12:45. Ate good lunch on crowded train. . . . To Thibeaults’ pretty tired. Unpacked, rested, dressed. Ate at Cleve’s – good. And so to bed.

11. Saturday: Up, and over to the Inn in the purple [dress?]; there till 10:00. Tired by all the chatter with everyone. Home to rest, lunch at Y.M. Phoned Doctor. Fixed my top bureau drawer, planned closet. . . . Rode to the end of the line of Glover Park and liked the places.

12. Sunday: Up early to buy a Star – one ad to write to. Cleaned out the closet, repacked everything – the dust!!! Sunned on the bench. Dinner of a sandwich from the new Paul’s restaurant. Long nap – letters and accounts in evening. And to bed, tired!

13. Monday: Well, I started. Rust and Co. – a house in Georgetown at \$70.00 (pew!). Park Fairfax, a shampoo, and a nap. It is tiring work!

14. Tuesday: Saw a house for sale at \$4500, \$1000 down in S.W. on N.E., thirteen bricks and a door wide! “All the way through” to Virginia Avenue giving it a fifteen-foot back yard. I guess we don’t need that! Home to report. Sleeping poorly at night – hardly any after the first trip. Dunno why.

15. Wednesday: Newlin took the day off. I borrowed a dish and brought oatmeal. He red funnies and generally didn’t rest much. I went ad hunting, and shopped for a Pyrex dish for his oatmeal.

16. Thursday: Turned down a furnished two-bedroom at our rate, too near the railroad. Washington Loan and Trust Co. – must stop in there whenever I have a chance. Newlin’s tiredness worries me, and I can’t sleep, then I get strung up and he can’t sleep. Considering separation, abortion, suicide, anything to get out of the present mess.

17. Friday: Made two trips for thesis punching. Typed some title pages and stickers for the front – tedious job. Finished Saturday a.m. Tried to rest – restless; working myself up to an exhaustion all right.

18. Saturday: Newlin staying home again, thinks he might get a cold. Breaks my heart. Cried – and went out to hunt a place. Took stuff to Jr. League “Outgrown Shop.” Ad for MacArthur Boulevard We went to see after a bite of lunch. Me in a nervous tizzy! Newlin to Swarthmore, and me to bed in comfort. Early too.

19. Sunday: Good night’s sleep for a change. Up early; looked at Garfield Park. To barny [?] and railroad. To Legation lobby and basement apartment at 1830 19<sup>th</sup> Street. I was No. 1 and wanted it. But a soldier had made a deposit and he got it! I’ll learn. To Swarthmore; pretty tired. To bed. Two copies of thesis done. Dead tired.

20. Monday: Talked over Swarthmore at 2:00 a.m. and didn’t sleep after that . . . then terrific session with H.S.S. for 2½ hours. “Materialist,” “Hate Smiths.” “That’s the unkindest thing . . . I knew it all along.” Tears and hysterics – awful. I left before lunch just to get away! Rain. . . . Dentist, and on to Washington, hardly seeing Newlin. Cried all the way at night – just exhausted. Somewhat convinced against my will. How I’ll hate it though, if I [have to] go to Swarthmore for the baby.

21. Tuesday: Slept late; breakfast in leisure. Paper, laundry, loaf, nap, stockings, lunch, letters – and Newlin came home. A welcome home party – then to drugstore for 8:00 supper . . . with mint in my milkshake. And so to bed, somewhat rested.

22. Wednesday: Wrote letters and loafed, though somewhat upset again mentally. Helped Mrs. T. all afternoon with pinfeathers and turkey stuffing. Gray and bleak. Too bad, but I don't feel like Thanksgiving or giving thanks.

23. Thursday: The house smelled wonderful all day. I tried to go see Barcroft, via Constitution Ave., but gave up. Got thoroughly chilled. Lunch, and home to nap. Then out to Fritz and Mitzie's – a lovely turkey dinner. Nine: Mrs. Ellsworth, Mr. Homan, Mrs. Helfrich, Bill Prattt (Buffalo). Very nice time – home in full bus at 11:30!

24. Friday: The day after; sort of tired and clogged. Went up for Mrs. Mitchell's phone numbers. Home via Meeting House, drugstore, Nat. [?] Housing, and Scholls. Good lunch for \$.30! . . . Read Life, napped long and hard. And did endless socks for Newlin – his drawer was a mess, and a big job, too.

25. Saturday: 34°, but cold and raw. Brrr. I washed ten pairs of socks – the last of the pile! Stopped at the bank and they had one – eight rooms, two baths at \$65./. I roared out to look for it. Fair. Took Newlin out and he thought not much of it. Garage poor, roaches in kitchen, too big for me, etc. Rode to Barcroft – gosh it's nice out there. . . .

26. Sunday: I was out by 20 of 8, but the papers come at 6:30! Newlin slept. I read and decided on Arlington. Fooled around and got there at 10:00 after wandering in Colonial Village and getting misdirected. And it would have been perfect!! Gone, earlier! Durn. I almost froze. Home, breakfast, nap; dinner at Paul's. Darned socks. Radio, and to bed.

27. Monday: A real rainy day. I sewed on slip and hashed downstairs. Then off for paper and lunch and Bank and Woodward's and home for a nap. Bought a shirt that will have to be for Christmas – only \$2:00, and it looks pretty fair. Found some black socks too. Finished the slip, so I'm set for the pictures.

28. Tuesday: Washed a round, then tore out to Arna Vally – nice, but one bedroom, and long list. Back and saw an ad for N.E. – went, with poor directions. Furnished at \$62.50! No go. Tore back, twenty minutes late for hairdresser. Lunch at 2:45. Exhausted. Milkshake for supper. Newlin ate out with the boys. Laundry, suit to presser and drugstore all done by 8:30! Speed!

29. Wednesday: We slept late. Rushed to the Inn for breakfast, sauntered up to Bachrach's. We thought we did fair. Nice place and painstaking worker. Rain. Home to wash a sock and take a nap. Still tired from yesterday. Newlin went rollerskating; I visited Foster and had tea and cinnamon toast. Nice time was had by all.

30. Thursday: Finished the Mss. for London and sent other letters. Went all through Hecht's store and forgot opera tickets! Home, dead tired, via Bank. No luck. Lunch at Y.W. for \$.35. Long, long nap, and then a roaring walk around the Monument and visit with Orchards at the Inn. Newlin beat me two rounds of Parcheesi. He was feeling wonderful. Had my picture done for a miniature for Newlin's Christmas. Probably all wasted money!

## December

1. Friday: And a COLD day – first one in the twenties. We opened a checking account downtown. Easy. No houses to look at, and even Rust was discouraging. Home to wash big wash – over to Mrs. Shomber's for nice evening. Stayed too long. Good food, nice time.

2. Saturday: Rainy wet cold. Newlin rode to Scholls for breakfast. I missed the Inn. Hunted up Mrs. Williams [illegible] is finishing up an apartment. Basement, facing Pennsylvania Avenue, and only one bedroom. Durn. Went the rounds. Ended a house inspection about 2:30 – no lunch. Nap and tears and hullabaloo – felt blue and rotten – just tired??

3. Sunday: The major effort – up at 6:00! Breakfast and paper over by 7:00. Out to N.E., but an alley was too noisy; we turned it down. Home, to be turned down at Euclid Avenue, an hour early! To Meeting. Dinner at Parrot (\$2.00!), walk home, exhausted, cold, tired.

4. Monday: Up and at 'em – went the rounds. Bought opera tickets and saw a little lamp at Hechts. Home to rest long, sort of sinusy headache –

chocolate? Finished “We Farm for a Hobby and Make it Pay” – good. Pretty dull in evening. Me, I mean. Newlin had a beer – ! – first this winter.

5. Tuesday: Up, though sleepy. Looked at \$75 [rental?] in S.E. – fair, no closets, no children. Stopped at bank, Star, two phone calls to high rents. Home via Y.W., and phone call to the elusive Mr. Brown. Long nap. Working up to discouragement again.

6. Wednesday: Breakfast work at Inn passed O.K. Interviewed Mr. Brown. No promises, of course. Rust & Bank none. Star had a [?] and I gambled a taxi – and lost! Saw a terrible house on Mass Ave. S.E. . . . Home tired. Napped. But pretty tired. Pasted labels on the Theses, and so to bed early.

7. Thursday: Waited and waited but proofs not done. Shopped through Hechts and bought a little – hankies for the twins. Stores lousy with people.

8. Friday: Gambled a taxi on a Star ad, but though clean it was too noisy on Calvert St., with two trolleys and a bus. No soap, but I pestered three hours over it. \$65./and a poor kitchen. . . . But I keep hopeful – something will turn up for us. Washed in afternoon.

9. Saturday: Proofs not done yet. I’ll get money back and give up on the miniature business. Very tired. Got some rest for Sunday, the big day for hunting.

10. Sunday: Up at of six – Newlin tired. Breakfast, one ad for N.E.; I went. Poor neighborhood, but it looked clean so I sat 45 minutes till the man came. Phoned Newlin – he came and we took it! Home to rest all day. Chicken leg dinner. Bed early, Phoned Kutztown, much relieved.

11. Monday: Rain – bad. Pretty tired. After breakfast to Brentano. Dead tired, but lunch helped. Out to our new place – measured all around. There is plenty of room for our stuff. Home, nap, supper. Rain. To bed; restless night. Not so good. . . . House looks nice yet. Wrote letters about house – Lord, I’m glad we have it.

12. Tuesday: Mrs. Sorenson in for breakfast – not much help! Home, read paper, nervous b.m. maybe from figs, and some blood. Nap 11:00 – 4:00! Copied blitz house letter. Supper, and early to bed.

13. Wednesday: Still pretty tired – did breakfast, then nothing. A four-hour nap helped. Newlin home in p.m. – napped, and was almost too tired to go to “Rigoletto.” We went. It was so good he wants to go more!! Eleanor and Family have season tickets – nice visit between the acts. It was good – our first date in six weeks.

14. Thursday: Up a bit late. Ran errands – to N.W. Sears; no slip for Cassie, but a windfall of outing flannel. Nice store to shop in. Washed in p.m. – big pile; and socks are about up to date, now, again. Mrs. Shomber is back.

15. Friday: Pay day! OR something. Check from Eleanor, dividend checks. Lots of . . . small change.

16. Saturday: Phoned Buffalo – furniture should be here by the 26<sup>th</sup>. I shopped for wax, and measured sink for drainboard. Found the market and Cannon’s restaurant oyster stew to be good. Home to nap. To bed early.

17. Sunday: A most quit day. Newlin slept till 10:00; up by 11:00. He took soda. I sprinkled laundry and ironed 12:00 – 2:00; then more nap. But I’m upset mentally. I keep arguing with H.S.S. on planning a mis! [sic] and a job.

18. Monday: Tired, but up and off to wax the floors. Heater out! Oil flooded – much black smoke and soot before the men got it O.K. Tough. I’m glad we hadn’t moved in! To market for nuts. To Sears – no linoleum. Home. Tired. Nap. Dinner, and card shopping in p.m.

19. Tuesday: Newlin away. Had a good night’s sleep, and slept much of the day. Had some bleeding again and felt stretched and sore inside. Fixed the Hedgewood package – but didn’t mail it. Newlin home late and tired. I still hope for a miss[carriage] or still[birth]! Don’t know why. Selfish?

20. Wednesday: Hunted cards, bought flowers for everyone (Tom and Uncle Howard). Did a linoleum inquiry, lots of errands in the neighborhood – plus a good nap. Newlin twitchy tired – up at 11:30 to take a soothing bath. I wish it didn’t make me so angry when it’s something he can’t help.

21. Thursday: Up, feeling fair. Off to Philadelphia by 10:00 a.m. Reading Terminal; market for cheese and fish lunch . . . no candy anywhere. Phoned Kutztown – nice. Dentist – scratch first, painful – then a filling! I was almost

in with pain – sure can't take much! Home by crowded train; supper at Cleves. Newlin took soda again, so I ate ice cream while he ate supper. And so to bed. Got some blood . . . not so good. I dream of money and working – never of a baby or a family home – queer.

22. Friday: Up – felt pretty tired. Darned stockings and loafed all a.m. Lunch, nap, several local errands (including a cheap fruit cake!). Then brushed up desk. Feel better. Breakfast with the Mileses – fun!

23. Saturday: Newlin's Annual Report got wound up with a bang. Copy 1 taken to Fritz – Newlin home at 4:15 after office party. So this is Christmas!

24. Sunday: Newlin felt punk, so I dragged in prunes and milk. At least the Y will be open on Christmas day – we won't starve. Dinner at Paul's; walked down to White House lawn for the end of the ceremonies. Then to Mary Park's apartment for punch and Christmas chatter. She was trying hard – and OK. Glad we went. Then we got excited and opened our packages. Gown and book and eight ties and hankies.

25. Monday: Slept late, went to Y.M. at 11:00 – toast only until 11:30! So a slim breakfast. Home. . . . Newlin on thesis. Nap – and up to go call on Florence . . . ate dinner at the Lotus! \$1.35 for plain chow mein! Odd call on Florence, after we found them. Nice furniture, Sterling “Wallace antique,” one bedroom only – live with the old lady for the rest of the house. Odd Christmas – tried to call Swarthmore; no answer.

26. Tuesday: Washed up some socks and pants – did a batch of darning. Wrote a couple of good letters – Stew and Fran, and to Swarthmore. Read a bit in Vera Bloom's book; diddled a bit –

27. Wednesday: Decided to go shopping for shelving. Napped in a.m. for two hours – and the furniture came at noon. By 2:30 they were unloading in a sleet storm! All in by 4:30. We sat up the beds with their help, then went home – pooped, but relieved and pleased at the way it went in. Called home in evening – Ruth will come.

28. Thursday: We both went to the new house – I did refrigerator, Newlin the shed. Called T. Janney on insurance, rested, got barely a start when Ruth blew in at 3:00. We unpacked the trunks and made the beds. Then opened cartons of kitchen things and put them somewhat away. Then to Dunn's for

supper, and home for a quiet evening. And so to bed, very tired – gosh, the beds felt good.

29. Friday: Up, badly bent but not broken. Newlin off without breakfast. We worked a bit, then to Dunn's to eat – me pretty rocky. Ruth and I did all the china barrels and put most of it away! What a job! To store for a first load – lunch here, nap. Then packed a barrel with extras. Cleaned up and went to Cannon's for dinner. Good expensive, relaxing evening.

30. Saturday: Up, and Newlin to work with a sandwich almost on time. Ruth up at 5:00 – I had a breakfast, and she was off at 6:15 in fresh show for a 7:00 [train] to New York – hated to see her go. . . . I bought \$7.00 worth at the Safeway and a kid hauled it home. Then I went to Thibeault's and brought back too much. Napped two hours. Dinner: tongue, spinach, beans, cookies. Sewed names on hankies and read a bit. A bath, and to bed. Pretty tired.

31. Sunday: Up at 8:45. Newlin had twelve hours! Breakfast went OK. I feel more rested, but not peppy yet. Snow is melting. Eleanor called off the dinner – upset stomach – and we were glad to stay home. Ate and slept all day. Newlin fixed the screw drawer. . . . A degree, a house, a baby, a farm – all at the end of 1944!