

1939

Mom began the year in Larchmont, NY and returned to Smith for her last semester; apparently wrote nothing from April to September, when she took the train to Coachella; she ended the year in Australia, though this narrative ends en route.

Waldorf-Astoria Hotel
New York City, New York

Sunday January 1 - To state briefly my personal impressions of the past year in general - 'twas unhappy and chaotic for me. According to my beliefs and values of a year ago I lost everything in February & March that I'd have given all but my life and honor to keep. But time heals all things. I pray that 1939 will be a happier year for me and mine than was 1938. Will continue later - am going to bed. 'Tis 1:05 AM. Up about 10 o'clock this morning - Breakfast with Daddy at 11. Back to the Waldorf with him for a little while - then took the 1:30 train to Larchmont. Stopped at the Lassiter's (Tampico) for a while. Then Mr. Costello came and we went househunting some more. Glorious morning but a rather grey afternoon. Back to the Lassiter's where Mr. L. and I talked, etc. while Daddy and Mrs. L. made drinks and supper. The two youngsters, Kathy & Judy, are very sweet and lovable. About 9 o'clock Bill L. took Daddy and me down to the station. Back to the hotel about 10 where Daddy left me and I took a bath and read a short story and to sleep by a quarter to 12 - A nice day but very different from a year ago.

Monday January 2 - Hertzie came in about 12 today and stayed until 2 when Bob came. I surely hated to say goodbye to that little girl. Bob & I had luncheon &c. I can see where I'm going to have trouble with that lad and I surely hate to have to hurt him. Tonight Daddy and I went to Music Hall after dinner and saw Roland Young & Constance Bennett in *Topper Takes A Trip*. Excellent comedy.

Tuesday January 3 - Breakfast with Daddy at 8:30 as usual. Ozzie 'phoned about 9:15 and after studying until 12, had luncheon and a hilarious time with him until 5 this afternoon when he left. Met Daddy for dinner about 5:30. Back here - read, bath, this - bed soon.

Wednesday January 4 - Luncheon with Ozzie today. Had a most hilarious time. I like Nelson so much. Dinner with Daddy tonight. Music Hall.

Thursday January 5 - Packed. Back to Smith today. Bobby met me at the station about 7:30 - when train got in.

Friday January 6 - Feast of the Epiphany (Día de los Reyes) - Study.

Saturday January 7 - Study. Date with Bob tonight.

Sunday January 8 - Study.

Monday January 9 - Study.

Tuesday January 10 - Study.

Wednesday January 11 - Study

Thursday January 12 - Study.

Friday January 13 - Study. Date with Bob tonight.

Saturday January 14 - Study.

Sunday January 15 - Study. Bob & I studied tonight.

Monday January 16 - I.R. exam (very good) at 8. Study.

Tuesday January 17 - History of Religions (bad) at 8. Study.

Wednesday January 18 - Study.

Thursday January 19 - Study - Spanish 34a - Rotten exam but OK. Date with Bob tonight.

Friday January 20 - Study.

Saturday January 21 - Amherst - this evening with Bob.

Sunday January 22 - Study - Bob came over tonight and we studied.

Monday January 23 - Spanish 37 this afternoon. OK.

Tuesday January 24 - Geology midyear this morning. O.K. Snow.

Wednesday January 25 - Changed rooms with Lore Redlich this morning. Whew!

Thursday January 26 - Fixing up my room. Movies this afternoon.

Friday January 27 - Lazy days. I'm crazy about my new room.

Saturday January 28 - Down to Hartford this noon. Uncle Fred got me. Simply peachy seeing the "family" again. Aunt Bert and I stayed up talking until 3:30 tomorrow

morning. Just like old times.

Sunday January 29 - Church this morning. Did little all day but grand fun talking to Aunt Bert. Came back with Bobby Starr tonight. Foggy weather.

Monday January 30 - Classes. 1st day of my last semester.

Tuesday January 31 - Classes.

Wednesday February 1- Classes.

Thursday February 2 - Classes. Date with Bob.

Friday February 3 - Classes. Little else.

Saturday February 4 - Down to Trinity today. Aunt Bert & Uncle Fred are so cute. Very nice dinner this evening - 6 of us. Dan gave me gorgeous gardenias & roses. Saw Betty Nissley at Wesleyan Sigma Nu. Grand talk. Wonderful to see her. Icy night. Danced at every house. Fun. Waffles. Bed at 4.

Sunday February 5 - Slept 'til 2. Dinner at 4. Back here after going to Chapel at Trinity.

Monday February 6 - Classes. Study.

Tuesday February 7 - Classes. Study.

Wednesday February 8 - Classes. Date with Bob.

Thursday February 9 -Classes. Study.

Friday February 10 - lasses. Study. Burdett in effect asked me to marry him today. The thick headed idiot. I don't mean that, really - he's nice but I certainly haven't given him any encouragement.

Saturday February 11 - Class this morning. Dinner at Draper with Bob, then to Cleveland Symphony - Very good.

Sunday February 12 - Went over Amherst this afternoon. Studied there 'til about 5. Dinner and then Chi Phi Sing and dance.

Monday February 13 - Classes, etc., etc.

Tuesday, February 14th, St. Valentine's Day - Little. Nice day. Date with Bob tonight after the House Council Bad Taste party. We went to the Blue Eagle with Bud Lynch and Evie Waddell.

Wednesday February 15 - Classes. Little else

Thursday February 16 - Classes. Bitter cold

Friday February 17 - Little goes on. Classes

Saturday February 18 - After Zapata I went over to Amherst with Bob to his Ec. 5 class. Good. The luncheon - Then bridge at Chi Phi - Then listened to the opera - Bridge, etc. tonight - Listened to Toscanini.

Sunday February 19 - Studied. wrote Ozzie. Bob & Ralph came over for dinner tonight. Barclay Curtis was here with Theo. Also saw Braxton Thomson with Nancy Farr at the Draper.

Monday February 20 - Wonderful spring day - Connie's in bed with a cold.

Tuesday February 21 - Classes this morning as usual. Much colder. This afternoon at 5 went to see "Idiot's Delight" - Clark Gable & Norma Shearer. alright. Also a Charlie Chan movie. Bob tried to find me but I wasn't to be found all evening.

Wednesday February 22 - Rally Day - Cold, and snow all over everything. Raymond Swing was the speaker - "The Perpetual Crisis." Excellent. Finished my letter to Ozzie this afternoon. Bob came at 5 - Played a game of ping pong, to the Draper, sandwiches & beer (ugh) then to the Rally Day Show. It was very good. Particularly the Senior show.

Thursday February 23 - Study. Little goes on.

Friday February 24 - Study - Gathering at Miss Pierce's tonight to round up Juniors to go to Mexico next year. Bed early.

Saturday February 25 - Study. No food. Amherst Glee Club Concert - Toscanini. Headache. Bed at 12.

Sunday February 26 - Little goes on. Bob came over for dinner tonight.

Monday February 27 - Little. Study.

Tuesday February 28 - Study.

Wednesday March 1 - Stayed in bed this morning. I.R. written at 2. Teach came over for faculty dinner. Much fun.

Thursday March 2 - Little goes on. Very busy with this, that and the next thing.

Friday March 3 - Little. Working. Mother's birthday.

Saturday March 4 - Mother & Daddy's 22nd anniversary. Went over to Amherst.

Sunday March 5 - Little goes on - Much cold weather - then warm.

Monday March 6 - Little goes on. Working hard.

Tuesday March 7 - Little. Tonight the Boston Symphony Concert. Excellent.

Wednesday March 8 - Little. Am getting a cold.

Thursday March 9 - Little. In bed this afternoon & evening.

Friday March 10 - Got rid of the cold. Little goes on.

Saturday March 11 - Little. Amherst with Bob this afternoon & evening.

Sunday March 12 - Little goes on. Bob came over for dinner tonight. Much snow. Played in it for about 20 minutes before he left at 10:15.

Monday March 13 - Study. Connie went to Connecticut and Lee & I thought she wasn't in at 10:15 - and after much scurrying hither & yon, we found she was. Up until 3. Up at 5:30 tomorrow morning. Snow.

Tuesday March 14 - Took Geology written. Slept from 11 to 4 - Studied - Family and to bed by 11. Rain.

Wednesday March 15 - Up at 7. Studied Family. Took the written at 10. OK. Rain.

Thursday March 16 - Little.

Friday March 17 - Little. Rehearsal (dress) for the Mexican-Spanish song & dance tomorrow night.

Saturday March 18 - Little today. Rehearsal from 2-5. Then back to Studes at 7. It was a good revue. Bob, Connie & I had a coke at Syms afterward.

Sunday March 19 - At 7 this morning Elliott called me from Mexico City. It was so grand to talk with him. He is sweet. ??? is it all about?? He wants to come up for graduation. Tulips from Lee, old fashioned corsage from Connie & Ellie, Matchabelli glove compact from Connie - Over to Amherst for luncheon with Bob, Ellie Hazelton & Bill, Haffie & Pete. Here for dinner. Beautiful day. Elliott?

Monday March 20 - Little.

Tuesday March 21 - *Gunga Din* - Cary Grant, Doug. Fairbanks Jr., Victor McLaughlin - Sam Jaffe as Gunga. Excellent. With Bob. Packed until 3 tonight.

Wednesday March 22 - Mother came for me at 11:30. Beautiful day. Took Bob back to Larchmont. He stayed for dinner - Left at 9:30. We were so tired. Peachy to see Mommy - Daddy too.

Thursday March 23 - Mrs. Bennington called. There for tea this afternoon. Little else.

Friday March 24 - Went to Mother's gym class with her this morning - Dodie, Mrs. Hall, Mrs. Ritchie were there. Fun. Dodie's going to have another baby. Luncheon here afterward. Nice. Met Daddy at the station. Did little tonight. Read and went to bed about 11.

Saturday March 25 - Shopped this morning. Went over to Mrs. Lassiter's. Talked a while. Then back here. Dad worked in the yard all morning. Bob called and I told him I couldn't go into N.Y. with him today. A drive this afternoon. Dinner and then questionnaires- Dad, Zeke and I walked downtown and back. Talked. Bed about 11.

Sunday March 26 - Went downtown for the funny papers this morning. Met Ozzie there at 1:30 & showed him the way out to the house. Old fashioned and Chinese puzzle. Dinner - then Ozzie & I went for a drive - I drove. Back, and he and Dad (& I) discussed the world in general. Mother made sandwiches. Talk. Ozzie left about 8. We showed him the way to the Parkway. Nice boy.

Monday March 27 - At 25 minutes of 10 this morning I happened to tune in on "Did I Remember." Little happens. Beautiful day.

Tuesday March 28 - Shopped this morning. Lovely day. Wrote letters. Talked to Mom. Nifty time. Got Daddy at the Station at 6.

Wednesday March 29 - Into New York this morning. Shopped. Met Mrs. Estabrook & Mary Abbott at the St. Regis for luncheon. Then to see *The Little Foxes* - Tallulah Bankhead. Excellently done - unpleasant characters. Home for dinner.

September 23, 1939 - Saturday [New Jersey?]

Many people over to say adios this morning. Jim Hall is really a clown. Dad left with Zeke [wire-haired terrier dog] at 8 A.M. Mother and I got every thing put together fairly well and got off about 3 this afternoon to N.Y., and took the 4:20 for Chicago. Much fun talking and thinking up names for my various male friends, such as Horrible Horace and Honey or Handsome Herbie. Dinner and back to the bedroom - read. Bed soon. Perfect end of a summer day. Train starting again. I'm stopping. Goodnight. Wish I were going by way of S.D. but of course it's grand fun with Mother.

September 24, 1939 - Sunday [en route - train]

Up at 6:15 this morning. These bedrooms are darned convenient. Train got into Chicago at 7:30. Breakfast, then called up 118 South Maple Street, Watertown, but only Mrs. Junker was there. I'd made it person-to-person to Herbie. He and Ralphie had left at 7 for Sisseton and Kurt and Father Junker was [sic] at service. But had a pleasant chat with Mrs. J. and told them that I wouldn't be able to stop by to see them. Then wrote a dozen post cards in the La Salle Street Station and mailed them. American Legion Convention for the next four days in Chicago, and gee whiz, the Legionnaires were really having fun. As we were showing our tickets at the gate I noticed a rather dowdy but self-righteous-looking woman behind us nudge her daughter and point to my hat (cute, with a snood, but conservative, as hats go-). I heard daughter say, resignedly, "Well, it's the style," and Mama say decidedly, not to say indignantly, "Such style!" It tickled me, for poor daughter quite obviously doesn't have even a prayer of keeping up with anything with mama around. Grey and chilly in Chicago, but nicer weather the farther we get from there. Lots of farms, mostly level country, as all the Middle West is. Just left or are still leaving Rock Island. Quite pretty here and beautifully sunny. Mother is great fun to travel with. Just crossed the Mississippi - so funny to see all the Iowa license plates - It's funny, towns all look more or less the same in the States - that is, an Illinois main street could almost as well be in Connecticut, but the license plates make you realize more than anything else that you are in new territory.

Am feeling kinda sad. Do so wish that I could see the Junkers, and particularly my "S.P." [special person?] once more before I go to Australia, because I feel that once we reach Australia another phase of my life will be over, and I do so enjoy this one. When the Junkers were in Hollis I was completely free of any cares and just as completely happy. Jitterbugging and all - ah me.

This must be Kansas City now. Don't know whether it is or not, but the train has stopped, so here's a chance for me to write in this and finish up for the day. My mind is in a muddle at the moment but never mind. I'll get it all neatly set in order, filed and indexed again in the near future, I hope. Train moving, kinda bumpy, so g'night. Im sleepy - wow!

September 25, Monday [en route - train]

Little today - Extremely flat, very dry country with long straight roads on which I haven't yet seen a car; vast expanses of nothing bounded by fences and short telegraph

poles with wires so low that a man on horseback couldn't get underneath them, Small towns that seemed completely deserted until I noticed about ten cars parked on what was evidently the main street. Such barren desolation - houses whose windows seemed boarded up, others whose windows seemed to stare gauntly out over the parched plain; no fields of wheat or corn, not streams, no trees, just some sage and desert brush, and all so horribly flat and unending. I wonder how people can live there and what they do that keeps them there.

We're now in Tucumcari, where watches are set back another hour. Mother and I have been reading Paul Gallico's A Tale of Six Cities. I'm so awfully glad that I'm an American. I'd not change that for anything - and suddenly, quite right-about-face for me, I want to settle down and live in the States. And luck has it - isn't it funny? - that now we're going to Australia. I just hope that I don't fall in love with someone down there and marry him. Gee whiz! I think I'm becoming settled in my old age - my advancing years of 21 - Ah me.

Prettier country along here past Tucumcari; more green things in clumps, a few wide, straight-sided gulies, a few white-faces to be seen grazing, and once a cowboy going across the plain on horseback, looking quite picturesque. Hot outside. Now more of the western type of scenery rather than middle-west land, more uneven; crossing a wide, shallow, meandering stream at the moment. Nice, rolling, good cattle country. Nice sunset tonight, turning from blue, grey and silver to rose, blue and gold. A copita before dinner, dinner and bed soon. Beautiful moon- ooh dear, gee whiz and stuff - wonder how my heart beat is getting along - Kind [of] tired this evening, though I wouldn't be knowing why. Train starting. G'night - it's 6:27 now. Just leaving Alamogordo.

Telegram from Dad at El Paso.

September 26, Tuesday [arrive Indio]

Beautiful day. Got out at Phoenix and walked up and down a bit. Bought some cards and wrote them. Will send them the next time we stop for any length of time. Good bit of rain about here last night and the paper says that it was all over S. California, too. Oh lord, I do hope it didn't hit the valley too hard and completely ruin the date crop. Golly. We get into Indio about 3:06 this afternoon. 'Twill be fun.

Just getting into Yuma right now. Gee whiz, our compartment is the warmest place on the train, I think, and I'm still cold. Think maybe I'll get off at the station and warm up a bit. I surely do like this desert country - though through here there's a bit too much greenery for it to be properly called desert. Just finished luncheon. Well, now we set out watches back another hour.

Soon we ought to be getting to the place where the tracks were washed out a couple of weeks ago.

Arrived in Indio about 3:15 this afternoon. The train was a bit late due to the working on the tracks, though by now there are little [sic] traces of the damage done. Tavie and Earl met us at the station and on the way home told us of the terrific rain and flood of Sunday morning. The main street of Coachella is covered with about eight inches of mud and I guess all of the shops' floors were covered with several inches of mud. And

bad damage to the road direct from the ranch to Indio; not quite washed out, but almost. As soon as we got home we changed our clothes and I went into Coachella and Indio - saw Jerry, Dan, Leland [Yost?], John, Felix and Mr. Kelsey at the store. Lots of fun seeing everyone again. Dropped in to see Ward Grant. Then over to see "Doc;" I'd gone by once before to try to find where he was but couldn't find the place until Felix told me where it was. Fun to see him again. He's sitting up in bed by this time and is evidently having quite a nice time with so many visitors and all but I imagine it's awfully trying for him to have to be tied to his bed for so long. He can be up for a few moments at a time now. Poor fellow - a fractured skull and concussion of the brain is no joke. I guess he really appreciated those little cartoons that I made up, drew and sent to him about a month ago. I'm so glad I did - it's nice to have things that you do appreciated. Doc is a sweet kid. I like him. Left there about six and dashed home. A nice chicken dinner which I served. Wanted to go in to see "The Rains Came" with Grace Jarvis this evening, but decided not to as Deac might drop in. Golly, it's a beautiful night out - the moon is so bright and the breeze is so cool and fresh - it makes me homesick for I don't know what. Ah, me - it makes me wonder when I'll be able to get rid of this restless feeling. I want to get out and do something useful, get my teeth into something, but everything has been so broken up. Even when we get to Australia, it may not be the thing to do to take a secretarial course and get a job, what with Dad being in his position there with the company (Sigh). Deac just came in; it's peachy to see him again. Tavie is such a lamb; I just love her. She's so crazy about Boots; it's so cute to watch her with the kitten and hear her talk about her.

It's now eleven o'clock and I've taken a bath and washed my hair and it's time for me to turn in. Golly, it's beautiful out here in the desert; I just love it. Right now I'm in the little green and white room. I can hear the leaves of the cottonwoods pattering together so prettily; it sounds so like rain drops. And of course the crickets are singing away. But aside from those sounds, it's as quiet as the stars.

September 27, Wednesday [Coachella]

Woke up at 6:30 this morning and it was so glorious outside that I wanted to get up, but I decided that since I hadn't gotten to bed until 11:30 last night I'd better sleep another hour. So I did. Up, listened to the news broadcast (very disheartening) while drinking a large glass of orange juice that Aunt Tavie very sweetly squeezed out for me. Then dressed and went downtown to do the shopping. Buzzed about. Talked to people - it's funny, but everyone remembers me (I mean drug store clerks, Post Office clerks, etc., whose names I don't even know - it gives me an awfully nice warm feeling), and heavens, I haven't been out here for more than a year. Talked to Ward Grant and Dr. Morris in Norman's drug store. Bought a silly little toy at the five and dime and took it over to Doc. Talked with him for a while, and he showed me some pictures of the car after it had been wrecked. My golly. I don't see how on earth any, let alone all of those boys got out alive! It's really a miracle that any of them lived to tell the tale. Of course Doc had a very narrow escape. None of the doctors at the hospital expected him to live. When the four of them were brought in, the doctors just put Doc to one side until they'd take care of the other three, then did what they could for him, and even then gave him only ten hours to

live. Aside from [his] skull being fractured across the back from one ear to the other, both eardrums were bursted [sic], his left lung was crushed in and the right collarbone was dislocated so that it now lies a bit behind his shoulder. When he begins to move about it'll have to be put in a sling with some other contraption to draw the collar bone back into place - Golly.

Stopped in to see Henry at the service station in Coachella, got the mail, stopped by at Paine's for milk and the young blond lad, I don't remember his name, told me he'd been working on his 22-month-old stallion, which I hadn't seen; so he put his saddle on and brought him out. He surely is proud of him - "Nifty" is his name - and told me about the ribbons and prizes Nifty has won, as well as the mare. I guess the Paines were pretty badly hit there; they'd just put in something like 120 tons of feed, much of which was ruined, and they'd just sown I forget how many acres of barley and the flood just cut its path right through the field.

Home, luncheon and then helped Tavie rake up the cottonwood and eucalyptus leaves all over the lawns. That took until about four o'clock and boy, was it hot! Then a cold chicken sandwich and some milk, grapes etc., for dinner. Soaked the paper off some stamps and now it's evening and very nice and cool again and pretty soon Tavie and I are going to see "The Rains Came-". Just got into a heated argument with Mother and Tavie in defense of Jerry and his accidents; not that I condone the accidents, but I think its just that Jerry must be going through a streak of darn tough luck - certainly nothing like drunken driving - and as I remember, Jerry was a pretty good driver, even though occasionally he would cut along at 70 M.P.H. Three accidents in a year is no joke, especially when they're serious ones, but that's no reason for people who don't even know him to go around saying in disgusted tones that he's a drunken bum. Great guns - after all, give a fellow the benefit of the doubt - that's the least they can do.

Tavie and I went in to see *The Rains Came-* - Tyrone Power, Myrna Loy, George Brent and Maria Ouspenskaya. Excellent. Beautifully cast, extremely well done and most convincing. The Maharani, Maria whatever-her-name-is (she played the French grandmother in "Love Affair") is splendid. Then home and Deac was here. He left quite soon, however, and Tavie and I played a game of Gin and played with Boots a bit and here I am. Quite a breeze out tonight; [I] noticed that there are as many cottonwood leaves on it now as before I so laboriously raked it. Ah well, that's the way things go; you simply have to keep at it.

Such a perfect night out - after I put the car away I could hardly bear to come in, it was so breathtakingly lovely. It seems to me now that one could not be nearer to Heaven than on such a night on the desert, alone.

September 28, Thursday [Coachella]

Up about 8, pressed a dress - my multicolored striped Milgrim one - dressed and [went] downtown with Mother. Tavie was already at work over at Perc's. We did the shopping and stopped in to see Dr. Morris. Golly, the Casita Hospital has been changed so - and improved and beautified immensely. There's an adorable water lily pond in front just under the windows of the waiting room. Indio is certainly coming up in the world,

what with its new wide streets and handsome new buildings. Anyway, Dr. Morris looked at my throat and my ingrown, or rather, regrown tonsil will be removed Saturday at 8 AM - so I'm enjoying my last few comfortable and painless meals with great gusto. Ran into Jim White at the Richfield station where Earl had taken the battery to the car, and talked to him for a while, went over to his place and met his wife. She has lovely eyes and skin, but poor girl, she must have been awfully hard up to have married Jim, though he's on the wagon now, [and] has been for over a year, no longer gambles and I guess is awfully good to her. I felt so sorry for them, living in that awful 1 ½ room affair. They say they're going to live in Colorado perhaps, where her family lives, or perhaps Oregon.

Then home and had luncheon. Mother trimmed my curly locks on the sides, then I washed my hair and took a bath - down to Coachella with Mother and Tavie, back home and started dinner. I'd taken Mother down to the place on the Indio shortcut where the water had cut away the road and left quite a deep drop on one side as it swirled and bubbled over. About 6:30 took Tavie down to Coachella to register for voting and to get the evening paper. About 7 Deac and Perc came for dinner. Very nice time - they left quite early, however, and we all did little this evening other than reading. Weighed myself today over at Perc's - 134. It's 11:10 now - bed very soon. Quite a wind out - much more and we'll have a nice dust storm before morning. Moon is about full - [I] think that it will be full tomorrow night.

September 29, Friday [Coachella]

Early afternoon is so very quiet here, hardly a sound except for a few sleepy twitters of the birds outside and an occasional scratching of one of the hens in the leaves in the chicken yard - the grape arbor, rather. It reminds me of one line of a poem I once wrote:

"And midday's calm quiet lay still on the air"

The whole world seems to be taking its siesta. Mother is taking a nap, Tavie is over at Perc's, even the breeze seems to be snoozing. There's a certain peacefulness in this valley here. The sun seems to have baked its way into every inanimate as well as animate thing. I love it here.

Up at eight this morning, did the shopping and home for luncheon - that's about all.

Yesterday afternoon late at Kelley's Drugstore, I broke the nail of the index finger right down to the quick - it's still plenty sensitive. Pretty humid today in a comparison to what it usually is - has been ever since the flood - seems so paradoxical, or rather, to use correct speech, I should say, it is so paradoxical - a flood in the desert.

Buzzed down to Coachella this afternoon to get the mail. Quite a write-up in the Indio News regarding Mother's and my return to the valley and our move to Australia. Back home, cut up some peaches for dinner, dinner soon after and then picked up Grace Jarvis and we went in to Indio to see "The Underpup" - Gloria Jean. Enjoyed it - good cast. Then a coke and home. Grace is a sweet thing - I like her. I guess she doesn't have much fun - shall try to remedy that as much as possible while I'm here.

Glorious night. No wind, though, at least little. When I got home, the Goodspeeds were here. Nice to see Ralph and Thelma again. To bed now. Boots is in my room and has

been having a gay old time playing with the curtain beside my bed. Ah, me tomorrow morning - that's the time - Night.

September 30, Saturday [Coachella]

It's now about nine o'clock in the evening. It hasn't been bad. Got up at 6:30 this morning, packed my bag and about 7:40 went into Indio by way of Coachella where there was a letter for me from Marion Junker - gee, it was just what I needed - so darned sweet of her - and one from Daddy to Mother, which Mother read aloud on the way from Coachella to Indio. As we waited out in the waiting room who should turn up from the office but Jack _____. He works here, has been for over a year. Pretty soon they took me into a room where I undressed and they gave me a couple of yellow capsules and a shot in the arm. In about ten minutes I began to feel the beginnings of drowsiness. Pretty soon they wheeled me in a chair to the operating room, where Dr. Morris and Dr. Burke gave me several shots of novocaine in my throat and began removing tonsils, etc. It was over in about 45 minutes and they took me to a nice double room at the front of the hospital. Mother was there and I changed to that lovely white embroidered nightie of the set that the Bancrofts gave me for graduation. She left quite soon and I went right to sleep. Woke up after a while, about 2:30 and golly, did my throat and ears ache. It was pure agony to get down a swallow of water. They brought me a bit of water with 3 aspirins dissolved in it and some ice water, which helped. Then slept until about 4:30 and woke to find Mother in the room. Talked to her for a while - she talking, I writing notes because it hurt to talk. Then she left and I asked Jack to come in and talk to me, which he did after I'd written a couple of pages on a letter to the Junkers. Easier talking then for I'd been awake longer. Then I read a magazine a bit and now, after a cigarette and another yellow tablet and a new ice pack around my neck I'm going to sleep. Negelected to mention that last night in the news reel saw Bob McLeod and heard his name mentioned several times in it. Managed to swallow a couple of glasses of milk today. Night.

October 1, 1939 -Sunday [Coachella]

Better today. Managed to get down some cream of wheat and stuff like that pretty well. Woke up about 5:30 this morning, for good. Quite a wind out today. Mother came this morning for a little while. Read, wrote letters, luncheon, read some more. Mother and Tavie came a bit later this evening, about six, and stayed quite a little while. Still very hard to talk - funny. Read some more this evening. So nice having Mom and Tavie come in to see me - No one else knows I'm here except the boys, and Perc is awfully busy, Earl is ? and Deac has a cold. It's 10:30 now. Think I'll drop off to snooze-land - slept about two hours this afternoon. Ge whiz, I sleep all the time, it seems - just doze off - can't understand it. 'Night.

October 2, Monday [Coachella]

Woke up about 5:30 again this morning. Washed up and put on my grease paint and was all dressed except for my shoes and dress by the time the nurse came in about 6:15 with the thermometers, etc. Mother came about 8:30 and Dr. Morris came about

9:30, then we left. Felt terrifically dazed all morning but got over it by this afternoon. Did some shopping in Indio with Mother, home, then brought the car into Indio about 11:30 for a grease job and had a chocolate milk shake for luncheon. Stopped in and said hello to Doc. Home. Gorgeous day, if a bit warmish. Felt pretty rotten all afternoon - slept about an hour and a half. Until about dinner time my throat ached so that it hurt even to whisper. Aspirins helped that - aspirins crushed and in a bit of water. At Kelley's, Perc dropped in and I had a cigarette with him. Deac dropped over for a sec this evening - has a bad ulcerated tooth that's being taken care of at the moment, also a cold that he was afraid I'd catch with my throat, so he wouldn't stay but for a moment. He's a lamb. Hope he's all O.K. tomorrow - feels lots better this evening.

Wind howling most excitingly out tonight. Maybe the "poltergeist" will walk tonight. Awfully tired - bed practically immediately - 10:20 now.

October 3, Tuesday [Coachella]

Up about 7:30 - darn chilly - Golly! Mother and I sat outside in the sun for a while to get warmed up, then came in, took a bath and washed my hair. Deac stopped in for a while later on in the morning and Bob Burgess dropped in a bit after. Nice to see him again. He's going back to L.A. today and he and Ann are going directly up to Berkeley. Luncheon, did my nails and went downtown about 3. Cute lad at the Standard gas station - wonder if I can inveigle him into asking me for a date - Hmmm. Home. My throat is about the same. Supper and Tavie and I played seven games of Gin waiting for the nine-o'clock news and darned if she didn't beat me every time but once - Wow! Lucky in love, that's this gal - or is it? Listened to the news, put the car away and here I be, ready for bed and it's 10:10. Quite a wind out again tonight. Brrr - But golly, the night is a beauty - moon hadn't yet risen when I put the car away but the stars were so bright and the sky was so beautifully clear. Wow!

October 4, Wednesday [Coachella]

Up about eight. Felt pretty rotten most of the morning and this afternoon. Swept my room and the living room. These dust storms are really something. Mother cut quite a bit of the grass around the chicken coop this morning. About three went down to do the shopping. Got some gas but (sigh) my S.P. wasn't there this afternoon. Ah, me. Stopped in and said hello to Doc and had a cigarette with him. Kinda chilly today; wore my pink - dusty rose if you prefer - flannel dress and was very comfortable in it except for a while downtown doing the shopping doing the shopping, but even then 'twasn't bad at all. Tonight Grace and I went to see "In Name Only" - Carole Lombard, Cary Grant and Kay Francis - very good. I enjoyed it; full of suspense (with lots of good comic relief) until the very end when it turned out happily. Much more fun that way. I'm weary; 'tis a quarter to eleven - bed very soon. Whitened the white and browned the brown on that awful old pair of brown and white spectator pumps so that now they really look quite respectable. Pretty good, eh, what? Tonight is very still, except just at the moment there are several coyotes howling off in the desert someplace not very far away. No sign of a dust storm tonight - yet, anyway. Lights bright, reminds me of those trips to and from Maracaibo when the

bow watch would call that out every half hour at night. What fun those trips were.

October 5, Thursday [Coachella]

Well, b'golly, lots of things happened today. Much fun. Morning started off as usual. I de-feathered part of a chicken and Mother did the rest of that one and another one while I took a bath and washed my hair. Then we decided that we would go down to see whether Mother could have a permanent this afternoon without a previous appointment and that then we would go over to Palm Springs to see Thelma Goodspeed. But about eleven thirty a car rolled into the driveway, stopped, honked and a most familiar male voice called out - and it was Dad! We hadn't expected him until tomorrow or Saturday at the earliest.

Great goings on all day getting Zeke and Boots acquainted. The funniest thing in the world to hear Boots growl, and she is certainly the most curious cat. Gee whiz. She's afraid of dogs and yet when there's one in the house she won't let him get out of her sight. It's the same with Rex, though he's much more dignified and unconcerned than goofy little Zekey.

Dashed downtown to get some things for luncheon. Then after luncheon, after Dad had unpacked the grey car, I drove it in to Indio, Mother driving the blue one, to have it serviced. A sweet letter from the Junkers was waiting for me in Coachella - wrote them right back this afternoon, and doggone it, just realized that, as usual when I put a letter inside my purse to be mailed, I haven't mailed it yet. Ah, well.

Leland and Crystal Yost dropped in this afternoon; great fun seeing them again. Went down with Mother to get the grey car about 5:30 and it wasn't ready yet so I waited and hoopla - Wow! My S.P. happened to drop in to the station while I was there and we started a conversation a propos of my having a New York license plate on the grey car, and ended up by arranging a date for next Wednesday evening when he - Bob Long is his name - gets his car. Hm hm - don't tell me I'm not snakey. That just delighted me because my plans all worked out so perfectly. Cute, huh? Hope he'll be interesting and if he is, hope he'll find me interesting enough to take me bumming around the country-side between now and the time we leave. Ho hum. Wanted me to have dinner with him tonight but I figured that was out, what with Dad's coming home today and Tavie's fixing all that chicken just because I like it so well. Unfortunately I couldn't eat much tonight - my throat didn't feel so good. Deac came by after dinner, Tavie and I played a couple of games of Gin - she won one and I won one. Deac left just after the ten o'clock news. What a mess Europe is in. And this latest announcement by Germany concerning the S.S. "Iroquois" - Wow! That is quite something!

Darn nice having Dad back again. 11:30 now, bed right soon for me. Chilly. Oh, the sunset was lovely this evening - above the purple northern range as we headed for Indio was a strip of the most heavenly sort of aquamarine blue and above that a lovely rose pink fading off into a sort of dusty blue-grey twilight sky. Really nice. 'Night. Oh yes, Josephine Carter dropped by today while the Yosts were here. She's undoubtedly quite an eccentric.

October 6, Friday [Coachella]

Woke up at the crack of dawn when Zekey, who was sleeping on my bed, heard Rex barking over at Perc's and decided to make a bit of fuss himself. Went back to sleep immediately only to be awakened again about six by Dad and Tavie talking in the kitchen; from then until seven-thirty it was intermittent catnaps for me. Up, dressed, cleaned up my room - swept the floor, that is, washed Zekey, changed from shorts to dress and went downtown to mail some letters and do the shopping. Buzzed about gaily, having a fine time, then headed for home. Raked part of the lawn for Tavie just before luncheon, mowed the front lawn after luncheon, then washed some undies, etc. Played a couple of games of Gin with Tavie, then raked up the lawn behind the garage. By that time it was nearing time for dinner; after dinner did very little. Sat around and talked, watched the antics of the three animals (we brought in Bones for a while tonight). Listened to the nine o'clock news, then I took a bath and washed my hair and it's now about eleven and I'm tuicking in very soon. What a wind we had late this afternoon and evening - Golly! Dust all over everything. It's more or less subsided now, but the barometer was falling until 9:30 and since then we haven't looked at it.

October 7, Saturday [Coachella]

Awake at 5:30, up at 6. I'm losing my beauty sleep fast at this rate. Went over to Perc's even before I got on my flying colors [makeup?] to get a crowbar for Dad. About eight-thirty went downtown; made an appointment for Mother at the beauty shop, dropped into the Standard station (S.O.S. - Standard Oil Station). Bob fixed up the front wheels that just had the 5,000 mile job done on them. Am trying to figure out just what sort of chap he is, but am making no headway. He has nice eyes, anyway. Can't figure out whether he's a bit shy or just the opposite - ?? Well, we'll soon find out that part of it, I reckon. I'd prefer it to be the former, all things considered, but `Quien sabe?

Did the shopping, stopped in to see Doc for a few minutes. Letter from Connie in Coachella - peachy letter - she's a sweet lamb. When I got home there was a telegram from Kurt. Mother and Tavie swear it's a proposal but I prefer to think otherwise. Kurt's a darling and I love him, but not in that way.

Luncheon, helped Dad with a few books that he's unpacking and repacking, took a couple of sweaters that I knitted in 1935 but never wore because they were too small for me over and gave them to Nina; nice to see her again. Home and went downtown at 3 - got the laundry, some more groceries and home again. The strangest atmospheric affect across the desert on the way in - a study in muted and dulled pastels. Cloudy, with quite a wind, and, of course, dust. Played several games of gin with Tavie; my card luck is still on crutches.

The Yosts came for Mother and Dad about 7 (they just returned a few moments ago - it's 1:45 now) to go over to Palm Springs for dinner and gaiety, etc. at Ralph and Thelma's. It was darned chilly and I changed into that maroon wool skirt and top, wore my white wool coat and wasn't any too warm as it was. Caddy and I went to see "Way Down South" - Bobby Brown, fair, and "Mutiny on the Blackhawk," Richard Arlen, Constance Moore, Richard Lane as Kit Carson. Quite full of blood and thunder, this

movie was, and while it was nothing exceptional we enjoyed it. A coke and home. Tavie was playing Gin with Deac and being beaten. I took him on and he beat me three straight games and by that time it was twelve o'clock and Caddy was asleep on the couch, so Deac left. I covered up Caddy and got ready for bed and now, bless my soul, it's ten to two and I'm so sleepy I can hardly keep my eyes open. (When Mother and Dad and the Yosts returned, I turned off my light so that I'd not have to appear. Then after Mother and Dad were safely tucked away, switched my light back on - and in the meantime, got so drowsy that I nearly fell asleep.) And now this is the beginning of a new week - a new week just two hours gone - wonder what will happen during it. The future is fun to contemplate, though I can vividly remember a time about a year and a half ago when it was anything but that. I seldom even think of Elliot these days, and when I do, it's certainly not with any sort of unhappiness. Yes, I'm glad that we called the whole thing off and didn't get married - awfully. After about two years of being engaged - it makes me wonder whether long engagements are quite the thing or whether they're quite the bunk.

October 8, Sunday [Coachella]

Well, a month from today we sail for Australia. Through sheer force of willpower managed to get almost my eight hours sleep this morning. Finally got up a little before ten. Dressed - It was chilly enough so that I wore a sweater and skirt. Went downtown (to Coachella) and got the funny papers and some apples for the niftiest apple pie that Mother made this afternoon. Deac came over about one. Had a pick-up luncheon.

Got out my old stamp album after not having seen it for six years and had the most wonderful time looking through it this afternoon and this evening. Some really good stamps in it.

Deac and Joyce came back about four and Deac couldn't stay for dinner after all. Nice dinner, played a game of Gin with Tavie, which she won. By that time it was about 7:30 and Mother, Tavie and Dad turned in, not having gotten much sleep last night. I worked a bit with my stamps, took a bath and washed my hair and it's now 10:20 and I'm going to turn in myself. Don't feel so pretty good at the moment. Lights bright.

October 9, Monday [Coachella]

Up a bit before seven this morning. Downtown with Mother a bit before 9. Tavie is grading dates again now. Perc says they're a little better than they were.

Did the shopping. Mother was having a permanent. Stopped in at Norman's drug store, had a coke, did this and that trying to pass the time o'day until eleven thirty when Mother was due to be finished with her permanent. Bought some post cards showing pictures of the valley here to send to the Junkers, and was writing things on the backs of them when who should drop in but Bob. We had a nice long talk. He's from Oklahoma too - Bless my soul. A really nice chap he seems to be. I'm looking forward to our date on Wednesday with a great deal of pleasure now. He's planning to go down to Colombia about the beginning of the year, with the Shell, probably.

About 11:15 I went over to pick up Mother. She wasn't nearly ready. Left Indio about 12:30 - Coachella, home, into Coachella again to get some moth balls for Dad.

Home, a bite of luncheon, little this afternoon but iron some slippers and the nightie that I wore in the hospital. Dinner, and afterwards played some Gin with Tavie. Mother and Dad turned in about 8:30 and Tavie soon after. I washed out some things, got ready for bed and it's now almost 10:30 and I'm going to turn in right soon. Chilly again today, and particularly tonight.

October 10, Tuesday [Coachella]

Up at eight thirty, dressed and cashed a check at the bank in Coachella, and on to Indio where I did the shopping. Met Bob in Norman's drug store and we talked while we had a coke and a cigarette, then I drove him home. Came back by way of Coachella, got the paper and some milk. Luncheon, washed the dishes, set some buttons over on my maroon wool skirt, did a few things for Mother watered the grass on the walk just before dinner, cleaned up my room 'n' stuff. Dinner and then took Grace Jarvis to see "Fifth Avenue Girl" - Ginger Rogers, Walter Connolly, Verree Teasdale, Tim Holt and others. Most amusing. Grace and I felt so good after the movie that we acted completely goofy in the soda fountain next to the theatre where we had a couple of cokes and listened to the record machine. I'm sure that the girl at the fountain thought we were as tight as owls, or at least plumb daffy. Home. Gorgeous night out. Very cool and no wind. I may very easily be heading for getting my fingers burned. I don't know. Ah, well.

Deac and Tavie were playing Gin when I got home. Kibitzed for a while, then undressed, washed my hair. Am now ready for bed and it's 11:30. May be breakers ahead.

October 11, Wednesday [Coachella]

It's now twenty to two, A.M., as I write this, and I've just come in from a perfectly nifty evening over at Palm Springs with Bob. Went to Luau bar for an appetizer before dinner, then to Palm Springs Hotel for dinner, Chi Chi Bar and Algiers. Had a marvellous evening. My last sentence of yesterday's weather forecast may still hold good. Bob didn't have his new car; he hasn't gotten it as yet. On the way over we stopped, killed a rattlesnake and Bob cut off his rattles for me, and they're now reposing neatly on the head of Address Unknown. [?] I shall try to keep mum tomorrow and make people think it's the work of the poltergeist.

This morning did the shopping and stopped to see Doc, and little else. Luncheon and this afternoon raked the lawn, watered the path to the side door, washed Zekey and little else. Bob came about 7 this evening. Golly, what a time. I really enjoyed the evening tremendously. Chilly now.

October 12, Thursday [Coachella]

Columbus Day and Deacon's birthday. Up about 8:15, dressed, did the shopping, home, luncheon, raked the two back lawns, watered the walk, drove downtown with Dad later on in the afternoon. Fairly warm today but chilly again this evening. Such grand weather here now. Such a lovely valley; it hurts to think of leaving it.

Mother and I went to see "The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes" - Basil Rathbone - fairly good. Took a bath and washed my hair. Now ready for bed and tired. Have lost my

appetite; most peculiar - now weigh 131.

Wrote a poem this afternoon, the first one I've written since the beginning of the summer. Funny, I've written very few poems since Elliot; no inspiration, I reckon. The title of the latest is "Moth Aware," and there may be something to that title, for aware or not, it seems that around a candle moths will be moths. I suppose that I'm being rather absurd, but then, it's fun to be absurd occasionally. This is the poem. In later years may I read it and grin at the rather immature, perhaps, philosophy it contains:

I want to burn my fingers	Deep and red and strong.
Just a little bit,	If fire burns, what of it?
Because it's fun when you're such fun -	We'll still have seen the flame -
Let's play with fire a bit;	And healing cannot take too long -
And we shan't think, "Tomorrow -	'Twon't be too high a flame -
What will come of that?"	For fingers burned a little
For me there's no tomorrow yet:	Hurt but just a bit -
Just present - nought but that;	And so I say, since it's such fun,
So lift the cup and drink it	Let's play with fire a bit.

Ho hum - 'tis a quarter to eleven, and as I said, I'm weary. 'Night.

October 13, Friday [Coachella]

Did the shopping this morning and buzzed about town at a great rate. Ran into my love and we had a coke at that soda fountain next to the theatre. Talked a bit and I dropped him at his house, then on to Coachella, got the mail - a nice letter from Kurt. Home, luncheon, hoed some of the Bermuda grass out of the drive way and golly! it was really warm. To cool off when it got so that I couldn't take it any longer I watered the walk. Came in about two and promptly fell asleep on the couch. Mother baked some bread and rolls and woke me up at three to eat one of them - Good - mmmm.

Went into Coachella with Dad a bit later - home and washed the car, etc., ran over to Perc's, etc. Dinner and then Tavie and I played three games of Rummy, and by that time it was about eight and everyone decided to turn in. So I took a bath and washed my hair and it's now ten o'clock. Going to read for a little while and then turn in. Bob hasn't yet gotten his car. Wish it's come soon, for he says he'll let me help him break it in. Lights bright.

October 14, Saturday [Coachella]

Up a bit before seven, dressed, waxed part of the floor in my room, then about 9:30 went in to do the shopping. Buzzed about. S.O.S. Stopped over to see Doc for a few minutes, then home, luncheon. Hoed out the rest of the grass in the driveway, watered the walk and so on. Spent a good bit of the afternoon in that big old eucalyptus tree next to the driveway, lying curled up along a big sloping branch, reading Thornton Wilder's

Woman of Andros. Hmm - I used to play in that old tree some twelve years ago with the Jarvis girls when they lived here. It was so peaceful up there, and I could watch all the lovely changes in the sunset.

Earl dropped by for a moment this afternoon. Mother and Tavie went downtown about three and returned about 5. Supper. Mother didn't have any. Earl came by for a while this evening and I made some pop corn. About eight Mother and Dad turned in. Deac dropped in and played some Rummy with Tavie while I read. Tomorrow afternoon we're going up the hill for dinner with Nina. About ten o'clock Deac left, Tavie went to bed, I got ready for bed, washed my face, etc., and now it's twenty to eleven and I'll be turning in very soon. Bob didn't come out this afternoon so I reckon he hasn't gotten his car yet. Am kinda tired, and a bit stiff in my back and shoulder muscles from yesterday. Double lookout and down to half speed ahead. 'Night.

October 15, Sunday [Coachella]

Little today. Played some Gin this morning with Tavie. She won as usual. Katherine Collins and Frances dropped over for a while around noon. I went into Coachella to get the mail and the paper. About 3:30 or 4 we four went up to Nina's and Perc's cabin for dinner. It has a new rock floor and is perfectly nifty. I was hungry for a change. Maybe the difference in altitude did it. Read magazines and talked and about 8:20 started back to the valley. Perfect night. Oh, golly! Home and I took a bath and washed my curly locks, among other things, and it's now a bit past 11:15 and I'm going to turn in practically immediately.

Poor little Zekey hasn't been feeling so well today. Don't know what is the matter with him. If I was stiff yesterday, I was twice as stiff today, but it's practically all gone now. Oh, yes, Leland and Crystal Yost dropped in for a while around noon, too.

Chilly tonight again. I'd worn a sweater and skirt up the mountain and was pretty cool after it got dark and until right now. New moon last night.

October 16, Monday [Coachella]

Downtown to do the shopping this morning - fun. Got myself a cute pair of white buckskin flat-heeled oxfords - nice. Met m'love, talked for a while. He asked me to go to a dance in Indio with him on the 28th. I'm glad - very. He's fun. Still hasn't gotten his car yet - gee whiz! Home, luncheon. Washed lots of clothes. Buzzed over to Perc's a couple of times, met Mr. Shields. Saw Deac. Grand day today. Had a cigarette in my little retreat "over the rainbow," and below the irrigation valves were open, flooding the lawn and I could easily imagine a lovely brook at the foot of the eucalyptuses. Dinner, and after washing the dishes Tavie and I played some Rummy and she beat me 4 out of 5. Everyone turned in about 8:30. These sleepy heads - it's awful. Now it's 9:30 and I'm already for bed (all ready, I suppose I should say) and yet I don't feel like going to sleep so early. But I guess I better, for Mother and I are going up to Riverside tomorrow to take Zekey to the veterinary. Poor pup - he's not feeling so well these days.

Oh, saw Sid this morning for the first time since last summer. He's still on crutches - broken ankle - but will be back on the job next week - good. Nice to see him again. At

this dance I wonder whether to be a "woman-of-the-world," a glamor girl or a gypsy. I think I'll wear my gypsy dress and be a gypsy having a lot of fun. Plenty of time later, on the boat and in Australia for formality and "glamor-girl-ity." Oh gawsh. Three weeks from day after tomorrow we sail - I hate to think of leaving so soon. Maybe if we could stay on here through the winter I might be ready to pick up stakes again in the spring, but at the moment - oh, I don't like to think of it. Lights bright.

October 17, Tuesday [Coachella]

Up about 6:30, dressed and off to San Bernardino and Riverside about 8; took Zekey to the vet's and found that there's nothing wrong with him except acute indigestion occasionally. Old Greyback (San Gorgonio) and its foothills looked perfectly lovely on the way up this morning. Did a bit of shopping in Riverside. Stopped at Wann's Kennels, and last summer they'd had this litter of wire hairs and one particularly took my fancy. Come to find out now that they kept him (they call him Chief) and that he's winning ribbons right and left and judged best of breed everywhere. Now isn't that something! Guess I know how to pick 'em.

Dr. Reid wasn't in so we didn't have any dental work done. Took our watches to Mr. Richmond. Arrived back in Indio about 3. S.O.S. - saw Bob there for a second. Home via Coachella. Cute letter from "the Crown Prince." "Over the rainbow" and dinner - chicken - nifty. Then Grace and I went to see "Hollywood Cavalcade" - Alice Faye and Don Ameche. Good. A coke afterward and home. She's a good egg. I like her. Perfect night out - stars so bright - sky so clear. When we started out there was a moon but it had set by the time we'd left the movie. Got a little red collar with a bell on it for Bootsie, also a catnip mouse and some catnip. She surely was cute with them. I later tied the catnip mouse onto her tail and she was the funniest and the cutest thing imaginable. Tavie said the other day out of a clear blue sky, "You're a happy idiot, aren't you?" Well, I am, on both counts but it's fun. After coming home from the movies I took a bath and washed my hair and it's now 11:20 so I think I better tuck in. Zekey is in with Mother tonight. Seems funny not to have him sleeping with me, taking up about 19 times the room that a foot and a half long dog should. 'Night.

October 18, Wednesday [Coachella]

It's now eleven-thirty A.M. and by all rights just about now I should be coming home from town, but no; Dad had to go downtown this morning, too, so I had to rush through my shopping and he picked me up to come home before I had a chance to see Bob or anything. Oh, hell, I'm acting like a spoiled baby and I know it, and as Mother says, this isn't like me at all, but dammit, I've come to consider mornings my special province, and I look forward to them more than anything else all day long. Heck, I don't know why it should make so much difference to me but it does, and I'm a silly ass to let it, but be that as it may, at the moment I'm feeling lower than the "Titanic" (or was that ship salvaged?). Just sprinkled some clothes for ironing. Will do that after luncheon.

Aw, hell's belles, or Hades' ladies, if you prefer. Log report is that the "S.S. Helen" is in the midst of a terrific squall at the moment. Bootsie just came into my bedroom and

peered up at me to see what's wrong. Zeke is sleeping with his head on my pillow. Animals are funny creatures; they seem to have [sic] some sixth sense or other to tell them when people are unhappy or when things are not going along as they should.

And then, after all was said and done I went into Indio to get some quinine for Tavie, who was coming down with the grippe, and to get some things for Mother, and who should I run into but Bob, We made a date for tonight, and now it's tonight at 2:10 A.M. and I came in about 1:30 from a simply perfect evening. We spent our time in Palm Springs at the Chi Chi Bar and had a wonderful talk. I really like Bob ever so much. An apple for the teacher is right. I'm so cold at the moment that I'm shivering like a leaf. Bob is an awfully good egg. Light very bright. I'm s'happy.

October 19, Thursday [Coachella]

Today I'm 21 years and seven months old. Funny how things happen; at the moment I'm so near to falling in love with Bob that it's not a bit funny. No kidding; whatever it is, I have it plenty bad - which all I can't let on for a moment to the family. Of course they like Bob and all that but I don't think any one of them has any idea at all as to the funny way the butterflies have me. Darn it, I wish I were sure as to how the score stands right now. I have a pretty good idea, I reckon, but a pretty good idea isn't good enough for me in this case. I'm doing an awful lot of thinking these days, I can tell you that, though. And I'm wondering just what will become of this - I wonder. Saw Bob this afternoon while Tavie was at the dentist's - a coke and talked. Oh, I do want to see a lot of him during the next two and a half weeks. I want that so much. Surely do wish he had his car. It would be a lot simpler if he did. O.K., m'love, you call the signals from here on out. You're top rating with me.

1:30 A.M. Just as I was about to go downtown to mail a letter, who should come walking up the driveway but Bob. He asked me to go to the movies with him tonight. I agreed that that would be a fine idea and gave him the letter to mail. So he came by for me at eight, we saw Edward G. Robinson in "Blackmail," oil wells, fires 'n' stuff. Bob and I then had a couple of beers in the Majestic and then it was 12 o'clock and we arrived home about 12:45. Lines 3 through 5 of today's confessions still hold good. In fact, even more so than when I wrote them. One of two things is due to happen now; either I really tumble and marry the guy and don't go to Australia or I'll set sail on November 8th with Mother and Dad and will spend plenty of time getting over it. And at this stage of the game I wouldn't be knowing just what will be on the books November 8th. I wish I did. But oh, golly, there's no getting around the fact that he really is a darling. And another 19th has now come and gone. Funny how things happen to me on the 19th.

October 20, Friday [Coachella]

Up at 7:30 this morning. Cleaned up my room and such things, then downtown and did the shopping. Met m'love and we had a coke and a conversation, then I took him to the Post Office by way of S.O.S.; then I came home via Coachella, talked a bit with young Payne. Home and had luncheon and wrote a long letter to Briggs. Then lay down to take a nap about 3:30. Slept maybe half or three quarters of an hour. Felt a hundred percent

better when I woke up. Took a walk along the Tamarisk break and made friends with a dog that came roaring up to me. It was so peaceful. I walked very slowly and stopped several times to just gaze enraptured at the desert and mountains. It was lovely. The only sound was that of the crickets singing; the mountains were so tall and the sunset haze so beautiful. It seemed as though the whole desert was our front yard. In the twilight, the sage and mesquite seemed almost green.

A nice letter from my little brother this afternoon. (Time out for listening to the Richfield Reporter.) And tonight the moon, though little more than past the first quarter, was so bright that when I stepped out of doors for a moment I thought there was a car out there with its lights on. The Yosts dropped by just before dinner. After dinner Tavie and I played some Gin and then I took a bath and washed my hair. Laurie Paul dropped by for a while. It's now 10:30 and me for bed.

Lights bright. Bob's middle name is Clyde; Robert Clyde Long - nice name. 'Night.

October 21, Saturday [Coachella]

Did the shopping this morning and S.O.S., saw m'love and stopped in and saw Doc. Home. Luncheon. Went up in my eucalyptus tree and read 'n' stuff for a while. Bob came out; he may be able to get Bob Cook to buy the grey car. Dad says he will give him a 5% commission if he sells Cook the car for \$750. A bit later he brought Cook out and we three drove around for a while he tested out the car. Bob is a lamb. This much I know; at the moment I'm in love with him. I couldn't say whether it will last, all I do know is that the only other man that affected me this much and made me feel this way about him was Elliot, and I did fall deeply in love with him. So maybe falling head over heels in love with Bob is in the cards for me. I don't know. What I do know is that he makes my heart sing in tune to the butterfly dance, and there are no two ways about it. He has asked me to get Grace to go with Charlie and (what an oddly constructed sentence) - Anyway, Grace and I are going to have dinner tomorrow with him and Charlie, one of his house-mates, and he and Charlie are going to cook the dinner. I'm really looking forward to it. Oh, Bob, you're such a darling. For tonight I love you, my sweet. I do that. And I say that because (i.e. "for tonight" I'm referring to) because I don't know what to believe myself. I know what I feel, and I think I'm in love, but I don't know whether it can go deep enough to be permanent in this case. And it's not that I'm in any way fickle. I am perfectly sincere in everything I feel about this; that perhaps is why I have doubts and why I won't make unconditional or rash statements. And as I said, darling, for now I do love you. I wish you didn't have to go to work at six in the morning. If you didn't, I'd be with you right now, m'love.

Deac came out for dinner tonight. Ham and eggs, and golly, it was surely good. Deac and Tavie are now playing Rummy. Dad has gone to bed, Mother is about to. She can't read, because the belladonna that the eye specialist put in her eyes this afternoon hasn't worn off yet. She's becoming far-sighted - "old age eyes," the boys say - and she'll have glasses for reading and needlepoint, etc. It's now 9 P.M. and I think I'll tuck in pretty soon. Lights beautifully bright. (Finally got to bed about 12 after listening to the radio for a long time>)

October 22, Sunday [Coachella]

I love Bob. Three weeks from now may see me not on the water but staying here. I want to marry the man. That all makes it mutual. My heart is going like a trip hammer. I'm trying to be very logical about it all though. He doesn't make much but I could take it; I know I could. And oh, I'd love it. He is a darling. I think we'd make a go of it. Oh Bob, I do love you.

About noon Zella Yount and Floy ____ arrived. They seem to be awfully good eggs. Today is the first time I've met Floy. Luncheon, and at 4 Bob came for me and we picked up Grace and went to Charlie's - Charlie Holland or something like that. Awfully nice place - the place Bob had last year. The boys cooked dinner and Bob and I washed the dishes. Bob Cook and Elise (or something like that) _____ dropped in for a while. Then we came home about 12, and here I am, ready for bed and it's 12:40. And oh, what is going to happen, I wonder. Darling, I love you. 'Night, sweet.

October 23, Monday [Coachella]

A month ago we left Larchmont. What a lot can happen in a short month's time. Mother and Tavie went with Dad to San Bernardino so I was left to take care of the house. And as I told Bob I'd meet him between 10 and 10:30 downtown I didn't know what to do. So I wrote a note, flagged a passing car, asked the driver whether he was going to Indio, and upon his reply in the affirmative, gave him the note to leave at Norman's drug store, which he very kindly did. Then about noon Bob came out and we talked until 1:15 when he had to go back to work. The family had returned shortly before and we all had luncheon and I took Mother downtown, did the shopping and home. Grace Jarvis dropped in on her way home from work and we talked a while and discussed plans for a return engagement on the dinner proposition. I walked home with her and we decided to go to the movies tonight, which we did - "The Women" - Norma Shearer, Rosalind Russel [sic], Joan Crawford; Paulette Goddard is darling, so is Joan Fontaine. Excellent cast and very well done, but I can't believe that people can be that way. Wow! A coke and drove by S.O.S. Bob got off work at 10 and we drove him home. Oh, he's such a darling. What am I going to do?

He told of of an exciting time about 3 this afternoon when about 5 police cars hid themselves around S.O.S. there (at the bank in Coachella, too) having gotten a tip that there was going to be a hold-up at the bank across the street at 3 'clock. But evidently whoever had been going to pull the job got wind of the fact that the cops were wise to it and didn't try anything. Home and washed my hair and it's now 12:20 and I'm going to turn out the light, smoke a cigarette and see whether I can throw any light on the subject for what in all get out I'm going to do about m'love and me. Oh golly gee; what a pretty pickle!

October 24, Tuesday [Coachella]

A beauteous day. Into Indio this morning to have a new left front window put in the blue car. Saw Bob and we passed the time of day until about noon waiting for the car and

then I came home, luncheon and washed four wool skirts and some undies. Grace stopped in on her way home from work and we talked. She's a darling, awfully sweet kid and full of fun. At the ranch she and Tavie have been telling all sorts of fantastic things to Louise Yost in fun (but the fun of it is that the poor innocent believes everything that's said) and the latest is that both my eyes are glass! And Louise, in response to Grace's saying, "Haven't you noticed how big and sparkling they are?" said that, why my goodness, she thought that was natural! And Anna filled it in by saying that somehow the doctors had connected some nerves so that it was possible for me to see! That about the glass eyes was my suggestion but I couldn't think that she'd ever believe it.

A heavenly night with the brightness of the moon almost like daylight; a high breeze, however, which means that tomorrow there'll be plenty of dust all over to clean up. Played some Gin with Tavie after dinner and now it's 11 o'clock and I'm going to sleep in about two shakes of a lamb's tail. Still don't know what I'm going to do about Bob and me. He's such a doggoned loveable punk. Oh, golly. I wonder what's in the cards.

October 25, Wednesday [Coachella]

Up at 7. Took the blue car in for a Simonizing job. Bob, the sweet thing, wanted me to have it done at 25% of what it would have been at the Chevrolet garage. Did the shopping, and home in the grey car, which Mother had driven in. Funniest [sic] atmospheric effect this morning. Clouds cirrus, dust and wind. At two I went in, took the grey car to S.O.S. for a lubrication job. Bob then drove me over to Doc's and took the car back to S.O.S. Doc wasn't home, so talked to his mother for a while, then got the blue car (nice job done on it, especially considering the road-haze that it had on it), did some more shopping. S.O.S. and talked with Cliff Abernather and another chap for a while while Bob finished up the car, then he drove the grey one home and I the blue. Talked for a while, Grace dropped in. The saddest thing happened last night. Her little Cocker Spaniel, Laddie, was killed by a hit-and-run driver about sundown. She's feeling terribly blue, poor kid. Bob and Dad talked a while, then about 5:15 Bob drove me into town and I drove back. He was going to come out this evening if he could get ahold of a car but I reckon he wasn't able to. He still hasn't gotten the one he ordered over two months ago. Gee, I love him. I don't know how I'll be able to stand it leaving, for I will be leaving with Mother and Dad, I reckon. But it's probably best that way. I'm not sure, but we'll see. Oh, golly, I feel so blue every time I think of it.

T'night is positively cold. Brrr. Played Rummy with Tavie after dinner and now it's about a quarter to eleven and I'm for bed pronto! Lights bright but shining through a blue haze. Sweet letter from Hertzie today. Wrote letters to Fred MaDan and Bob McLeod. Cold - wow!

October 26, Thursday [Coachella]

This morning started out with a bang - in the wrong direction. I had awakened Dad last night when I was I was washing my face, so he was plenty grouchy ce matin. Then the chickens that Tavie and I had caught last night to be beheaded this morning had

somehow gotten out of the pen. Then and this, as far as my being in the dog house with Dad is concerned, capped the climax - as I was getting the grey car out of the garage I scraped the right front fender right down to the iron. Dad blew up completely at that. Then Mother and I went downtown to do the shopping, met Bob, and he told us he had to go into L.A. to see about his car and couldn't be out for dinner, and possibly wouldn't get back in time even to take me out. So I felt pretty low all around. But Mother was perfectly swell all day; don't see how I could get along without her. After luncheon made two peachy jack o'lanterns. Write a couple of letters and Dad broke off the second one in the middle because the typing got on his nerves. That was about 5 and I was really ready to blow up, for the atmosphere all day whenever Dad has been around has been at a high pitch of nervous tension as far as he and I were concerned. So Mother suggested that I run over to see Grace, which I did, and we walked all the way up to the corner and back here to show her my pumpkins, then walked home with her and back here for dinner. There was a gorgeous moon. When it was still twilight the moon was so bright that it cast our shadows in front of us as we walked back from the corner. I was darned cold, too. After dinner Tavie and I played Rummy and Bob dropped in about 8. I was surprised for I really hadn't expected him to be back so soon. I hurriedly changed my clothes, and shortly after we went out. He didn't get his Plymouth, but instead a perfectly smooth mulberry red DeSoto four-door sedan, '39, with an overdrive and everything. Golly, it's nifty. We went into S.O.S. and talked to Clint for a while, then picked up Charlie (who had worked until 10 and sent Angie to the sales meeting in his place), had a beer, then drove to Palm Springs and back, met Bob Cook and _____, and demonstrated our new car, had a beer, then left them and home about 12:30, after finding a rattle snake on the way. Being with Bob this evening just made the whole day end perfectly. Oh, he's such a darling. I love him more every time I see him. What, oh Lord, what am I going to do? What are we going to do? I wish I knew.

October 27, Friday [Coachella]

Up about 8:30 and buzzed downtown about an hour later with Mother and Tavie. Went over to Churchman's Auto Works, which Bob had recommended as a good place to have the fender fixed. No one was there, so a little later when I saw Bob we went over to the Buick agency and he got a price on the fender of \$2.75, and Chevrolet had said \$6.00. How about that! Talked with Tavie for a time while Mother was in seeing Dr. Burke, then I dropped Bob at his car and came home by Coachella. This afternoon pressed my skirts after gathering Perc's truckload of firewood and stacking it. Grace dropped in with her mother shortly before Mr. Jim Bunnell (his wife, Betsey, is in bed because of a bad heart which was just discovered) left. Talked, and after taking a bath and having a bite of dinner, picked up Grace and we went to see Anna Neagle in "Nurse Edith Cavell" - splendid. Also Edna May Oliver and May Robeson. Excellent picture. Grace and I wept buckets. Then saw the fashion show; the only thing we really liked was a yummy white evening dress that Helen Paul modeled. S.O.S.

A total eclipse of the moon tonight; started at eight and by 10:30 it was complete. The strangest thing. Sort of a red-brown glow was over it when it was complete. The stars

all popped out brightly as its whiteness diminished. Bob took Grace and me for a buzz in his new car, then Grace and I came home and now it's 11:30 and I'm tucking in right now. Of all things - when I came home, here was Zeke on my bed with his tail pounding the wall with his great big meat bone reposing neatly in the center of my bed. Lights bright. Bob's a darling.

October 28, Saturday [Coachella]

Hecktick [sic] day all around. Tonight Bob came at 7 for dinner - fried chicken - and about 8:30 we went to Clint's home. Then to the dance at the Women's Club. Very nice. I had two and a half drinks all evening, but made it appear as though I were keeping up with the rest of them. What is in the cards for Bob and me? I'm still in the dark. Home about 3. Zekey has been sick all night, poor pup. Mother was in here taking care of him. Cold now, going to turn in.

October 29, Sunday [Coachella]

Up about 9:30, went down to Coachella to get the mail and the funny papers. Talked to Utah in Kelley's drug store and played the marble machine with him a bit - fun. Dinner at two. Nina, Perc and Earl joined us for it. Just after we finished - about 3:15 or 3:30, as I was drying the dishes for Mother, Bob dropped by and we put a little more mileage on the car by driving over to Palm Springs and back. On the way over we stopped at the rattlesnake pit. Fun. The Pacific Diamondback, or whatever he is called, is a striking and beautifully marked rattler. The sunset was gorgeous. Many clouds. First rose glow and all the blues and purples, then in the west it turned a pure gold. It was breathtaking, and with the shadows and light on the mountains - golly! A coke in Indio and home.

(Sigh) - something died last night, and I'm doubtful as to whether anything can bring it back to life again. Oh, lord, I don't want to hurt Bob now, too. When will I find someone who can make me settle down and pin my affections to him for good and ever and let me stop making a dozen men unhappy. I'm too soft, I guess, too soft-hearted. It's hard to take. I know what it's like to love someone deeply and lose him.

Home about 6:30 this evening. Mother and Dad shortly afterward went out for dinner with the Goodspeeds. They had been going to have a bunch of people in to play poker this evening, but it was called off. So I wrote letters, read, Earl and Tavie left for a while, then he brought her back and she turned in and now it's a bit after 10 and I'm going to do the same. Sky overcast mostly tonight, and the moon has a tremendous ring around it, the biggest one I've ever seen. Just here and there a few stars shine through the clouds. I'm awfully tired and sleepy, though I don't know why I should be; after all, I did get 5 1/2 hours sleep last night, and though it's not my usual 8, still it's not bad. 'Night.

October 30, Monday [Coachella]

Little today. Up about 8:30, went downtown. Buzzed about, got cross-examined by Mrs. Wilson of the Date Palm, met Bob and we had a coke, then he took me back to the car and I wen up to the Casita [Hospital] but Doc. Morris wasn't there, so stopped in to

see Doc. He's been up and about quite a bit but was in bed this morning. Home, and after luncheon wrote three letters (5 yesterday), and about 4:30 raked the lawn. Dinner and tonight Tavie and I played some Gin, then I washed my hair and took a shower and it's now 9:30 and I'm going to turn in. The most beautiful sunset. The whole western sky turned a brilliant orange-, or rather flame-red, about the color of a flame-red gladiola. Lovely. That was while I was out raking the lawn.

Dad is a darling. I shouldn't ever become angry with him. In fact, I have a pretty grand family. They're really tops. Couldn't possible be better. Tonight they turned in extra early because they hadn't gotten in until three this morning.

Bootsie, while I was playing with her this evening, got rough and gave me a beauteous long scratch along the left side of my chin. It stings. Why do I never have sense enough to keep myself out of trouble? It would save me a heck of a lot of worry if I did. Oh, golly. Cool tonight but not as cool as it had been up until last night. Sweet dreams.

October 31, Tuesday [Coachella]

Hallowe'en, by golly. A letter to Teach this morning, then went in to Indio with Mother to do the shopping. Dashed about, stopped in to see Dr. Morris. Didn't see m'love. Home and after luncheon wrote some more letters. Then scraped the labels off of some suitcases prior to putting some neat's foot oil on them, dinner, played some Rummy with Tavie, then started sorting out, throwing away, etc., the contents of the two suitcases. That took quite a while, and it's now 11:30 and I'm pretty tired, though I've done nothing to make myself so. Golly, have an awful lot to do the next five days, what with washing, ironing, altering, unpacking and re-packing. Gee, whiz - I'm not sure just how I'll get all my part of it done. Wow! It scares me just to think of it.

November 1, Wednesday [Coachella]

Up about 7:30 - right cold - I had to clean the whole front porch, walls and all, and do quite a washing besides, before I got warm. Then went downtown. Saw m'love. Did the shopping and stopped in to see Doc for a minute. Then home and put some oil on a couple of suitcases, luncheon, and washed a bunch of clothes worthy of a laundry. Ironed most of them, then dinner and about 8 Bob dropped in. Mother and Dad were over seing Deac's new home. He and Tavie and I talked, then Mother and Dad came home and shortly afterward went to bed. Bob and I talked 'til about 10:30 and then he left. He certainly is a dear. Golly, sometimes - well, when I'm with him, he just casts a spell over me - I don't know whether it's the real thing or not. Pues, ^quien sabe? It's one of those things that only time can settle. It's now almost a quarter of 12 methinks I'll turn in. 'Night, all. Lights bright, but I wish we weren't leaving so soon.

November 2, Thursday [Coachella]

Up about 7:30 and spent the day unpacking and re-packing except for a quick trip downtown this afternoon. Bob dropped in late this afternoon and after dinner he, George Robinson, Clint Abernathey and Ivan Estes went bowling over in Palm Springs; fun, though I couldn't seem to do a thing. Almost broke a hundred the second game, though,

which although not good, was a lot better than the first and third games, when my scores were 57 and 40 respectively. The second game was 97 - wow! How 'bout that! Then to some place or other, I forget the name, where we had a drink and listened to some guitar music and then home by way of S.O.S. where we dropped Clint and Ivan; George lives in Palm Springs. It's not the real thing, but Bob is such a darling that I hate to hurt him. Oh, golly. My turn came once but according to the laws of averages it should come again unless I'm darned lucky [?]. Boots is having a lovely time playing around my room and getting into all sorts of mischief. Now a little past one-thirty and I'm turning in inmediate.

November 3, Friday [Coachella]

Over to Palm Springs this morning with Mother, where we saw Thelma and did a bit of shopping. Then home and did a bit of shopping. Then home, and I did practically nothing all afternoon until Grace came over; talked, and Mother and Tavie and I walked home with her and came back with our arms full of violet roots and laden with all sorts of flowers from their garden. The Jarvises are swell neighbors. I like them lots. Tied paper bags on Boot's feet this afternoon while Grace was here and we all just howled. Bootsie was just too funny for words. After dinner Grace and I went to see "The Real Glory" - Gary Cooper, David Niven and Andrea Leeds. Very good indeed. Story based on the early days of the U.S. Marines in the Philippines. Very tense and exciting. Then S.O.S. and had a coke with Bob and home. Now about 11:20 and bed very shortly. 'Night. A week from now we'll have been two days on the high seas.

November 4, Saturday [Coachella]

Buzzed about town this morning, saying goodbye to people, Jackie Lambert, "Doc" Mills, etc., and did the shopping besides. Saw Bob for a few moments. This afternoon did little. Grace came over for a while. Letter from Mollie Hitchcock, and she's engaged to Tommy Ennis! Of all things I never expected that!

Tonight the Yosts, Goodspeeds, Deac and Dr. Donald Wilmuth came out for a buffet dinner, crap and poker. What an evening! Doc and I hopped downtown to get some fizz water, then to Indio to see whether he'd had any calls from the hospital, had a copita at the Hotel Indio bar and when we started to come home the battery was dead, so Norman Hunt gave us a push in his car and we finally managed to get home. Doc is interesting; specializing in cancer research, Dr. Morris' assistant at the moment, interrupting his research in Virginia. Everyone left about 3 and it's 3:30 now and I'm frozen nearly stiff and going to curl under in about two minutes. Brrr. A week off - Hmmm. 'Night.

November 5, Sunday [Coachella]

It's a bit after one right now and I just came home from a most enjoyable evening in Palm Springs with Bob and George. I'm very tired. Today was just a regular Sunday until evening came along when Bob and I started out by going to a little circus just outside of Indio. Won "Porky" by shooting darts. Named it my nickname, Curly, and gave it to Bob

to remember me by. Drove on the road to Blythe and down, to see the lights of Indio from above. Took in Luau, Doll House, and Royal Palm. Gee whiz, Bob is so doggoned sweet. Wonder, though, when I'll stop being restless. Soon, I hope. Due to this new neutrality act, etc., we may not sail the 8th. May possibly be delayed until the next sailing, about a month off. How 'bout that! We'll see. 'Night. Weary, cold.

November 6, Monday [Coachella]

Just 12 right now - midnight - the witching hour. Dashed about this morning, shopping and bidding farewell to people. This afternoon Dad received a reply to the wire he sent to New York regarding the cancellation of visas to New Zealand and Australia, saying that the New York office had telephoned the State Dept. in Washington and that the cancellation of our visas would be immediately revoked.

Grace and I drove downtown late this afternoon, shopped and talked to Bob. He'd gotten the evening off so that he could see me and here I had a date with Don Wilmoth. Much helter-skelter and telephone calls and all. Wept bitterly - wow! Dinner and just a while after Don arrived Perc came over with a message from the Matson Line saying that due to something or other in San Francisco the sailing of the "Monterrey" would be delayed at least 24 hours. So we'll not leave here 'til Wednesday noon. Nice evening with Don. He's very interesting. I like him. Good mind, and so interested in his field - cancer research.

November 7, Tuesday [Coachella]

Feel very sad tonight; oh, so blue. But it just has to be. The ship is sailing Thursday evening. The strike was settled far too soon. Today went downtown with Mother and Tavie, talked with Bob a while. Then home and luncheon and packed most of my things this afternoon. Grace came over a bit after 4 and we had a cigarette and Dad fixed us an Old Fashioned apiece. Then she left to go down and vote and after dinner and drying the dishes for Mother I picked her up and we went to see "Honeymoon in Bali" - Fred MacMurray and Madeleine Carroll. Good - crazy but enjoyable. Then took a coke to Bob over at the station and he got off work at ten and Grace got something at the drug store while Bob and I took a last short drive - and said adios. So now who knows when or whether I'll see him again. I don't. Oh, lord, it's miserable; me too.

Mrs. Vanderburg came unexpectedly today at 3, so Tavie spent the afternoon in town with her and came home with Mother about 8:30. Nina gave a speech tonight at the Lion's Club. Zekey was so mournful all afternoon. He saw the packing going on and knew that something was very wrong. Poor little pooch. Oh golly, if I don't stop this I'm going to break down and really bawl. Have kept a stiff upper lip up to now. Almost weakened when I left Bob at the station. Grace is a darned sweet kid. I like her ever so much. Oh, I hate to leave. Of course, I wouldn't not leave, but it's so terribly hard pulling up stakes again. But at least this is home and we'll be back sometime - 2 years, four, or heaven knows when, but we'll be back. Please let it be easy on Bob. I do love him and that makes it hard, but I also believe that it wouldn't last, so it just has to be. He is such a doggoned good egg, a really swell fellow. Oh, lord above. Quiet, Burnett, let's have no

lachrimose lassies around here. It's bad enough as it is without having a flood. Hate so to leave Tavie and the boys. I have a wonderful bunch of relatives. They're really tops. Good night, and I hope the lights grow brighter soon.

November 8, Wednesday [en route]

So the second lap of our journey started today. Feel terribly sad and depressed. Rainy, cloudy day - grey; the first time that I can remember seeing the valley clouded over. Finished packing this morning and about 11:30 went down to the station. Tavie and the boys and Nina and Mrs. Vanderburg were there - and Zekey. He'd been feeling so blue all morning that it was pitiful, and at the station he perked up because he thought he was going with us. Poor little thing. Wonder how he's feeling now. Tavie felt awfully low too. Didn't go over to see S.O.S.; it was better not, and I think he understood. As the train pulled out he was there and waved to us as we went by. Oh lord, he's a darling. I wonder whether it could ever work out. But anyway, all my memories of this past six weeks are nice, and we left when the valley was blooming, which was nice, too. I had to use a lot of will power to keep from bustin' down, both in the station and after we pulled out of Indio.

The train got into L.A. about 4:30. Grand new station. Came up to the Biltmore and then Mother and I decided to go see "The Wizard of Oz," but the theatres in which it is playing are too far away. So instead, after a milk shake and a sandwich we went to see "Mr. Smith Goes to Washington" - very good. Jean Arthur and James Stuart [sic], Harry Carey as the President of the Senate was excellent. Then back to the hotel, wrote a letter to Bob, took a bath and washed my hair and now it's just a bit past 12. Attempted assassination of Hitler yesterday; was in the papers when we returned. In the elections yesterday No. 1 was defeated by more than 2 to 1 - good. But No. 5 was also defeated, darn it. The fools who voted against it don't know anything about it. Stupid. As to Hitler, wish the attempt had succeeded. Wonder what Bob is doing tonight. (Sigh). 'Night.

November 9, Thursday [S.S. Monterey]

So now it's 10:45 P.M. and I've set foot for the last time in a long while, two years or so, anyway, on the soil of North America. Up this morning about 8:30, did some shopping with Mother, luncheon, more shopping, and returned to the hotel about 2:30. Learned that we couldn't go on board until 7:30 so stuck around. Dad called up to see whether the Yosts could have dinner on board with us and learned that no visitors were allowed aboard without special permits, which he could have gotten so easily had he known earlier. So instead they had dinner with us at the Biltmore, down to San Pedro and about 9:30 they left and we came aboard. Very nice ship - Matson "S.S. Monterey."

It's 11:15 now. Just met my room-mate, a very nice Melbourne lady, Mrs. Melville. We chatted a while and by now the ship is full speed ahead and the shore lights are very dim and far away. Funny, but there's quite a definite nostalgic feeling in me. But I must put the past behind me; so be it.

The ship is jam full; every room filled. That's how I happen to be sharing my room. But I don't mind for she seems to be very pleasant. So now I think I'll put this up and turn

in. Am very tired, though I don't know why, for I haven't been doing anything in particular today. Wonder how everyone down in the valley is coming along. This is the first time in four years that I've been any place on a ship. It's good to be out at sea again. 'Night.

November 10, Friday [S.S. Monterey]

Up about 9 this morning after a grand sleep. About 10 Mother and I went up on deck, saw about deck chairs and so on, walked about a bit. Chilly. About 1 had luncheon and then back to our staterooms. I read for a while and then dropped off to sleep and slept until 5 - amazing! Then down to the baggage room to pick out Mother's and my trunks, dressed for dinner, dinner and then went up to the lounge where some Keeno [sic] was played and I passed out cards along with about 6 other girls. Then Dad went downstairs, Mother and I walked about a bit, then down to our cabins and Mother turned in, but I was so wide-awake that I went up again. An old lady who had bought Keeno cards from me was looking for some friends so I went with her. We talked for a little while; her name is Mrs. Huybers. Then a lad named Geoffrey Davis came by and asked me to dance, which we did, a drink, then it was about 11:30 and I came down. Now, after setting my watch back half an hour, it's a quarter to 12. Am going to wash my face and tuck in. Golly, it's certainly easy to sleep on this ship.

November 11, Saturday [S.S. Monterey]

Armistice Day - 21 years after, and look at the world today. Nice day today, most of it. Wrote some cards this morning. Little else. After luncheon washed my hair, a boat drill at 3:30, met Elsa Stevenson, Mother and I had some tea after she and Dad had a highball. Elsa and I played some shuffleboard back aft in the cabin class whatever-you-call-it. Sneaked down there because 1st-class passengers aren't allowed there without a pass, which we didn't have. Played with a friend of hers down there.

Dressed, and dinner. Afterward saw "Five Came Back" again - Chester Morris. Good character sketch. Spent most of the afternoon and evening dodging my "friend" Davis - wow! He simply won't take a hint. Golly. Mother and I listened to the music for a while, then came below and it's 11:25 now and I'm tucking in right now. Am tired. My legs ache.

November 12, Sunday [S.S. Monterey]

Little today. A beautiful one it was, however. This morning wrote some cards. Passed the "Matsonia." Nice looking ship. Many trips to and from the Purser's Office this afternoon seeing about declarations and such things. Another encounter with Davis, from which Mr. Jim Whitaker rescued me. We had tea and talked for a bit, then I came below, dressed for dinner - my "princess" dress. Dinner. After a cocktail (highball for me), then up to the lounge to play Keeno; I sold cards again, and Dad won once, but 2 other people won that time, too, so it was split and he only made a bit over 12 dollars. Then into the ballroom or whatever where Dad stayed for one dance, then went below. The 2nd Engineer, Mr. Semple, asked me for a dance, which I gave him with pleasure - very nice

dancer - then he joined us at our table. A bit later Mr. Whitaker also joined us, so the four of us spent a very enjoyable evening and about 11:30 Mother and I came below and it's now 12:15 and it's me for bed. 'Night. Lights bright. Lovely night.

November 13, Monday [S.S. Monterey]

Up later than usual this morning - about 9. Went on deck, talked to the man to whom I'd sold the winning card for the \$71 Keeno bag last night. Then watched the horse races, wrote a letter, had luncheon, wrote some post cards, talked with Mr. Whitaker and another chap, Bruce Richards. Davis came up to me and announced that I was to be his partner in the games at 2:30. I said, sorry, but I wasn't going to go in for the games this afternoon. Darn it, 'cause I had wanted to participate. Wrote a few more cards and mailed them and had tea with Whitaker. Then came below and dressed for dinner. Dinner, afterward the movie, "Good Girls Go To Paris" - Joan Blondell, Melvyn Douglas - fair, some good laughs. Then went into the Pavilion (Dad had gone below before the movie) with Mother and Mr. Whitaker. Mr. Semple joined us and we again spent an enjoyable evening. Came below about 12, I washed my hair and it's now 1:30 and since I want to get up at 6 in the morning, I think I better turn in. Perfectly gorgeous day. Wow!

November 14, Tuesday [S.S. Monterey]

Up at 10 to 6 this morning. Dressed and went up to the boat deck about 10 of 7. An attractive L.A. woman was there, Mrs. Dillon, walking her German Police Dog, "Silver." She, unfortunately, was leaving us at Honolulu. Wish I'd met her before, or that she'd been going on to Australia. Also Mr. Semple and Mr. Whitaker were there. Perfect morning. Makapu Point, Mount Koko, Diamond Back and all. Heavenly. Aloha Tower stood out. Also the Royal Hawaiian Hotel. A gem of an island, Oahu.

Went down for breakfast at 8:15. Hot cakes - mmmm. Went ashore at 9, after docking to the music of the Royal Hawaiian Band. Exciting, thrilling and very festive, what with leis, bright warm sunlight (hot, really) and all the atmosphere in the world. Took a taxi and went to Pali, Mt. Tantalus, where Kamehameha I threw the warriors of the opposing army over the cliff, the Punch Bowl, though one of the army residential sections, over to Pearl Harbor, though not inside. The Royal Hawaiian Hotel and the Royal Mausoleum. Everything lovely and wonderful that has ever been said about Hawaii, and more particularly Oahu, is true, quite. It's perfectly enchanting. Saw many of our old friends of Venezuela days - the hibiscus hedges, the "copa de oro," the flambuoyant [sic] tree, plumbago etc., etc. The drive to Tantalus was a perfect delight, forested in some places, and in all places luxuriantly green. From the lookout on Tantalus the view was breathtaking; beautiful greens of varying shades in the valley below, with the earth a lovely purple-maroon in one place, and the roads a brilliant red (the dirt roads, that is). It was indescribably lovely, and the drop to the plain below was as sheer as anything I've ever seen. Cold, chilly anyway, up there, with a strong trade wind. The Upside-Down Falls - very interesting indeed. The stream that once served as the royal bath in back of the Mausoleum. Everywhere a perfect paintbox of brilliant color - and everything everywhere is beautifully kept up. The Oahu Country Club - lovely. And the

strange and fascinating odors - one in particular, pungent, spicy that took me back to someplace, sometime far away. I can well understand how people go there once and stay for always.

Back to the ship for luncheon, then went out and got me an Hawaiian guitar, and thereby hangs a tale which I won't go into! Back to the ship, some lovely lei, went up on the boat deck, talked to Mr. Semple and Whitaker, who happened to be there too, when the Empress of Japan docked, all a dull grey. Saw a U.S. airplane carrier headed for Pearl Harbor, with two destroyers. Leaving, or rather just before, while the band was playing, we were throwing serpentines, and as I threw one, my wide Mexican bracelet flew off my wrist! I thought it was gone for good, but Mr. Whitaker managed to retrieve it for me before the ship sailed. I thought it was gone for good, and was just sick for it's my favorite bracelet, and it was the last thing that was ever given to me in Venezuela. Golly, that was lucky! The "Aloha Oe" and we threw our leis into the water, though it was really too dark (6:10 or 6:15) to see whether they drifted back to shore. No dinner. Went in to see "Charlie Chan in Reno" - fair, then met Mr. Whitaker and we talked for a long time and came below about 11, and now it's nearly one and I'm so tired I can hardly keep my eyes open. Oh yes, as we left the harbor, the lights of the city and those of the homes up on the mountain sides gave a beautiful, almost unreal effect. Lovely place, Hawaii; should very much like to live there one day. 'Night. The motors throbbing and the waves outside are so soothing. Am sure I'll be asleep about 1 second after I turn out the light.

November 15, Wednesday [S.S. Monterey]

Up about 9:30 this morning, dressed and up on deck about 15 to 11. Meeting concerning sports tournaments and I was given the job of secretary! Secretary of the sports committee, that is. And everyone has been telling me how grim it will be. Ah, me. Well, I'm in for it now, so I'll have to try to do a good job of it.

Played some table quoits and Bullboard with Ailsa and a couple of men before luncheon. After luncheon went up and played a game of deck quoits with Ailsa; then the two men with whom we'd played before luncheon joined us and insisted that we play about umpteen more games with them, and then some table tennis! I had on a flannel dress and was so hot I could have dropped anyway, and besides that was tired as all get out. Ailsa and I finally broke loose about 4, had a coke and I came below and took a nice long bath, about and [sic] hour, dressed, a drink with Mother and Dad, dinner and then into the lounge for some Keeno. Sold two winning cards but couldn't make it myself - came within one number. Then into the Pavilion. Mr. W. joined us, then Mr. Semple shortly after Dad went below. A dance with Mr. Myers, the Chief Purser - tall nice looking man - and a very good dancer. As good as Mr. S. These ships officers surely know how! A very pleasant evening, and came below about 12:20 or so.

Broke my right thumb nail down past the quick in deck tennis this afternoon - 't hurts. So now it must be past 1:15 so I must needs retire to be on hand for my job tomorrow morning. 'Night - lights bright. Am rather weary. Didn't set our watches back a half hour tonight for the first time since we left L.A.

November 16, Thursday [S.S. Monterey]

Busy day today, dashing madly about, calling people on the phone from 10:30 to 5. Ah me. Won the ping pong and the table quoits and lost the Bullboard. At 5 Miss Werry, Ailsa, Mr. Bull, Mr. Rand and I had a drink; then I came below, dressed, dinner, the "Second Fiddle" - Sonja Heine, Ty. Power, Edna Mae Oliver - I'd seen it before. The skating and Edna Mae were excellent. Mr. Semple joined Mom and me for it. Then on deck for a while, then into the Pavilion. Mr. Ball joined us. Nice. I surely like Mr. Semple. He's cute. (Awful word, cute - but anyway, he's darned nice company.) Now it's about 1:30 and I better turn in pronto for I have to be up by 7:30 'Night.

November 17, Friday [S.S. Monterey]

Crossed the equator this morning, about 10, but I was so busy that I didn't even think of the time. Up about 8 with the sun streaming in my port holes. Up on deck at 9. From ten on until 1 it was a madhouse. Young Dick Turnbull (yesterday he helped me lots on his own hook so I made him a member of the committee - Assistant-in-Chief - and golly, was he proud when I pinned the badge on him! He'd been a bit shy, darling youngster, I'm crazy about him - you can't help loving him. He's 14, a perfect gentleman if ever there was one. Cute as punch) was immeasurably helpful today - he's page-boy. Played off my second round ping-pong with Miss Leonard and lost. Busy as all get out all afternoon. Stopped at 5:30 and played second round table quoits with Mr. Hudson and won, with the vehement moral support of Dick. Notes to all the first-rounders to play at certain times or default, then a "Committee Meeting" with Mr. Ball and Julie Werry.

Dressed, dinner, then on deck. Dad played in the bridge tournament - Mother, Mr. Ball, Mr. Semple, Mr. W., Miss Stedeford, young Dick for a while, and Mr. Coppard (and Dad after the tournament) and I enjoyed the soft breezes and music in the Pavilion. Very pleasant evening, beautiful day. Golly! One incident this evening in connection with Davis - quite laughable afterwards. It's now 1:15 and I must make my ablutions and retire pronto. Must be on deck at the desk for work by 9:30 at the latest, 9:15 preferably. 'Night. Quite tired this evening.

November 18, Saturday [S.S. Monterey]

Up at 8; up at the desk from 9 to one. Then lost the table quoits to Julie Werry. Dick was cute - my cheering section. (I'm in the john now, writing this on my knee, {so my writing's not so good} for I'm smoking a cigarette and don't want the smell of smoke to awaken Mrs. Melville - not that I know it would, but it might). Luncheon, then worked in a veritable whirl wind 'til about 4 when poor Dick got so hoarse he could hardly speak - well, not that bad, but he was on his way - when I took over his job as much as he'd let me and put Mother and Ailsa at the desk. Dashed madly about, getting hoarse myself until 6:30 when Ailsa, Mr. Ball and I had a "Committee Meeting," then took a cold bath for a half hour, dressed and dinner. Then on A deck where I sent a couple of notes to people who hadn't played their 2nd and 3rd rounds. Didn't go to see "Young Mr. Lincoln," as Mother and I had seen it. Dad retired early and she, Mr. W., Mr. S. and I talked on deck a while, then in for the dancing. Mother retired about 15 to 11. The ship's doctor joined us

and we spent a very pleasant 2 hours, 'til the music stopped, then I came below, washed my hair and now it must be about 1:30 or so, so I'm for bed, for I want to be up by 7:30 to see us come into Pago Pago at 8:30 or 9 in the morning. 'Night. Awfully tired.

November 19, Sunday [S.S. Monterey]

Up at 7:30, breakfast, up on the boat deck about 10 to 9. The island of Samoa from the sea looks very much like the first view of the island of Oahu. Anchored at 10 or thereabouts. Went ashore in launches. A perfect gem of an island, so lovely that it seems impossible; Samoa, they say, is a perfect example of the fabled South Sea Islands. The only white people there are those of the U.S. Navy base. The U.S.S. "Ontario" and a Naval Research ship, the U.S.S. "Bushnell," were in the harbor, the latter taking on 4,000 barrels of oil from us. A Mr. Bryan or Ryan or whatever left the "Monterey" there to be stationed at "Pango" for 18 months as the Chief Engineer of the "Ontario." Beautiful little hidden harbor, clear as could be - coral banks, and the most lush vegetation imaginable. Went ashore about 11, walked about and bought a couple of pieces of tapa cloth and purses, and a dozen delicious mangoes. The natives, Polynesians [sic] are happy good natured people. The native policemen are quite impressive in their long white wrap-around skirts with blue bands around the hem, red cummerbunds underneath regulation Army belts, white ordinary shirts and red hats about this shape [parallelogram] taller than sailor caps, but on the same order. Nearly all the native men wear brilliant flowered or pastel wrap-around skirts - long. Many bicycles. Five miles of road in the whole island. No snakes.

Back to the ship about 12:30 - it had been warm ashore, not to say hot, though I understand we got a comparatively cool day. They say that it usually rains 5 minutes to the hour. So today we set foot for the last time in many moons on American soil. A definite nostalgia in the thought, and who could have thought it of me, the cosmopolitan. Ah me. I guess in spite of all my living in foreign counties, I'm an American first.

Left Samoa at 6. Up on the boat deck 'til nearly 6:45, dressed, dinner, and then "Only Angels Have Wings" - Jean Arthur and Cary Grant - for the 3rd and a half time, with Mother and Mr. S. After the movie Mother went below, Mr. S. and I went into the Pavilion and joined Morgan Cennamo and Mr. Vivian there. Two nice chaps there, and of course Mr. S., Ray I think his name is. Three dances, a drink, and by that time it was 12:15, and Mr. S. brought me below and left me at my door. Was awfully cold during the movie and now I'm awfully hot - feel not too good - hmmm. Hard day tomorrow; 63 matches to get played off. Ah, me. 'Night. Am terribly tired.

Tomorrow we'll wake up and it will be Tuesday the 21st; the International Dateline. "Rain" was filmed in the hotel in "Pango," "Hurricane" was filmed on the island to the port side of us as we entered (or were going to, rather) the harbor. Perfect little emerald isle, American Samoa. Tomorrow at 10 we pass "Tin Can Island," where mail is left in tin cans in the sea.

November 20, Monday [International date line]

November 21, Tuesday [S.S. Monterey]

Great day today, though felt pretty rotten due to a cold in the chest coming on. Hope I've shaken it now, though I have my doubts. A cigarette with Mr. Semple late this afternoon, a "committee meeting" about 6:15 with Bill Ball and Ailsa. Mr. Glenn and Miss Bridson (Edna). Then dressed for dinner, dinner and then a Keeno game. Sold two winning cards this evening. That makes 9 I've sold so far, but I can never pick one for myself. The Pavilion with Mother and Dad. Joined Mr. Ball and Miss Blake, then Dad left. Ailsa, Pat Taylor and some man joined us, along with Roy Reed and Miss Stedeford. Mr. S. took me for a dance, then kidnapped me and took me to his table with some friends of his. Then a bit at our table; Pali Glide tonight - I loved it - also the Lambeth Walk. R.S. is a good egg. Lots of fun and very hearty. Gorgeous moon tonight; it will be full the 26th (according to the L.A. papers, which may be the 27th here??). Now 12:30; must wash my face and go to bed for I want to get up at 6 in order to be on deck at 7 to see us go into Suva. Roy Reed is going to be working in Fiji.

Terribly weary tonight, though now I don't feel quite as rotten as I have the rest of the day. 'Night. Lights bright.

November 22, Wednesday [S.S. Monterey]

Up at 6:45 (overslept); on deck at 7. Pretty place, Fiji, though not as pretty as Oahu and Samoa. The policemen with their scalloped skirts and bushy heads of hair were lovely. Drove quite a way out - then to the Grand Pacific Hotel, to the museum (very interesting), back to the ship. First time I've been on British soil (never did stop in Trinidad). My throat feels like the day after I had my tonsils out. Wow! Hard even to talk. Back to the ship at 12:30 and I slept through everything until 5:30 when Mother woke me up. I was really dead to the world. On deck in time to see the pilot leave us at the entrance to Suva harbor.

After dinner went on deck with Mom and she left me in Mr. S.'s care, and we saw "Maisie" - Ann Sothern and Robert Young, Ruth Hussey and Ian Hunter. I enjoyed it - so did Ray. Lot's of people didn't like it, but I still say I've seen lots less enjoyable movies by far. Mr. W. joined us and we went into the Pavilion - several dances, one with the Doctor; then came below. Despite my 5 hours sleep this afternoon I think I can still sleep like a log now. It's about 12:05. Bed, as soon as I wash my face. 'Night.

November 23, Thursday [S.S. Monterey]

Up at 7:30, on deck at 9. Semi-finals and finals in Paddle Tennis this morning. Miss Christian and Miss Colvin won the ladies' doubles against Dr. MacMahon and Miss Gepp. Very even match. Sidey and Young won against Dobbie and Mudge in the semis. Also very close. Good games. I'm red as a beet - legs, arms and face - sunburn. Wow! It looks alright, though. Wore my white organdy evening dress tonight, and don't know when I've had so many compliments paid me - even R.S., who hadn't before, not in so many words (and that "so many" is not to indicate profuseness) anyway. This afternoon watched a couple of deck quoits finals, then R.S. took J.W. [Julie Werry] and me through the engine room and galley - wow! Certainly a lot snappier than on any ship I've been on

before. I was wide-eyed the whole time. Then played my first game of paddle tennis with Mr. Long, Dr. Blackburn and a girl I don't particularly care for - don't know her name. I couldn't do a blessed thing and I lost the set 6-0. Then he and I, Blackburn and little Miss Gepp's sister, I believe, played some deck tennis, which we won 6 - 2. My third game in that. Then shortly after that I came below, a nice hot bath and dressed for dinner. Not a particularly pleasant dinner but I think I saved it from being unbearable. Then to the Lounge - presentation of prizes - fun. A darling Treasure Island compact from the male members of the committee. Then an exciting Keeno game, then the Pavilion with Mr. Ball, Edna Bridson, Tom Glenn (knows Tom Blair of Vacuum); Pat Blake, another chap and Miss Stedeford, R.S. - nice. Palais Glide - I'm wild about it, truly - can't get it out of my system. Wonderful. About 1 we were doing it down the star-board deck when we saw a green flare (thought at first that it was a shooting star). Then about 5 minutes later 3 of us thought we saw a second one; much excitement. Thought it might be some ship in distress, but finally decided it couldn't be. Met Julie. They all wanted us to go below and have some tea, but Julie and I declined, and came below to turn in.

Gorgeous day and night. Moon very bright. Thanksgiving Day today. Must wash my face and go to bed. Tired. Don't have to set my alarm tonight; how wonderful. The first time in a week - wow! Am I going to enjoy me sleep tonight. Now 2:30 - 'night.

November 24, Friday [S.S. Monterey]

Up at 10:30. Cold. Johnny and Whitey got some pineapple juice especially for me. Darned sweet of them - nice kids. On deck; fooled around a while, then watched a bit of paddle tennis with Mr. Ball and got warmed up a bit, there in the sun. Then a coke with Mr. Walker. He's a funny old lamb. I like him. Luncheon, then wrote a short letter to Bob. Mr. Strang took J.W. and me up on the bridge - a beauty - ship steered automatically by gyro-compass so I couldn't steer it - shucks. Very nice chat before the fire and boat drill, after the drill tea, then watched some paddle tennis. A game of deck tennis with Mrs. Thun, Miss Colvin and Miss Richardson. Mrs. Thun and I won 6-2. Wow! A coke with her and her husband (a Pennsylvanian - Phila., I think - she's a Tasmanian girl). Then a long hot bath, dressed, dinner with Mother - Dad was at a Masonic dinner - and then saw "Tarzan Finds a Son" - Johnny Weissmuller and Maureen O'Sullivan. Then danced 'til nearly one and came below (usually the orchestra stops at 12:30). Spent the evening with R.S. Very pleasant indeed, but I'm very tired now (yawn) - must get up at 5:45 in the morning. Golly, how can I do it? It's 1:30 now and I haven't washed my hair yet. Well, 'night.

November 25, Saturday [S.S. Monterey]

Clocks back 40 minutes tonight - oh boy! Just means that much more sleep for me in the morning. Up at 6:30 this morning, on deck at a quarter to 7, immigration authorities at 7:30, breakfast at 8:15, quick change and flurry to find black bag and gloves (finally Mrs. Melville lent me some), on shore at Auckland about 9:30 with Mr. Hartshorn of New Zealand Vacuum Oil. War Memorial Park, tea and cakes, fed the black swans (red bills - striking looking and so very graceful and lovely), around and about, back to Grand Hotel,

met Mr. George Stout and he, Dad and Mr. Hartshorn talked business 'til nearly 1:30. Julie Werry talked with us a while - she's a sweet thing - also Mr. Walker, Mr. Strock, Mr. Rand.

Luncheon at the hotel, then drove about the countryside, along the waterfront; lovely (opening day of the yachting season - beautiful boats, but the wind was chill and the afternoon very grey). Saw a race at Eiller's Lie (pronounced Ellis Lee) Race Course, beauty of a course. Back to the ship about 4:15 - threw serpentines and waved valiantly. Felt very blue. Talked with Morgan Cennamo a while, then came below. Dinner at 7:30 - or 8, after a limonada with Ball, Rand, Mother and Dad. Then the movie, "The Hardys' Ride High" - with Pat Blake and Coppard. A short chat with R.S., but came below about 10:45 'cause was tired and congealed. Much warmer now in bed. It's 5 of 11 now, after setting back my watch. Going to have a cigarette and read a few minutes, then tuck in early, for a change. 'Night.

November 26, Sunday [S.S. Monterey]

It's now 12:15 after retarding my watch 40 minutes and I'm ready for bed except for washing my face. Full moon tonight; very calm seas, which I understand is very unusual for the Tasman Sea. At 12:30 changed course quite decidedly (or "altered" course, I supposed I should say), veering several points to port - wonder why.

Up this morning about 8:30, washed my curly-locks, on deck with Mother about 10. Cold. Sun out about 12 or so, as young Coppard and I were walking the deck, getting me warm. Luncheon at 1, then read in my stateroom until 2:30, went on deck and played a couple of games of deck tennis with Pat Taylor - good sport for getting warm - talked a bit with J.W. and R.S. Had my guitar tuned at 5 by one of the chaps in the orchestra, then I snapped one of the strings, darn it. Below about 6, hot bath and dressed for dinner, dinner and then the Keeno game. Mother and Dad didn't go in. Sold my 12th winner tonight, but couldn't win myself. Then the Pavilion with R.S. and another chap, Bill something or other. Ball and Pat Blake left us early. J.W. and an Auklander. Very nice evening. Very tired and sleepy now - 'night.

November 27, Monday [S.S. Monterey]

Didn't wake up until 10:30 this morning - wow! Dressed, on deck, a lemonade and lots of lovely crackers and cheese with Bill Ball, Bill, Mother and Marge Stedeford. Luncheon, then this afternoon deck sports, funny as all get out, in the Pavilion. Then about tea time had a chat with Val Coppard, then a nice hot bath, dressed, cocktails with Mr. Ball and a crowd in his room, and at dinner we had champagne with his complements [sic], balloons, flags and gaiety. After dinner we had him and Marge, Pat, Bill and Betty for liqueurs. Margaret Gilligan and I played some ping pong, also I played with a Canadian girl, Miss Johnson. Part of the movie, "Juarez," but I'd seen it before, and Mr. Ball, Marge and Bill woted against it for the present so we went in and danced. Very gay time and much fun. Val joined us a bit later. R.S. Now 5 of 1 after setting my watch back and I'm for bed soon as I wash my face. Great day, much fun - my blue balloons, the color of my dress, were all broken tonight, but I managed to keep a red one. J.W. Grand day -

much warmer, though not much sun, but tonight is perfect, bright moonlight. Lovely. Lights bright. 'Night.

November 28, Tuesday [S.S. Monterey]

Sydney. Up of my own accord at 10 to 6, dressed, on deck to see the Bridge and the Heads come in sight, quick but hearty breakfast of hot cakes, bacon and eggs, then on deck in time to see us go through the Heads, go past the "Wedding Cake" and anchor for quarantine. Saw Betty Bracey's little 6-months old American orphan, a darling. Finger-printed and all, then on the top deck to watch us go under the bridge and tie up. The while gang - everyone - was up there. Gay time, much picture-taking and all. Fun, hot sun. Ashore with Mr. Aarons of Vacuum; Hotel Australia for drinks and luncheon - very nice. Then Mother and I went to see "Beau Geste" - Gary Cooper, Ray Milland, Robert Preston, Brian Donleavy. Excellent. Almost as sad as the silent version.

Then back to the ship, freshened up a bit, then R.S. and I went ashore, saw "The Wizard of Oz," Judy Garland. Excellent indeed, crazy about it. Then to Prince's, a very nice night club. Joined Marge S. and Sid Gordon for a drink and by that time it was 15 to 1, back to the ship by one, washed my hair, this and now it's 2:30 and I'm terrifically weary. Sydney is nice - gorgeous harbor - grand day. 'Night.

November 29, Wednesday [S.S. Monterey]

Up at 8, on deck about 9, then Mr. Aaron's chauffeur drove us all over around Sydney, to the Zoo, Aquarium, Koala Park, Manly and every place else imaginable. Beauteous day, though a trifle cool. I dozed quite a bit in the car. Met Mr. Ball and the gang at the Monterey on George Street, had tea and a good chat, left about an hour later, 4:30. Back to the ship, dressed, met Mr. Aarons at Prince's at 6:45, a drink and a perfect dinner perfectly served. About 8:30 went to see "The Wizard of Oz" again. No one had seen it but me, and heavens, I surely didn't mind. Tired and sleepy and cold. 11:40, must wash my face and turn in. How welcome bed will be - wow! 'Night.

November 30, Thursday [S.S. Monterey]

Up at 10:30 after a lovely sleep, dressed, did a bit of packing, then Mother and I had luncheon - Dad was ashore. On deck after luncheon talked with Val [Coppard] and Morgan [Cennamo], cast loose shortly after 4; a bit of excitement over a girl who fell overboard from a launch alongside of us - she was saved. About 6 went below and cleaned up for dinner, dinner at 7 and "King of the Turf" at 8 - I'd seen that before, too - with Morgan. Then Pat Taylor, R.S. and I went into the Pavilion; such a deserted place I never did see. When we left about 11, there were two other couples in there. Now 12:05 and I'm turning in right now. Sleepy.

December 1, Friday [S.S. Monterey]

Up at 8; nice sea today, very choppy in comparison to what it has been, cold and very blowy. Washed my hair and on deck by 9:30. Met Morgan, and he, Margaret and Josephine Gunnerson and I played Chinese Checkers and ate cheese crackers. Quite a hail

storm blew up and after the deck had dried we played paddle tennis and deck tennis. Then some more checkers and luncheon. After luncheon met Val [Coppard] and he and I walked the deck a bit, met Morgan and then Frank Burnham and we all went up and played paddle and deck tennis. Bitterly cold at first, but we got warm very quickly. Then a bit later Morgan, the G. girls, and I played some more paddle. Then tea, then I came below, finished up most of my packing, took a leisurely hot bath, dressed for dinner, dinner, then the concert with Mom, Dad, Dr, Hayden and Morgan. Then a game of Chinese Checkers, then the Pavilion with the G. girls, Morgan, Val, R.S., Dr. Blake and Mardi Gepp. Very gay evening but felt very sad. I loathe and detest goodbyes. And I've had to say so many of them. I get awfully sick of it - it seems that is one thing that one never gets used to. (Sigh). R.S. is such a good egg. I like him very much. Morg and Val are lots of fun too. Hope I'll see them in Melbourne. It's been a wonderful trip. Surely wish that it had just started. Wish there were a month or two more of it. Golly, it's been swell, all the way around. It seems that everyone else feels the same way about it. Ah me, well, it's very nearly two and since I must be up by 6, I think I better snooze. 'Night. Lights foggy - could weep at the drop of a hat.

October 8, Sunday [Coachella]

Well, a month from today we sail for Australia. Through sheer force of willpower managed to get almost my eight hours sleep this morning. Finally got up a little before ten. Dressed - It was chilly enough so that I wore a sweater and skirt. Went downtown (to Coachella) and got the funny papers and some apples for the niftiest apple pie that Mother made this afternoon. Deac came over about one. Had a pick-up luncheon.

Got out my old stamp album after not having seen it for six years and had the most wonderful time looking through it this afternoon and this evening. Some really good stamps in it.

Deac and Joyce came back about four and Deac couldn't stay for dinner after all. Nice dinner, played a game of Gin with Tavie, which she won. By that time it was about 7:30 and Mother, Tavie and Dad turned in, not having gotten much sleep last night. I worked a bit with my stamps, took a bath and washed my hair and it's now 10:20 and I'm going to turn in myself. Don't feel so pretty good at the moment. Lights bright.

October 9, Monday [Coachella]

Up a bit before seven this morning. Downtown with Mother a bit before 9. Tavie is grading dates again now. Perc says they're a little better than they were.

Did the shopping. Mother was having a permanent. Stopped in at Norman's drug store, had a coke, did this and that trying to pass the time o'day until eleven thirty when Mother was due to be finished with her permanent. Bought some post cards showing pictures of the valley here to send to the Junkers, and was writing things on the backs of them when who should drop in but Bob. We had a nice long talk. He's from Oklahoma too - Bless my soul. A really nice chap he seems to be. I'm looking forward to our date on Wednesday with a great deal of pleasure now. He's planning to go down to Colombia about the beginning of the year, with the Shell, probably.

About 11:15 I went over to pick up Mother. She wasn't nearly ready. Left Indio

about 12:30 - Coachella, home, into Coachella again to get some moth balls for Dad. Home, a bite of luncheon, little this afternoon but iron some slips and the nightie that I wore in the hospital. Dinner, and afterwards played some Gin with Tavie. Mother and Dad turned in about 8:30 and Tavie soon after. I washed out some things, got ready for bed and it's now almost 10:30 and I'm going to turn in right soon. Chilly again today, and particularly tonight.

October 10, Tuesday [Coachella]

Up at eight thirty, dressed and cashed a check at the bank in Coachella, and on to Indio where I did the shopping. Met Bob in Norman's drug store and we talked while we had a coke and a cigarette, then I drove him home. Came back by way of Coachella, got the paper and some milk. Luncheon, washed the dishes, set some buttons over on my maroon wool skirt, did a few things for Mother watered the grass on the walk just before dinner, cleaned up my room 'n' stuff. Dinner and then took Grace Jarvis to see "Fifth Avenue Girl" - Ginger Rogers, Walter Connolly, Verree Teasdale, Tim Holt and others. Most amusing. Grace and I felt so good after the movie that we acted completely goofy in the soda fountain next to the theatre where we had a couple of cokes and listened to the record machine. I'm sure that the girl at the fountain thought we were as tight as owls, or at least plumb daffy. Home. Gorgeous night out. Very cool and no wind. I may very easily be heading for getting my fingers burned. I don't know. Ah, well.

Deac and Tavie were playing Gin when I got home. Kibitized for a while, then undressed, washed my hair. Am now ready for bed and it's 11:30. May be breakers ahead.

October 11, Wednesday [Coachella]

It's now twenty to two, A.M., as I write this, and I've just come in from a perfectly nifty evening over at Palm Springs with Bob. Went to Luau bar for an appetizer before dinner, then to Palm Springs Hotel for dinner, Chi Chi Bar and Algiers. Had a marvellous evening. My last sentence of yesterday's weather forecast may still hold good. Bob didn't have his new car; he hasn't gotten it as yet. On the way over we stopped, killed a rattlesnake and Bob cut off his rattles for me, and they're now reposing neatly on the head of Address Unknown. [?] I shall try to keep mum tomorrow and make people think it's the work of the poltergeist.

This morning did the shopping and stopped to see Doc, and little else. Luncheon and this afternoon raked the lawn, watered the path to the side door, washed Zekey and little else. Bob came about 7 this evening. Golly, what a time. I really enjoyed the evening tremendously. Chilly now.

October 12, Thursday [Coachella]

Columbus Day and Deacon's birthday. Up about 8:15, dressed, did the shopping, home, luncheon, raked the two back lawns, watered the walk, drove downtown with Dad later on in the afternoon. Fairly warm today but chilly again this evening. Such grand weather here now. Such a lovely valley; it hurts to think of leaving it.

Mother and I went to see "The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes" - Basil Rathbone -

fairly good. Took a bath and washed my hair. Now ready for bed and tired. Have lost my appetite; most peculiar - now weigh 131.

Wrote a poem this afternoon, the first one I've written since the beginning of the summer. Funny, I've written very few poems since Elliot; no inspiration, I reckon. The title of the latest is "Moth Aware," and there may be something to that title, for aware or not, it seems that around a candle moths will be moths. I suppose that I'm being rather absurd, but then, it's fun to be absurd occasionally. This is the poem. In later years may I read it and grin at the rather immature, perhaps, philosophy it contains:

I want to burn my fingers	Deep and red and strong.
Just a little bit,	If fire burns, what of it?
Because it's fun when you're such fun -	We'll still have seen the flame -
Let's play with fire a bit;	And healing cannot take too long -
And we shan't think, "Tomorrow -	'Twon't be too high a flame -
What will come of that?"	For fingers burned a little
For me there's no tomorrow yet:	Hurt but just a bit -
Just present - nought but that;	And so I say, since it's such fun,
So lift the cup and drink it	Let's play with fire a bit.

Ho hum - 'tis a quarter to eleven, and as I said, I'm weary. 'Night.

October 13, Friday [Coachella]

Did the shopping this morning and buzzed about town at a great rate. Ran into my love and we had a coke at that soda fountain next to the theatre. Talked a bit and I dropped him at his house, then on to Coachella, got the mail - a nice letter from Kurt. Home, luncheon, hoed some of the Bermuda grass out of the drive way and golly! it was really warm. To cool off when it got so that I couldn't take it any longer I watered the walk. Came in about two and promptly fell asleep on the couch. Mother baked some bread and rolls and woke me up at three to eat one of them - Good - mmmm.

Went into Coachella with Dad a bit later - home and washed the car, etc., ran over to Perc's, etc. Dinner and then Tavie and I played three games of Rummy, and by that time it was about eight and everyone decided to turn in. So I took a bath and washed my hair and it's now ten o'clock. Going to read for a little while and then turn in. Bob hasn't yet gotten his car. Wish it's come soon, for he says he'll let me help him break it in. Lights bright.

October 14, Saturday [Coachella]

Up a bit before seven, dressed, waxed part of the floor in my room, then about 9:30 went in to do the shopping. Buzzed about. S.O.S. Stopped over to see Doc for a few minutes, then home, luncheon. Hoed out the rest of the grass in the driveway, watered the walk and so on. Spent a good bit of the afternoon in that big old eucalyptus tree next to the driveway, lying curled up along a big sloping branch, reading Thornton Wilder's

Woman of Andros. Hmm - I used to play in that old tree some twelve years ago with the Jarvis girls when they lived here. It was so peaceful up there, and I could watch all the lovely changes in the sunset.

Earl dropped by for a moment this afternoon. Mother and Tavie went downtown about three and returned about 5. Supper. Mother didn't have any. Earl came by for a while this evening and I made some pop corn. About eight Mother and Dad turned in. Deac dropped in and played some Rummy with Tavie while I read. Tomorrow afternoon we're going up the hill for dinner with Nina. About ten o'clock Deac left, Tavie went to bed, I got ready for bed, washed my face, etc., and now it's twenty to eleven and I'll be turning in very soon. Bob didn't come out this afternoon so I reckon he hasn't gotten his car yet. Am kinda tired, and a bit stiff in my back and shoulder muscles from yesterday. Double lookout and down to half speed ahead. 'Night.

October 15, Sunday [Coachella]

Little today. Played some Gin this morning with Tavie. She won as usual. Katherine Collins and Frances dropped over for a while around noon. I went into Coachella to get the mail and the paper. About 3:30 or 4 we four went up to Nina's and Perc's cabin for dinner. It has a new rock floor and is perfectly nifty. I was hungry for a change. Maybe the difference in altitude did it. Read magazines and talked and about 8:20 started back to the valley. Perfect night. Oh, golly! Home and I took a bath and washed my curly locks, among other things, and it's now a bit past 11:15 and I'm going to turn in practically immediately.

Poor little Zekey hasn't been feeling so well today. Don't know what is the matter with him. If I was stiff yesterday, I was twice as stiff today, but it's practically all gone now. Oh, yes, Leland and Crystal Yost dropped in for a while around noon, too.

Chilly tonight again. I'd worn a sweater and skirt up the mountain and was pretty cool after it got dark and until right now. New moon last night.

October 16, Monday [Coachella]

Downtown to do the shopping this morning - fun. Got myself a cute pair of white buckskin flat-heeled oxfords - nice. Met m'love, talked for a while. He asked me to go to a dance in Indio with him on the 28th. I'm glad - very. He's fun. Still hasn't gotten his car yet - gee whiz! Home, luncheon. Washed lots of clothes. Buzzed over to Perc's a couple of times, met Mr. Shields. Saw Deac. Grand day today. Had a cigarette in my little retreat "over the rainbow," and below the irrigation valves were open, flooding the lawn and I could easily imagine a lovely brook at the foot of the eucalyptuses. Dinner, and after washing the dishes Tavie and I played some Rummy and she beat me 4 out of 5. Everyone turned in about 8:30. These sleepy heads - it's awful. Now it's 9:30 and I'm already for bed (all ready, I suppose I should say) and yet I don't feel like going to sleep so early. But I guess I better, for Mother and I are going up to Riverside tomorrow to take Zekey to the veterinary. Poor pup - he's not feeling so well these days.

Oh, saw Sid this morning for the first time since last summer. He's still on crutches - broken ankle - but will be back on the job next week - good. Nice to see him again. At

this dance I wonder whether to be a "woman-of-the-world," a glamor girl or a gypsy. I think I'll wear my gypsy dress and be a gypsy having a lot of fun. Plenty of time later, on the boat and in Australia for formality and "glamor-girl-ity." Oh gawsh. Three weeks from day after tomorrow we sail - I hate to think of leaving so soon. Maybe if we could stay on here through the winter I might be ready to pick up stakes again in the spring, but at the moment - oh, I don't like to think of it. Lights bright.

October 17, Tuesday [Coachella]

Up about 6:30, dressed and off to San Bernardino and Riverside about 8; took Zekey to the vet's and found that there's nothing wrong with him except acute indigestion occasionally. Old Greyback (San Gorgonio) and its foothills looked perfectly lovely on the way up this morning. Did a bit of shopping in Riverside. Stopped at Wann's Kennels, and last summer they'd had this litter of wire hairs and one particularly took my fancy. Come to find out now that they kept him (they call him Chief) and that he's winning ribbons right and left and judged best of breed everywhere. Now isn't that something! Guess I know how to pick 'em.

Dr. Reid wasn't in so we didn't have any dental work done. Took our watches to Mr. Richmond. Arrived back in Indio about 3. S.O.S. - saw Bob there for a second. Home via Coachella. Cute letter from "the Crown Prince." "Over the rainbow" and dinner - chicken - nifty. Then Grace and I went to see "Hollywood Cavalcade" - Alice Faye and Don Ameche. Good. A coke afterward and home. She's a good egg. I like her. Perfect night out - stars so bright - sky so clear. When we started out there was a moon but it had set by the time we'd left the movie. Got a little red collar with a bell on it for Bootsie, also a catnip mouse and some catnip. She surely was cute with them. I later tied the catnip mouse onto her tail and she was the funniest and the cutest thing imaginable. Tavie said the other day out of a clear blue sky, "You're a happy idiot, aren't you?" Well, I am, on both counts but it's fun. After coming home from the movies I took a bath and washed my hair and it's now 11:20 so I think I better tuck in. Zekey is in with Mother tonight. Seems funny not to have him sleeping with me, taking up about 19 times the room that a foot and a half long dog should. 'Night.

October 18, Wednesday [Coachella]

It's now eleven-thirty A.M. and by all rights just about now I should be coming home from town, but no; Dad had to go downtown this morning, too, so I had to rush through my shopping and he picked me up to come home before I had a chance to see Bob or anything. Oh, hell, I'm acting like a spoiled baby and I know it, and as Mother says, this isn't like me at all, but dammit, I've come to consider mornings my special province, and I look forward to them more than anything else all day long. Heck, I don't know why it should make so much difference to me but it does, and I'm a silly ass to let it, but be that as it may, at the moment I'm feeling lower than the "Titanic" (or was that ship salvaged?). Just sprinkled some clothes for ironing. Will do that after luncheon.

Aw, hell's belles, or Hades' ladies, if you prefer. Log report is that the "S.S. Helen" is in the midst of a terrific squall at the moment. Bootsie just came into my bedroom and

peered up at me to see what's wrong. Zeke is sleeping with his head on my pillow. Animals are funny creatures; they seem to have [sic] some sixth sense or other to tell them when people are unhappy or when things are not going along as they should.

And then, after all was said and done I went into Indio to get some quinine for Tavie, who was coming down with the grippe, and to get some things for Mother, and who should I run into but Bob, We made a date for tonight, and now it's tonight at 2:10 A.M. and I came in about 1:30 from a simply perfect evening. We spent our time in Palm Springs at the Chi Chi Bar and had a wonderful talk. I really like Bob ever so much. An apple for the teacher is right. I'm so cold at the moment that I'm shivering like a leaf. Bob is an awfully good egg. Light very bright. I'm s'happy.

October 19, Thursday [Coachella]

Today I'm 21 years and seven months old. Funny how things happen; at the moment I'm so near to falling in love with Bob that it's not a bit funny. No kidding; whatever it is, I have it plenty bad - which all I can't let on for a moment to the family. Of course they like Bob and all that but I don't think any one of them has any idea at all as to the funny way the butterflies have me. Darn it, I wish I were sure as to how the score stands right now. I have a pretty good idea, I reckon, but a pretty good idea isn't good enough for me in this case. I'm doing an awful lot of thinking these days, I can tell you that, though. And I'm wondering just what will become of this - I wonder. Saw Bob this afternoon while Tavie was at the dentist's - a coke and talked. Oh, I do want to see a lot of him during the next two and a half weeks. I want that so much. Surely do wish he had his car. It would be a lot simpler if he did. O.K., m'love, you call the signals from here on out. You're top rating with me.

1:30 A.M. Just as I was about to go downtown to mail a letter, who should come walking up the driveway but Bob. He asked me to go to the movies with him tonight. I agreed that that would be a fine idea and gave him the letter to mail. So he came by for me at eight, we saw Edward G. Robinson in "Blackmail," oil wells, fires 'n' stuff. Bob and I then had a couple of beers in the Majestic and then it was 12 o'clock and we arrived home about 12:45. Lines 3 through 5 of today's confessions still hold good. In fact, even more so than when I wrote them. One of two things is due to happen now; either I really tumble and marry the guy and don't go to Australia or I'll set sail on November 8th with Mother and Dad and will spend plenty of time getting over it. And at this stage of the game I wouldn't be knowing just what will be on the books November 8th. I wish I did. But oh, golly, there's no getting around the fact that he really is a darling. And another 19th has now come and gone. Funny how things happen to me on the 19th.

October 20, Friday [Coachella]

Up at 7:30 this morning. Cleaned up my room and such things, then downtown and did the shopping. Met m'love and we had a coke and a conversation, then I took him to the Post Office by way of S.O.S.; then I came home via Coachella, talked a bit with young Payne. Home and had luncheon and wrote a long letter to Briggs. Then lay down to take a nap about 3:30. Slept maybe half or three quarters of an hour. Felt a hundred percent

better when I woke up. Took a walk along the Tamarisk break and made friends with a dog that came roaring up to me. It was so peaceful. I walked very slowly and stopped several times to just gaze enraptured at the desert and mountains. It was lovely. The only sound was that of the crickets singing; the mountains were so tall and the sunset haze so beautiful. It seemed as though the whole desert was our front yard. In the twilight, the sage and mesquite seemed almost green.

A nice letter from my little brother this afternoon. (Time out for listening to the Richfield Reporter.) And tonight the moon, though little more than past the first quarter, was so bright that when I stepped out of doors for a moment I thought there was a car out there with its lights on. The Yosts dropped by just before dinner. After dinner Tavie and I played some Gin and then I took a bath and washed my hair. Laurie Paul dropped by for a while. It's now 10:30 and me for bed.

Lights bright. Bob's middle name is Clyde; Robert Clyde Long - nice name. 'Night.

October 21, Saturday [Coachella]

Did the shopping this morning and S.O.S., saw m'love and stopped in and saw Doc. Home. Luncheon. Went up in my eucalyptus tree and read 'n' stuff for a while. Bob came out; he may be able to get Bob Cook to buy the grey car. Dad says he will give him a 5% commission if he sells Cook the car for \$750. A bit later he brought Cook out and we three drove around for a while he tested out the car. Bob is a lamb. This much I know; at the moment I'm in love with him. I couldn't say whether it will last, all I do know is that the only other man that affected me this much and made me feel this way about him was Elliot, and I did fall deeply in love with him. So maybe falling head over heels in love with Bob is in the cards for me. I don't know. What I do know is that he makes my heart sing in tune to the butterfly dance, and there are no two ways about it. He has asked me to get Grace to go with Charlie and (what an oddly constructed sentence) - Anyway, Grace and I are going to have dinner tomorrow with him and Charlie, one of his house-mates, and he and Charlie are going to cook the dinner. I'm really looking forward to it. Oh, Bob, you're such a darling. For tonight I love you, my sweet. I do that. And I say that because (i.e. "for tonight" I'm referring to) because I don't know what to believe myself. I know what I feel, and I think I'm in love, but I don't know whether it can go deep enough to be permanent in this case. And it's not that I'm in any way fickle. I am perfectly sincere in everything I feel about this; that perhaps is why I have doubts and why I won't make unconditional or rash statements. And as I said, darling, for now I do love you. I wish you didn't have to go to work at six in the morning. If you didn't, I'd be with you right now, m'love.

Deac came out for dinner tonight. Ham and eggs, and golly, it was surely good. Deac and Tavie are now playing Rummy. Dad has gone to bed, Mother is about to. She can't read, because the belladonna that the eye specialist put in her eyes this afternoon hasn't worn off yet. She's becoming far-sighted - "old age eyes," the boys say - and she'll have glasses for reading and needlepoint, etc. It's now 9 P.M. and I think I'll tuck in pretty soon. Lights beautifully bright. (Finally got to bed about 12 after listening to the radio for a long time>)

October 22, Sunday [Coachella]

I love Bob. Three weeks from now may see me not on the water but staying here. I want to marry the man. That all makes it mutual. My heart is going like a trip hammer. I'm trying to be very logical about it all though. He doesn't make much but I could take it; I know I could. And oh, I'd love it. He is a darling. I think we'd make a go of it. Oh Bob, I do love you.

About noon Zella Yount and Floy ____ arrived. They seem to be awfully good eggs. Today is the first time I've met Floy. Luncheon, and at 4 Bob came for me and we picked up Grace and went to Charlie's - Charlie Holland or something like that. Awfully nice place - the place Bob had last year. The boys cooked dinner and Bob and I washed the dishes. Bob Cook and Elise (or something like that) _____ dropped in for a while. Then we came home about 12, and here I am, ready for bed and it's 12:40. And oh, what is going to happen, I wonder. Darling, I love you. 'Night, sweet.

October 23, Monday [Coachella]

A month ago we left Larchmont. What a lot can happen in a short month's time. Mother and Tavie went with Dad to San Bernardino so I was left to take care of the house. And as I told Bob I'd meet him between 10 and 10:30 downtown I didn't know what to do. So I wrote a note, flagged a passing car, asked the driver whether he was going to Indio, and upon his reply in the affirmative, gave him the note to leave at Norman's drug store, which he very kindly did. Then about noon Bob came out and we talked until 1:15 when he had to go back to work. The family had returned shortly before and we all had luncheon and I took Mother downtown, did the shopping and home. Grace Jarvis dropped in on her way home from work and we talked a while and discussed plans for a return engagement on the dinner proposition. I walked home with her and we decided to go to the movies tonight, which we did - "The Women" - Norma Shearer, Rosalind Russel [sic], Joan Crawford; Paulette Goddard is darling, so is Joan Fontaine. Excellent cast and very well done, but I can't believe that people can be that way. Wow! A coke and drove by S.O.S. Bob got off work at 10 and we drove him home. Oh, he's such a darling. What am I going to do?

He told of of an exciting time about 3 this afternoon when about 5 police cars hid themselves around S.O.S. there (at the bank in Coachella, too) having gotten a tip that there was going to be a hold-up at the bank across the street at 3 'clock. But evidently whoever had been going to pull the job got wind of the fact that the cops were wise to it and didn't try anything. Home and washed my hair and it's now 12:20 and I'm going to turn out the light, smoke a cigarette and see whether I can throw any light on the subject for what in all get out I'm going to do about m'love and me. Oh golly gee; what a pretty pickle!

October 24, Tuesday [Coachella]

A beauteous day. Into Indio this morning to have a new left front window put in the blue car. Saw Bob and we passed the time of day until about noon waiting for the car and

then I came home, luncheon and washed four wool skirts and some undies. Grace stopped in on her way home from work and we talked. She's a darling, awfully sweet kid and full of fun. At the ranch she and Tavie have been telling all sorts of fantastic things to Louise Yost in fun (but the fun of it is that the poor innocent believes everything that's said) and the latest is that both my eyes are glass! And Louise, in response to Grace's saying, "Haven't you noticed how big and sparkling they are?" said that, why my goodness, she thought that was natural! And Anna filled it in by saying that somehow the doctors had connected some nerves so that it was possible for me to see! That about the glass eyes was my suggestion but I couldn't think that she'd ever believe it.

A heavenly night with the brightness of the moon almost like daylight; a high breeze, however, which means that tomorrow there'll be plenty of dust all over to clean up. Played some Gin with Tavie after dinner and now it's 11 o'clock and I'm going to sleep in about two shakes of a lamb's tail. Still don't know what I'm going to do about Bob and me. He's such a doggoned loveable punk. Oh, golly. I wonder what's in the cards.

October 25, Wednesday [Coachella]

Up at 7. Took the blue car in for a Simonizing job. Bob, the sweet thing, wanted me to have it done at 25% of what it would have been at the Chevrolet garage. Did the shopping, and home in the grey car, which Mother had driven in. Funniest [sic] atmospheric effect this morning. Clouds cirrus, dust and wind. At two I went in, took the grey car to S.O.S. for a lubrication job. Bob then drove me over to Doc's and took the car back to S.O.S. Doc wasn't home, so talked to his mother for a while, then got the blue car (nice job done on it, especially considering the road-haze that it had on it), did some more shopping. S.O.S. and talked with Cliff Abernather and another chap for a while while Bob finished up the car, then he drove the grey one home and I the blue. Talked for a while, Grace dropped in. The saddest thing happened last night. Her little Cocker Spaniel, Laddie, was killed by a hit-and-run driver about sundown. She's feeling terribly blue, poor kid. Bob and Dad talked a while, then about 5:15 Bob drove me into town and I drove back. He was going to come out this evening if he could get ahold of a car but I reckon he wasn't able to. He still hasn't gotten the one he ordered over two months ago. Gee, I love him. I don't know how I'll be able to stand it leaving, for I will be leaving with Mother and Dad, I reckon. But it's probably best that way. I'm not sure, but we'll see. Oh, golly, I feel so blue every time I think of it.

T'night is positively cold. Brrr. Played Rummy with Tavie after dinner and now it's about a quarter to eleven and I'm for bed pronto! Lights bright but shining through a blue haze. Sweet letter from Hertzie today. Wrote letters to Fred MaDan and Bob McLeod. Cold - wow!

October 26, Thursday [Coachella]

This morning started out with a bang - in the wrong direction. I had awakened Dad last night when I was I was washing my face, so he was plenty grouchy ce matin. Then the chickens that Tavie and I had caught last night to be beheaded this morning had

somehow gotten out of the pen. Then and this, as far as my being in the dog house with Dad is concerned, capped the climax - as I was getting the grey car out of the garage I scraped the right front fender right down to the iron. Dad blew up completely at that. Then Mother and I went downtown to do the shopping, met Bob, and he told us he had to go into L.A. to see about his car and couldn't be out for dinner, and possibly wouldn't get back in time even to take me out. So I felt pretty low all around. But Mother was perfectly swell all day; don't see how I could get along without her. After luncheon made two peachy jack o'lanterns. Write a couple of letters and Dad broke off the second one in the middle because the typing got on his nerves. That was about 5 and I was really ready to blow up, for the atmosphere all day whenever Dad has been around has been at a high pitch of nervous tension as far as he and I were concerned. So Mother suggested that I run over to see Grace, which I did, and we walked all the way up to the corner and back here to show her my pumpkins, then walked home with her and back here for dinner. There was a gorgeous moon. When it was still twilight the moon was so bright that it cast our shadows in front of us as we walked back from the corner. I was darned cold, too. After dinner Tavie and I played Rummy and Bob dropped in about 8. I was surprised for I really hadn't expected him to be back so soon. I hurriedly changed my clothes, and shortly after we went out. He didn't get his Plymouth, but instead a perfectly smooth mulberry red DeSoto four-door sedan, '39, with an overdrive and everything. Golly, it's nifty. We went into S.O.S. and talked to Clint for a while, then picked up Charlie (who had worked until 10 and sent Angie to the sales meeting in his place), had a beer, then drove to Palm Springs and back, met Bob Cook and _____, and demonstrated our new car, had a beer, then left them and home about 12:30, after finding a rattle snake on the way. Being with Bob this evening just made the whole day end perfectly. Oh, he's such a darling. I love him more every time I see him. What, oh Lord, what am I going to do? What are we going to do? I wish I knew.

October 27, Friday [Coachella]

Up about 8:30 and buzzed downtown about an hour later with Mother and Tavie. Went over to Churchman's Auto Works, which Bob had recommended as a good place to have the fender fixed. No one was there, so a little later when I saw Bob we went over to the Buick agency and he got a price on the fender of \$2.75, and Chevrolet had said \$6.00. How about that! Talked with Tavie for a time while Mother was in seeing Dr. Burke, then I dropped Bob at his car and came home by Coachella. This afternoon pressed my skirts after gathering Perc's truckload of firewood and stacking it. Grace dropped in with her mother shortly before Mr. Jim Bunnell (his wife, Betsey, is in bed because of a bad heart which was just discovered) left. Talked, and after taking a bath and having a bite of dinner, picked up Grace and we went to see Anna Neagle in "Nurse Edith Cavell" - splendid. Also Edna May Oliver and May Robeson. Excellent picture. Grace and I wept buckets. Then saw the fashion show; the only thing we really liked was a yummy white evening dress that Helen Paul modeled. S.O.S.

A total eclipse of the moon tonight; started at eight and by 10:30 it was complete. The strangest thing. Sort of a red-brown glow was over it when it was complete. The stars all

popped out brightly as its whitness diminished. Bob took Grace and me for a buzz in his new car, then Grace and I came home and now it's 11:30 and I'm tucking in right now. Of all things - when I came home, here was Zeke on my bed with his tail pounding the wall with his great big meat bone reposing neatly in the center of my bed. Lights bright. Bob's a darling.

October 28, Saturday [Coachella]

Hecktick [sic] day all around. Tonight Bob came at 7 for dinnerr - fried chicken - and about 8:30 we went to Clint's home. Then to the dance at the Women's Club. Very nice. I had two and a half drinks all evening, but made it appear as though I were keeping up with the rest of them. What is in the cards for Bob and me? I'm still in the dark. Home about 3. Zekey has been sick all night, poor pup. Mother was in here taking care of him. Cold now, going to turn in.

October 29, Sunday [Coachella]

Up about 9:30, went down to Coachella to get the mail and the funny papers. Talked to Utah in Kelley's drug store and played the marble machine with him a bit - fun. Dinner at two. Nina, Perc and Earl joined us for it. Just after we finished - about 3:15 or 3:30, as I was drying the dishes for Mother, Bob dropped by and we put a little more mileage on the car by driving over to Palm Springs and back. On the way over we stopped at the rattlesnake pit. Fun. The Pacific Diamondback, or whatever he is called, is a striking and beautifully marked rattler. The sunset was gorgeous. Many clouds. First rose glow and all the blues and purples, then in the west it turned a pure gold. It was breathtaking, and with the shadows and light on the mountains - golly! A coke in Indio and home.

(Sigh) - something died last night, and I'm doubtful as to whether anything can bring it back to life again. Oh, lord, I don't want to hurt Bob now, too. When will I find someone who can make me settle down and pin my affections to him for good and ever and let me stop making a dozen men unhappy. I'm too soft, I guess, too soft-hearted. It's hard to take. I know what it's like to love someone deeply and lose him.

Home about 6:30 this evening. Mother and Dad shortly afterward went out for dinner with the Goodspeeds. They had been going to have a bunch of people in to play poker this evening, but it was called off. So I wrote letters, read, Earl and Tavie left for a while, then he brought her back and she turned in and now it's a bit after 10 and I'm going to do the same. Sky overcast mostly tonight, and the moon has a tremendous ring around it, the biggest one I've ever seen. Just here and there a few stars shine through the clouds. I'm awfully tired and sleepy, though I don't know why I should be; after all, I did get 5 1/2 hours sleep last night, and though it's not my usual 8, still it's not bad. 'Night.

October 30, Monday [Coachella]

Little today. Up about 8:30, went downtown. Buzzed about, got cross-examined by Mrs. Wilson of the Date Palm, met Bob and we had a coke, then he took me back to the

car and I wen up to the Casita [Hospital] but Doc. Morris wasn't there, so stopped in to see Doc. He's been up and about quite a bit but was in bed this morning. Home, and after luncheon wrote three letters (5 yesterday), and about 4:30 raked the lawn. Dinner and tonight Tavie and I played some Gin, then I washed my hair and took a shower and it's now 9:30 and I'm going to turn in. The most beautiful sunset. The whole western sky turned a brilliant orange-, or rather flame-red, about the color of a flame-red gladiola. Lovely. That was while I was out raking the lawn.

Dad is a darling. I shouldn't ever become angry with him. In fact, I have a pretty grand family. They're really tops. Couldn't possible be better. Tonight they turned in extra early because they hadn't gotten in until three this morning.

Bootsie, while I was playing with her this evening, got rough and gave me a beauteous long scratch along the left side of my chin. It stings. Why do I never have sense enough to keep myself out of trouble? It would save me a heck of a lot of worry if I did. Oh, golly. Cool tonight but not as cool as it had been up until last night. Sweet dreams.

October 31, Tuesday [Coachella]

Hallowe'en, by golly. A letter to Teach this morning, then went in to Indio with Mother to do the shopping. Dashed about, stopped in to see Dr. Morris. Didn't see m'love. Home and after luncheon wrote some more letters. Then scraped the labels off of some suitcases prior to putting some neat's foot oil on them, dinner, played some Rummy with Tavie, then started sorting out, throwing away, etc., the contents of the two suitcases. That took quite a while, and it's now 11:30 and I'm pretty tired, though I've done nothing to make myself so. Golly, have an awful lot to do the next five days, what with washing, ironing, altering, unpacking and re-packing. Gee, whiz - I'm not sure just how I'll get all my part of it done. Wow! It scares me just to think of it.

November 1, Wednesday [Coachella]

Up about 7:30 - right cold - I had to clean the whole front porch, walls and all, and do quite a washing besides, before I got warm. Then went downtown. Saw m'love. Did the shopping and stopped in to see Doc for a minute. Then home and put some oil on a couple of suitcases, luncheon, and washed a bunch of clothes worthy of a laundry. Ironed most of them, then dinner and about 8 Bob dropped in. Mother and Dad were over seing Deac's new home. He and Tavie and I talked, then Mother and Dad came home and shortly afterward went to bed. Bob and I talked 'til about 10:30 and then he left. He certainly is a dear. Golly, sometimes - well, when I'm with him, he just casts a spell over me - I don't know whether it's the real thing or not. Pues, ^quien sabe? It's one of those things that only time can settle. It's now almost a quarter of 12 methinks I'll turn in. 'Night, all. Lights bright, but I wish we weren't leaving so soon.

November 2, Thursday [Coachella]

Up about 7:30 and spent the day unpacking and re-packing except for a quick trip downtown this afternoon. Bob dropped in late this afternoon and after dinner he, George Robinson, Clint Abernathey and Ivan Estes went bowling over in Palm Springs; fun,

though I couldn't seem to do a thing. Almost broke a hundred the second game, though, which although not good, was a lot better than the first and third games, when my scores were 57 and 40 respectively. The second game was 97 - wow! How 'bout that! Then to some place or other, I forget the name, where we had a drink and listened to some guitar music and then home by way of S.O.S. where we dropped Clint and Ivan; George lives in Palm Springs. It's not the real thing, but Bob is such a darling that I hate to hurt him. Oh, golly. My turn came once but according to the laws of averages it should come again unless I'm darned lucky [?]. Boots is having a lovely time playing around my room and getting into all sorts of mischief. Now a little past one-thirty and I'm turning in inmediate.

November 3, Friday [Coachella]

Over to Palm Springs this morning with Mother, where we saw Thelma and did a bit of shopping. Then home and did a bit of shopping. Then home, and I did practically nothing all afternoon until Grace came over; talked, and Mother and Tavie and I walked home with her and came back with our arms full of violet roots and laden with all sorts of flowers from their garden. The Jarvises are swell neighbors. I like them lots. Tied paper bags on Boot's feet this afternoon while Grace was here and we all just howled. Bootsie was just too funny for words. After dinner Grace and I went to see "The Real Glory" - Gary Cooper, David Niven and Andrea Leeds. Very good indeed. Story based on the early days of the U.S. Marines in the Philippines. Very tense and exciting. Then S.O.S. and had a coke with Bob and home. Now about 11:20 and bed very shortly. 'Night. A week from now we'll have been two days on the high seas.

November 4, Saturday [Coachella]

Buzzed about town this morning, saying goodbye to people, Jackie Lambert, "Doc" Mills, etc., and did the shopping besides. Saw Bob for a few moments. This afternoon did little. Grace came over for a while. Letter from Mollie Hitchcock, and she's engaged to Tommy Ennis! Of all things I never expected that!

Tonight the Yosts, Goodspeeds, Deac and Dr. Donald Wilmuth came out for a buffet dinner, crap and poker. What an evening! Doc and I hopped downtown to get some fizz water, then to Indio to see whether he'd had any calls from the hospital, had a copita at the Hotel Indio bar and when we started to come home the battery was dead, so Norman Hunt gave us a push in his car and we finally managed to get home. Doc is interesting; specializing in cancer research, Dr. Morris' assistant at the moment, interrupting his research in Virginia. Everyone left about 3 and it's 3:30 now and I'm frozen nearly stiff and going to curl under in about two minutes. Brrr. A week off - Hmmm. 'Night.

November 5, Sunday [Coachella]

It's a bit after one right now and I just came home from a most enjoyable evening in Palm Springs with Bob and George. I'm very tired. Today was just a regular Sunday until evening came along when Bob and I started out by going to a little circus just

outside of Indio. Won "Porky" by shooting darts. Named it my nickname, Curly, and gave it to Bob to remember me by. Drove on the road to Blythe and down, to see the lights of Indio from above. Took in Luau, Doll House, and Royal Palm. Gee whiz, Bob is so doggoned sweet. Wonder, though, when I'll stop being restless. Soon, I hope. Due to this new neutrality act, etc., we may not sail the 8th. May possibly be delayed until the next sailing, about a month off. How 'bout that! We'll see. 'Night. Weary, cold.

November 6, Monday [Coachella]

Just 12 right now - midnight - the witching hour. Dashed about this morning, shopping and bidding farewell to people. This afternoon Dad received a reply to the wire he sent to New York regarding the cancellation of visas to New Zealand and Australia, saying that the New York office had telephoned the State Dept. in Washington and that the cancellation of our visas would be immediately revoked.

Grace and I drove downtown late this afternoon, shopped and talked to Bob. He'd gotten the evening off so that he could see me and here I had a date with Don Wilmoth. Much helter-skelter and telephone calls and all. Wept bitterly - wow! Dinner and just a while after Don arrived Perc came over with a message from the Matson Line saying that due to something or other in San Francisco the sailing of the "Monterrey" would be delayed at least 24 hours. So we'll not leave here 'til Wednesday noon. Nice evening with Don. He's very interesting. I like him. Good mind, and so interested in his field - cancer research.

November 7, Tuesday [Coachella]

Feel very sad tonight; oh, so blue. But it just has to be. The ship is sailing Thursday evening. The strike was settled far too soon. Today went downtown with Mother and Tavie, talked with Bob a while. Then home and luncheon and packed most of my things this afternoon. Grace came over a bit after 4 and we had a cigarette and Dad fixed us an Old Fashioned apiece. Then she left to go down and vote and after dinner and drying the dishes for Mother I picked her up and we went to see "Honeymoon in Bali" - Fred MacMurray and Madeleine Carroll. Good - crazy but enjoyable. Then took a coke to Bob over at the station and he got off work at ten and Grace got something at the drug store while Bob and I took a last short drive - and said adios. So now who knows when or whether I'll see him again. I don't. Oh, lord, it's miserable; me too.

Mrs. Vanderburg came unexpectedly today at 3, so Tavie spent the afternoon in town with her and came home with Mother about 8:30. Nina gave a speech tonight at the Lion's Club. Zekey was so mournful all afternoon. He saw the packing going on and knew that something was very wrong. Poor little pooch. Oh golly, if I don't stop this I'm going to break down and really bawl. Have kept a stiff upper lip up to now. Almost weakened when I left Bob at the station. Grace is a darned sweet kid. I like her ever so much. Oh, I hate to leave. Of course, I wouldn't not leave, but it's so terribly hard pulling up stakes again. But at least this is home and we'll be back sometime - 2 years, four, or heaven knows when, but we'll be back. Please let it be easy on Bob. I do love him and that makes it hard, but I also believe that it wouldn't last, so it just has to be. He is such a

doggoned good egg, a really swell fellow. Oh, lord above. Quiet, Burnett, let's have no lachrimose lassies around here. It's bad enough as it is without having a flood. Hate so to leave Tavie and the boys. I have a wonderful bunch of relatives. They're really tops. Good night, and I hope the lights grow brighter soon.

November 8, Wednesday [en route]

So the second lap of our journey started today. Feel terribly sad and depressed. Rainy, cloudy day - grey; the first time that I can remember seeing the valley clouded over. Finished packing this morning and about 11:30 went down to the station. Tavie and the boys and Nina and Mrs. Vanderburg were there - and Zekey. He'd been feeling so blue all morning that it was pitiful, and at the station he perked up because he thought he was going with us. Poor little thing. Wonder how he's feeling now. Tavie felt awfully low too. Didn't go over to see S.O.S.; it was better not, and I think he understood. As the train pulled out he was there and waved to us as we went by. Oh lord, he's a darling. I wonder whether it could ever work out. But anyway, all my memories of this past six weeks are nice, and we left when the valley was blooming, which was nice, too. I had to use a lot of will power to keep from bustin' down, both in the station and after we pulled out of Indio.

The train got into L.A. about 4:30. Grand new station. Came up to the Biltmore and then Mother and I decided to go see "The Wizard of Oz," but the theatres in which it is playing are too far away. So instead, after a milk shake and a sandwich we went to see "Mr. Smith Goes to Washington" - very good. Jean Arthur and James Stuart [sic], Harry Carey as the President of the Senate was excellent. Then back to the hotel, wrote a letter to Bob, took a bath and washed my hair and now it's just a bit past 12. Attempted assassination of Hitler yesterday; was in the papers when we returned. In the elections yesterday No. 1 was defeated by more than 2 to 1 - good. But No. 5 was also defeated, darn it. The fools who voted against it don't know anything about it. Stupid. As to Hitler, wish the attempt had succeeded. Wonder what Bob is doing tonight. (Sigh). 'Night.

November 9, Thursday [S.S. Monterey]

So now it's 10:45 P.M. and I've set foot for the last time in a long while, two years or so, anyway, on the soil of North America. Up this morning about 8:30, did some shopping with Mother, luncheon, more shopping, and returned to the hotel about 2:30. Learned that we couldn't go on board until 7:30 so stuck around. Dad called up to see whether the Yosts could have dinner on board with us and learned that no visitors were allowed aboard without special permits, which he could have gotten so easily had he known earlier. So instead they had dinner with us at the Biltmore, down to San Pedro and about 9:30 they left and we came aboard. Very nice ship - Matson "S.S. Monterey."

It's 11:15 now. Just met my room-mate, a very nice Melbourne lady, Mrs. Melville. We chatted a while and by now the ship is full speed ahead and the shore lights are very dim and far away. Funny, but there's quite a definite nostalgic feeling in me. But I must put the past behind me; so be it.

The ship is jam full; every room filled. That's how I happen to be sharing my room.

But I don't mind for she seems to be very pleasant. So now I think I'll put this up and turn in. Am very tired, though I don't know why, for I haven't been doing anything in particular today. Wonder how everyone down in the valley is coming along. This is the first time in four years that I've been any place on a ship. It's good to be out at sea again. 'Night.

November 10, Friday [S.S. Monterey]

Up about 9 this morning after a grand sleep. About 10 Mother and I went up on deck, saw about deck chairs and so on, walked about a bit. Chilly. About 1 had luncheon and then back to our staterooms. I read for a while and then dropped off to sleep and slept until 5 - amazing! Then down to the baggage room to pick out Mother's and my trunks, dressed for dinner, dinner and then went up to the lounge where some Keeno [sic] was played and I passed out cards along with about 6 other girls. Then Dad went downstairs, Mother and I walked about a bit, then down to our cabins and Mother turned in, but I was so wide-awake that I went up again. An old lady who had bought Keeno cards from me was looking for some friends so I went with her. We talked for a little while; her name is Mrs. Huybers. Then a lad named Geoffrey Davis came by and asked me to dance, which we did, a drink, then it was about 11:30 and I came down. Now, after setting my watch back half an hour, it's a quarter to 12. Am going to wash my face and tuck in. Golly, it's certainly easy to sleep on this ship.

November 11, Saturday [S.S. Monterey]

Armistice Day - 21 years after, and look at the world today. Nice day today, most of it. Wrote some cards this morning. Little else. After luncheon washed my hair, a boat drill at 3:30, met Elsa Stevenson, Mother and I had some tea after she and Dad had a highball. Elsa and I played some shuffleboard back aft in the cabin class whatever-you-call-it. Sneaked down there because 1st-class passengers aren't allowed there without a pass, which we didn't have. Played with a friend of hers down there.

Dressed, and dinner. Afterward saw "Five Came Back" again - Chester Morris. Good character sketch. Spent most of the afternoon and evening dodging my "friend" Davis - wow! He simply won't take a hint. Golly. Mother and I listened to the music for a while, then came below and it's 11:25 now and I'm tucking in right now. Am tired. My legs ache.

November 12, Sunday [S.S. Monterey]

Little today. A beauteous one it was, however. This morning wrote some cards. Passed the "Matsonia." Nice looking ship. Many trips to and from the Purser's Office this afternoon seeing about declarations and such things. Another encounter with Davis, from which Mr. Jim Whitaker rescued me. We had tea and talked for a bit, then I came below, dressed for dinner - my "princess" dress. Dinner. After a cocktail (highball for me), then up to the lounge to play Keeno; I sold cards again, and Dad won once, but 2 other people won that time, too, so it was split and he only made a bit over 12 dollars. Then into the ballroom or whatever where Dad stayed for one dance, then went below. The 2nd

Engineer, Mr. Semple, asked me for a dance, which I gave him with pleasure - very nice dancer - then he joined us at our table. A bit later Mr. Whitaker also joined us, so the four of us spent a very enjoyable evening and about 11:30 Mother and I came below and it's now 12:15 and it's me for bed. 'Night. Lights bright. Lovely night.

November 13, Monday [S.S. Monterey]

Up later than usual this morning - about 9. Went on deck, talked to the man to whom I'd sold the winning card for the \$71 Keeno bag last night. Then watched the horse races, wrote a letter, had luncheon, wrote some post cards, talked with Mr. Whitaker and another chap, Bruce Richards. Davis came up to me and announced that I was to be his partner in the games at 2:30. I said, sorry, but I wasn't going to go in for the games this afternoon. Darn it, 'cause I had wanted to participate. Wrote a few more cards and mailed them and had tea with Whitaker. Then came below and dressed for dinner. Dinner, afterward the movie, "Good Girls Go To Paris" - Joan Blondell, Melvyn Douglas - fair, some good laughs. Then went into the Pavilion (Dad had gone below before the movie) with Mother and Mr. Whitaker. Mr. Semple joined us and we again spent an enjoyable evening. Came below about 12, I washed my hair and it's now 1:30 and since I want to get up at 6 in the morning, I think I better turn in. Perfectly gorgeous day. Wow!

November 14, Tuesday [S.S. Monterey]

Up at 10 to 6 this morning. Dressed and went up to the boat deck about 10 of 7. An attractive L.A. woman was there, Mrs. Dillon, walking her German Police Dog, "Silver." She, unfortunately, was leaving us at Honolulu. Wish I'd met her before, or that she'd been going on to Australia. Also Mr. Semple and Mr. Whitaker were there. Perfect morning. Makapu Point, Mount Koko, Diamond Back and all. Heavenly. Aloha Tower stood out. Also the Royal Hawaiian Hotel. A gem of an island,

Went down for breakfast at 8:15. Hot cakes - mmmm. Went ashore at 9, after docking to the music of the Royal Hawaiian Band. Exciting, thrilling and very festive, what with leis, bright warm sunlight (hot, really) and all the atmosphere in the world. Took a taxi and went to Pali, Mt. Tantalus, where Kamehameha I threw the warriors of the opposing army over the cliff, the Punch Bowl, though one of the army residential sections, over to Pearl Harbor, though not inside. The Royal Hawaiian Hotel and the Royal Mausoleum. Everything lovely and wonderful that has ever been said about Hawaii, and more particularly Oahu, is true, quite. It's perfectly enchanting. Saw many of our old friends of Venezuela days - the hibiscus hedges, the "copa de oro," the flambuoyant [sic] tree, plumbago etc., etc. The drive to Tantalus was a perfect delight, forested in some places, and in all places luxuriantly green. From the lookout on Tantalus the view was breathtaking; beautiful greens of varying shades in the valley below, with the earth a lovely purple-maroon in one place, and the roads a brilliant red (the dirt roads, that is). It was indescribably lovely, and the drop to the plain below was as sheer as anything I've ever seen. Cold, chilly anyway, up there, with a strong trade wind. The Upside-Down Falls - very interesting indeed. The stream that once served as the royal bath in back of the Mausoleum. Everywhere a perfect paintbox of brilliant color - and

everything everywhere is beautifully kept up. The Oahu Country Club - lovely. And the strange and fascinating odors - one in particular, pungent, spicy that took me back to someplace, sometime far away. I can well understand how people go there once and stay for always.

Back to the ship for luncheon, then went out and got me an Hawaiian guitar, and thereby hangs a tale which I won't go into! Back to the ship, some lovely lei, went up on the boat deck, talked to Mr. Semple and Whitaker, who happened to be there too, when the Empress of Japan docked, all a dull grey. Saw a U.S. airplane carrier headed for Pearl Harbor, with two destroyers. Leaving, or rather just before, while the band was playing, we were throwing serpentines, and as I threw one, my wide Mexican bracelet flew off my wrist! I thought it was gone for good, but Mr. Whitaker managed to retrieve it for me before the ship sailed. I thought it was gone for good, and was just sick for it's my favorite bracelet, and it was the last thing that was ever given to me in Venezuela. Golly, that was lucky! The "Aloha Oe" and we threw our leis into the water, though it was really too dark (6:10 or 6:15) to see whether they drifted back to shore. No dinner. Went in to see "Charlie Chan in Reno" - fair, then met Mr. Whitaker and we talked for a long time and came below about 11, and now it's nearly one and I'm so tired I can hardly keep my eyes open. Oh yes, as we left the harbor, the lights of the city and those of the homes up on the mountain sides gave a beautiful, almost unreal effect. Lovely place, Hawaii; should very much like to live there one day. 'Night. The motors throbbing and the waves outside are so soothing. Am sure I'll be asleep about 1 second after I turn out the light.

November 15, Wednesday [S.S. Monterey]

Up about 9:30 this morning, dressed and up on deck about 15 to 11. Meeting concerning sports tournaments and I was given the job of secretary! Secretary of the sports committee, that is. And everyone has been telling me how grim it will be. Ah, me. Well, I'm in for it now, so I'll have to try to do a good job of it.

Played some table quoits and Bullboard with Ailsa and a couple of men before luncheon. After luncheon went up and played a game of deck quoits with Ailsa; then the two men with whom we'd played before luncheon joined us and insisted that we play about umpteen more games with them, and then some table tennis! I had on a flannel dress and was so hot I could have dropped anyway, and besides that was tired as all get out. Ailsa and I finally broke loose about 4, had a coke and I came below and took a nice long bath, about and [sic] hour, dressed, a drink with Mother and Dad, dinner and then into the lounge for some Keeno. Sold two winning cards but couldn't make it myself - came within one number. Then into the Pavilion. Mr. W. joined us, then Mr. Semple shortly after Dad went below. A dance with Mr. Myers, the Chief Purser - tall nice looking man - and a very good dancer. As good as Mr. S. These ships officers surely know how! A very pleasant evening, and came below about 12:20 or so.

Broke my right thumb nail down past the quick in deck tennis this afternoon - 't hurts. So now it must be past 1:15 so I must needs retire to be on hand for my job tomorrow morning. 'Night - lights bright. Am rather weary. Didn't set our watches back a half hour tonight for the first time since we left L.A.

November 16, Thursday [S.S. Monterey]

Busy day today, dashing madly about, calling people on the phone from 10:30 to 5. Ah me. Won the ping pong and the table quoits and lost the Bullboard. At 5 Miss Werry, Ailsa, Mr. Bull, Mr. Rand and I had a drink; then I came below, dressed, dinner, the "Second Fiddle" - Sonja Heine, Ty. Power, Edna Mae Oliver - I'd seen it before. The skating and Edna Mae were excellent. Mr. Semple joined Mom and me for it. Then on deck for a while, then into the Pavilion. Mr. Ball joined us. Nice. I surely like Mr. Semple. He's cute. (Awful word, cute - but anyway, he's darned nice company.) Now it's about 1:30 and I better turn in pronto for I have to be up by 7:30 'Night.

November 17, Friday [S.S. Monterey]

Crossed the equator this morning, about 10, but I was so busy that I didn't even think of the time. Up about 8 with the sun streaming in my port holes. Up on deck at 9. From ten on until 1 it was a madhouse. Young Dick Turnbull (yesterday he helped me lots on his own hook so I made him a member of the committee - Assistant-in-Chief - and golly, was he proud when I pinned the badge on him! He'd been a bit shy, darling youngster, I'm crazy about him - you can't help loving him. He's 14, a perfect gentleman if ever there was one. Cute as punch) was immeasurably helpful today - he's page-boy. Played off my second round ping-pong with Miss Leonard and lost. Busy as all get out all afternoon. Stopped at 5:30 and played second round table quoits with Mr. Hudson and won, with the vehement moral support of Dick. Notes to all the first-rounders to play at certain times or default, then a "Committee Meeting" with Mr. Ball and Julie Werry.

Dressed, dinner, then on deck. Dad played in the bridge tournament - Mother, Mr. Ball, Mr. Semple, Mr. W., Miss Stedeford, young Dick for a while, and Mr. Coppard (and Dad after the tournament) and I enjoyed the soft breezes and music in the Pavilion. Very pleasant evening, beautiful day. Golly! One incident this evening in connection with Davis - quite laughable afterwards. It's now 1:15 and I must make my ablutions and retire pronto. Must be on deck at the desk for work by 9:30 at the latest, 9:15 preferably. 'Night. Quite tired this evening.

November 18, Saturday [S.S. Monterey]

Up at 8; up at the desk from 9 to one. Then lost the table quoits to Julie Werry. Dick was cute - my cheering section. (I'm in the john now, writing this on my knee, {so my writing's not so good} for I'm smoking a cigarette and don't want the smell of smoke to awaken Mrs. Melville - not that I know it would, but it might). Luncheon, then worked in a veritable whirl wind 'til about 4 when poor Dick got so hoarse he could hardly speak - well, not that bad, but he was on his way - when I took over his job as much as he'd let me and put Mother and Ailsa at the desk. Dashed madly about, getting hoarse myself until 6:30 when Ailsa, Mr. Ball and I had a "Committee Meeting," then took a cold bath for a half hour, dressed and dinner. Then on A deck where I sent a couple of notes to people who hadn't played their 2nd and 3rd rounds. Didn't go to see "Young Mr. Lincoln," as Mother and I had seen it. Dad retired early and she, Mr. W., Mr. S. and I talked on deck a while, then in for the dancing. Mother retired about 15 to 11. The ship's doctor joined us

and we spent a very pleasant 2 hours, 'til the music stopped, then I came below, washed my hair and now it must be about 1:30 or so, so I'm for bed, for I want to be up by 7:30 to see us come into Pago Pago at 8:30 or 9 in the morning. 'Night. Awfully tired.

November 19, Sunday [S.S. Monterey]

Up at 7:30, breakfast, up on the boat deck about 10 to 9. The island of Samoa from the sea looks very much like the first view of the island of Oahu. Anchored at 10 or thereabouts. Went ashore in launches. A perfect gem of an island, so lovely that it seems impossible; Samoa, they say, is a perfect example of the fabled South Sea Islands. The only white people there are those of the U.S. Navy base. The U.S.S. "Ontario" and a Naval Research ship, the U.S.S. "Bushnell," were in the harbor, the latter taking on 4,000 barrels of oil from us. A Mr. Bryan or Ryan or whatever left the "Monterey" there to be stationed at "Pango" for 18 months as the Chief Engineer of the "Ontario." Beautiful little hidden harbor, clear as could be - coral banks, and the most lush vegetation imaginable. Went ashore about 11, walked about and bought a couple of pieces of tapa cloth and purses, and a dozen delicious mangoes. The natives, Polynesians [sic] are happy good natured people. The native policemen are quite impressive in their long white wrap-around skirts with blue bands around the hem, red cummerbunds underneath regulation Army belts, white ordinary shirts and red hats about this shape [parallelogram] taller than sailor caps, but on the same order. Nearly all the native men wear brilliant flowered or pastel wrap-around skirts - long. Many bicycles. Five miles of road in the whole island. No snakes.

Back to the ship about 12:30 - it had been warm ashore, not to say hot, though I understand we got a comparatively cool day. They say that it usually rains 5 minutes to the hour. So today we set foot for the last time in many moons on American soil. A definite nostalgia in the thought, and who could have thought it of me, the cosmopolitan. Ah me. I guess in spite of all my living in foreign counties, I'm an American first.

Left Samoa at 6. Up on the boat deck 'til nearly 6:45, dressed, dinner, and then "Only Angels Have Wings" - Jean Arthur and Cary Grant - for the 3rd and a half time, with Mother and Mr. S. After the movie Mother went below, Mr. S. and I went into the Pavilion and joined Morgan Cennamo and Mr. Vivian there. Two nice chaps there, and of course Mr. S., Ray I think his name is. Three dances, a drink, and by that time it was 12:15, and Mr. S. brought me below and left me at my door. Was awfully cold during the movie and now I'm awfully hot - feel not too good - hmmm. Hard day tomorrow; 63 matches to get played off. Ah, me. 'Night. Am terribly tired.

Tomorrow we'll wake up and it will be Tuesday the 21st; the International Dateline. "Rain" was filmed in the hotel in "Pango," "Hurricane" was filmed on the island to the port side of us as we entered (or were going to, rather) the harbor. Perfect little emerald isle, American Samoa. Tomorrow at 10 we pass "Tin Can Island," where mail is left in tin cans in the sea.

November 20, Monday [International date line]

November 21, Tuesday [S.S. Monterey]

Great day today, though felt pretty rotten due to a cold in the chest coming on. Hope I've shaken it now, though I have my doubts. A cigarette with Mr. Semple late this afternoon, a "committee meeting" about 6:15 with Bill Ball and Ailsa. Mr. Glenn and Miss Bridson (Edna). Then dressed for dinner, dinner and then a Keeno game. Sold two winning cards this evening. That makes 9 I've sold so far, but I can never pick one for myself. The Pavilion with Mother and Dad. Joined Mr. Ball and Miss Blake, then Dad left. Ailsa, Pat Taylor and some man joined us, along with Roy Reed and Miss Stedeford. Mr. S. took me for a dance, then kidnapped me and took me to his table with some friends of his. Then a bit at our table; Pali Glide tonight - I loved it - also the Lambeth Walk. R.S. is a good egg. Lots of fun and very hearty. Gorgeous moon tonight; it will be full the 26th (according to the L.A. papers, which may be the 27th here??). Now 12:30; must wash my face and go to bed for I want to get up at 6 in order to be on deck at 7 to see us go into Suva. Roy Reed is going to be working in Fiji.

Terribly weary tonight, though now I don't feel quite as rotten as I have the rest of the day. 'Night. Lights bright.

November 22, Wednesday [S.S. Monterey]

Up at 6:45 (overslept); on deck at 7. Pretty place, Fiji, though not as pretty as Oahu and Samoa. The policemen with their scalloped skirts and bushy heads of hair were lovely. Drove quite a way out - then to the Grand Pacific Hotel, to the museum (very interesting), back to the ship. First time I've been on British soil (never did stop in Trinidad). My throat feels like the day after I had my tonsils out. Wow! Hard even to talk. Back to the ship at 12:30 and I slept through everything until 5:30 when Mother woke me up. I was really dead to the world. On deck in time to see the pilot leave us at the entrance to Suva harbor.

After dinner went on deck with Mom and she left me in Mr. S.'s care, and we saw "Maisie" - Ann Sothern and Robert Young, Ruth Hussey and Ian Hunter. I enjoyed it - so did Ray. Lot's of people didn't like it, but I still say I've seen lots less enjoyable movies by far. Mr. W. joined us and we went into the Pavilion - several dances, one with the Doctor; then came below. Despite my 5 hours sleep this afternoon I think I can still sleep like a log now. It's about 12:05. Bed, as soon as I wash my face. 'Night.

November 23, Thursday [S.S. Monterey]

Up at 7:30, on deck at 9. Semi-finals and finals in Paddle Tennis this morning. Miss Christian and Miss Colvin won the ladies' doubles against Dr. MacMahon and Miss Gepp. Very even match. Sidey and Young won against Dobbie and Mudge in the semis. Also very close. Good games. I'm red as a beet - legs, arms and face - sunburn. Wow! It looks alright, though. Wore my white organdy evening dress tonight, and don't know when I've had so many compliments paid me - even R.S., who hadn't before, not in so many words (and that "so many" is not to indicate profuseness) anyway. This afternoon watched a couple of deck quoits finals, then R.S. took J.W. [Julie Werry] and me through the engine room and galley - wow! Certainly a lot snappier than on any ship I've been on

before. I was wide-eyed the whole time. Then played my first game of paddle tennis with Mr. Long, Dr. Blackburn and a girl I don't particularly care for - don't know her name. I couldn't do a blessed thing and I lost the set 6-0. Then he and I, Blackburn and little Miss Gepp's sister, I believe, played some deck tennis, which we won 6 - 2. My third game in that. Then shortly after that I came below, a nice hot bath and dressed for dinner. Not a particularly pleasant dinner but I think I saved it from being unbearable. Then to the Lounge - presentation of prizes - fun. A darling Treasure Island compact from the male members of the committee. Then an exciting Keeno game, then the Pavilion with Mr. Ball, Edna Bridson, Tom Glenn (knows Tom Blair of Vacuum); Pat Blake, another chap and Miss Stedeford, R.S. - nice. Palais Glide - I'm wild about it, truly - can't get it out of my system. Wonderful. About 1 we were doing it down the star-board deck when we saw a green flare (thought at first that it was a shooting star). Then about 5 minutes later 3 of us thought we saw a second one; much excitement. Thought it might be some ship in distress, but finally decided it couldn't be. Met Julie. They all wanted us to go below and have some tea, but Julie and I declined, and came below to turn in.

Gorgeous day and night. Moon very bright. Thanksgiving Day today. Must wash my face and go to bed. Tired. Don't have to set my alarm tonight; how wonderful. The first time in a week - wow! Am I going to enjoy me sleep tonight. Now 2:30 - 'night.

November 24, Friday [S.S. Monterey]

Up at 10:30. Cold. Johnny and Whitey got some pineapple juice especially for me. Darned sweet of them - nice kids. On deck; fooled around a while, then watched a bit of paddle tennis with Mr. Ball and got warmed up a bit, there in the sun. Then a coke with Mr. Walker. He's a funny old lamb. I like him. Luncheon, then wrote a short letter to Bob. Mr. Strang took J.W. and me up on the bridge - a beauty - ship steered automatically by gyro-compass so I couldn't steer it - shucks. Very nice chat before the fire and boat drill, after the drill tea, then watched some paddle tennis. A game of deck tennis with Mrs. Thun, Miss Colvin and Miss Richardson. Mrs. Thun and I won 6-2. Wow! A coke with her and her husband (a Pennsylvanian - Phila., I think - she's a Tasmanian girl). Then a long hot bath, dressed, dinner with Mother - Dad was at a Masonic dinner - and then saw "Tarzan Finds a Son" - Johnny Weissmuller and Maureen O'Sullivan. Then danced 'til nearly one and came below (usually the orchestra stops at 12:30). Spent the evening with R.S. Very pleasant indeed, but I'm very tired now (yawn) - must get up at 5:45 in the morning. Golly, how can I do it? It's 1:30 now and I haven't washed my hair yet. Well, 'night.

November 25, Saturday [S.S. Monterey]

Clocks back 40 minutes tonight - oh boy! Just means that much more sleep for me in the morning. Up at 6:30 this morning, on deck at a quarter to 7, immigration authorities at 7:30, breakfast at 8:15, quick change and flurry to find black bag and gloves (finally Mrs. Melville lent me some), on shore at Auckland about 9:30 with Mr. Hartshorn of New Zealand Vacuum Oil. War Memorial Park, tea and cakes, fed the black swans (red bills - striking looking and so very graceful and lovely), around and about, back to Grand Hotel,

met Mr. George Stout and he, Dad and Mr. Hartshorn talked business 'til nearly 1:30. Julie Werry talked with us a while - she's a sweet thing - also Mr. Walker, Mr. Strock, Mr. Rand.

Luncheon at the hotel, then drove about the countryside, along the waterfront; lovely (opening day of the yachting season - beautiful boats, but the wind was chill and the afternoon very grey). Saw a race at Eiller's Lie (pronounced Ellis Lee) Race Course, beauty of a course. Back to the ship about 4:15 - threw serpentines and waved valiantly. Felt very blue. Talked with Morgan Cennamo a while, then came below. Dinner at 7:30 - or 8, after a limonada with Ball, Rand, Mother and Dad. Then the movie, "The Hardys' Ride High" - with Pat Blake and Coppard. A short chat with R.S., but came below about 10:45 'cause was tired and congealed. Much warmer now in bed. It's 5 of 11 now, after setting back my watch. Going to have a cigarette and read a few minutes, then tuck in early, for a change. 'Night.

November 26, Sunday [S.S. Monterey]

It's now 12:15 after retarding my watch 40 minutes and I'm ready for bed except for washing my face. Full moon tonight; very calm seas, which I understand is very unusual for the Tasman Sea. At 12:30 changed course quite decidedly (or "altered" course, I supposed I should say), veering several points to port - wonder why.

Up this morning about 8:30, washed my curly-locks, on deck with Mother about 10. Cold. Sun out about 12 or so, as young Coppard and I were walking the deck, getting me warm. Luncheon at 1, then read in my stateroom until 2:30, went on deck and played a couple of games of deck tennis with Pat Taylor - good sport for getting warm - talked a bit with J.W. and R.S. Had my guitar tuned at 5 by one of the chaps in the orchestra, then I snapped one of the strings, darn it. Below about 6, hot bath and dressed for dinner, dinner and then the Keeno game. Mother and Dad didn't go in. Sold my 12th winner tonight, but couldn't win myself. Then the Pavilion with R.S. and another chap, Bill something or other. Ball and Pat Blake left us early. J.W. and an Auklander. Very nice evening. Very tired and sleepy now - 'night.

November 27, Monday [S.S. Monterey]

Didn't wake up until 10:30 this morning - wow! Dressed, on deck, a lemonade and lots of lovely crackers and cheese with Bill Ball, Bill, Mother and Marge Stedeford. Luncheon, then this afternoon deck sports, funny as all get out, in the Pavilion. Then about tea time had a chat with Val Coppard, then a nice hot bath, dressed, cocktails with Mr. Ball and a crowd in his room, and at dinner we had champagne with his complements [sic], balloons, flags and gaiety. After dinner we had him and Marge, Pat, Bill and Betty for liqueurs. Margaret Gilligan and I played some ping pong, also I played with a Canadian girl, Miss Johnson. Part of the movie, "Juarez," but I'd seen it before, and Mr. Ball, Marge and Bill woted against it for the present so we went in and danced. Very gay time and much fun. Val joined us a bit later. R.S. Now 5 of 1 after setting my watch back and I'm for bed soon as I wash my face. Great day, much fun - my blue balloons, the color of my dress, were all broken tonight, but I managed to keep a red one. J.W. Grand day -

much warmer, though not much sun, but tonight is perfect, bright moonlight. Lovely. Lights bright. 'Night.

November 28, Tuesday [S.S. Monterey]

Sydney. Up of my own accord at 10 to 6, dressed, on deck to see the Bridge and the Heads come in sight, quick but hearty breakfast of hot cakes, bacon and eggs, then on deck in time to see us go through the Heads, go past the "Wedding Cake" and anchor for quarantine. Saw Betty Bracey's little 6-months old American orphan, a darling. Finger-printed and all, then on the top deck to watch us go under the bridge and tie up. The while gang - everyone - was up there. Gay time, much picture-taking and all. Fun, hot sun. Ashore with Mr. Aarons of Vacuum; Hotel Australia for drinks and luncheon - very nice. Then Mother and I went to see "Beau Geste" - Gary Cooper, Ray Milland, Robert Preston, Brian Donleavy. Excellent. Almost as sad as the silent version.

Then back to the ship, freshened up a bit, then R.S. and I went ashore, saw "The Wizard of Oz," Judy Garland. Excellent indeed, crazy about it. Then to Prince's, a very nice night club. Joined Marge S. and Sid Gordon for a drink and by that time it was 15 to 1, back to the ship by one, washed my hair, this and now it's 2:30 and I'm terrifically weary. Sydney is nice - gorgeous harbor - grand day. 'Night.

November 29, Wednesday [S.S. Monterey]

Up at 8, on deck about 9, then Mr. Aaron's chauffeur drove us all over around Sydney, to the Zoo, Aquarium, Koala Park, Manly and every place else imaginable. Beauteous day, though a trifle cool. I dozed quite a bit in the car. Met Mr. Ball and the gang at the Monterey on George Street, had tea and a good chat, left about an hour later, 4:30. Back to the ship, dressed, met Mr. Aarons at Prince's at 6:45, a drink and a perfect dinner perfectly served. About 8:30 went to see "The Wizard of Oz" again. No one had seen it but me, and heavens, I surely didn't mind. Tired and sleepy and cold. 11:40, must wash my face and turn in. How welcome bed will be - wow! 'Night.

November 30, Thursday [S.S. Monterey]

Up at 10:30 after a lovely sleep, dressed, did a bit of packing, then Mother and I had luncheon - Dad was ashore. On deck after luncheon talked with Val [Coppard] and Morgan [Cennamo], cast loose shortly after 4; a bit of excitement over a girl who fell overboard from a launch alongside of us - she was saved. About 6 went below and cleaned up for dinner, dinner at 7 and "King of the Turf" at 8 - I'd seen that before, too - with Morgan. Then Pat Taylor, R.S. and I went into the Pavilion; such a deserted place I never did see. When we left about 11, there were two other couples in there. Now 12:05 and I'm turning in right now. Sleepy.

December 1, Friday [S.S. Monterey]

Up at 8; nice sea today, very choppy in comparison to what it has been, cold and very blowy. Washed my hair and on deck by 9:30. Met Morgan, and he, Margaret and Josephine Gunnerson and I played Chinese Checkers and ate cheese crackers. Quite a hail

storm blew up and after the deck had dried we played paddle tennis and deck tennis. Then some more checkers and luncheon. After luncheon met Val [Coppard] and he and I walked the deck a bit, met Morgan and then Frank Burnham and we all went up and played paddle and deck tennis. Bitterly cold at first, but we got warm very quickly. Then a bit later Morgan, the G. girls, and I played some more paddle. Then tea, then I came below, finished up most of my packing, took a leisurely hot bath, dressed for dinner, dinner, then the concert with Mom, Dad, Dr, Hayden and Morgan. Then a game of Chinese Checkers, then the Pavilion with the G. girls, Morgan, Val, R.S., Dr. Blake and Mardi Gepp. Very gay evening but felt very sad. I loathe and detest goodbyes. And I've had to say so many of them. I get awfully sick of it - it seems that is one thing that one never gets used to. (Sigh). R.S. is such a good egg. I like him very much. Morg and Val are lots of fun too. Hope I'll see them in Melbourne. It's been a wonderful trip. Surely wish that it had just started. Wish there were a month or two more of it. Golly, it's been swell, all the way around. It seems that everyone else feels the same way about it. Ah me, well, it's very nearly two and since I must be up by 6, I think I better snooze. 'Night. Lights foggy - could weep at the drop of a hat.