

It's funny how being kissed will almost entirely blot out another person. Arthur is very dim in my mind right now. That's where Bee shows his advantage in age. He kisses me the first time I've been out with him and gets away with it. Arthur just makes veiled allusions to his lost opportunities afterwards. Bee's better born, but Arthur's better educated and we have more in common. Arthur's taller but Bee is sweeter and I like him to kiss me - Time alone will tell.

Ann and Mary were saying I had the nicest teeth they could think of and the best skin in the whole dormitory!

Thursday, December 26, 1929

I had another date with Bee on the 17th. We went to Durgin Park for dinner then to the theatre to see "Wings Over Europe", and then, as before, we drove around until twelve-thirty. Bee said he never saw such a place - nowhere to park! Then at a railroad crossing he said, "Thank God for freight trains!" and kissed me plenty.

We got back to the dorm about midnight and sat and talked until twelve-thirty. He said he'd miss me a lot and was it too soon to make a date for January. I said of course it was. He said, "I like your curly hair, Bailey", and later, "Where'd you get those pretty teeth?" He's right much of a lamb. Let him kiss me too much perhaps. Must make him keep his distance more in the future.

Left college the 21st and came down on the Knickerbocker with Peggy Persons. Slept until noon Sunday. Drove the Clevelands, stayed for supper and spent the night when the car wouldn't start. Drove Lou's LaSalle around. He was high as a kite and said I was the "lovliest little stick-in-the-mud" he'd ever seen. He kissed me about three times quite vehemently when the family was out of ear shot and begged me to care for him "just a little". Asked me to come to dinner with him in Boston on January 6th. Doubt if he will remember.

Got home Monday noon and found a collie puppy the family had for me. Seven weeks old - I call him Jolie Coeur - after le singo in "Sans Famille." He chews everything to ribbons.

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Rushed into town, got a hair cut, dressed at Georgia's, met Arthur in the subway, he took me home to dinner and then I had to take him to the theatre - saw "Heads Up". Then we danced at the Hotel Pennsylvania. Had a swell time. He gave me a darling vanity case avec un lipstick. We were in taxis all the way, and he didn't even attempt to kiss me.

I spent the night at Georgia's and hiked out to the oculist where I met Mother. Lunched, then went out to see Stephanie. They insisted that I stay to dinner. Stephanie was very cordial and said I get prettier ever day. Pleasant per siflage. Reed drove me to the station in a taxi where I met the family at eight-fifteen.

Then we went out to the Rekstings. It was some party. One funny egg there called Wiggins made a big play for me. Called me charming and lovely and asked me out to dinner. He was thirty-one and the worst gutter snipe I've seen in years. Nan didn't know him. Somebody just brought him along. We had cocktails (two) and Italian vin rouge and a Swedish buffet supper at twelve.

Louise Swanstrom, the poor fool, is going to have a baby. Imagine! Only seventeen. The party broke up at four A.M. and we left at FIVE! We got home at seven o'clock in the morning! Opened our presents and I went to bed at ten and slept until one! Arthur phoned then and asked if he could come out. He came at three and stayed until nine P.M. We drove around for while and he stayed for supper. Said he'd rather I'd drive so he could look at me, that he never got tired of looking at me. Isn't he a scream? I'm going dinner-theatre-dancing with him on Saturday.

Today went to the oculist, then lunch with Peggy Raymond, then home. Mrs. Parker has asked me to dine with them Monday night. I'm run rather ragged as a result of all this mad rush. Tomorrow I'm supposed to lunch with Peggy Persons but I haven't heard from her yet. Bee sent me a Christmas card.

### Wednesday, January 1, 1930

New Year's Day and the whole Reksting - Swanstrom tribe is here for dinner and supper. Desultory conversation and even more desultory bridge. Three cocktails from a reluctant male parent. Lunched and went to the movies with Peggy Persons as per schedule on Thursday - I mean Friday.

and seem to have accomplished practically nothing. I did read a silly four hundred page book called "American Labor Dynamics" - but that's all.

One thing that makes me furious is that I haven't heard a word from Bee this whole week! It seems to me a rather rotten way to treat anyone. Then, too, Nancy asked Georgia down this week-end, and not me. Maybe they think I'm a bad influence for Bee. I had two letters from Arthur this week anyway. Dear faithful soul.

College would be such a pleasant place if it weren't for all these silly exams. We all get started on these big discussions about everything under the sun and talk for simply hours. It's rather enlightening and not unintellectual, and yet we feel guilty for taking time out because some long thesis is due. I have tried to get to bed by twelve each night and have succeeded pretty well. Arthur wants me to come home after exams. I have only five or six days but perhaps I shall go.

I am smoking too much perhaps but the freedom from family objections - verbal or implied - is too well worth taking advantage of. Honestly, skirts are getting so long that it's a dead give-away as to vintage if they don't come way down, almost to the ankle - at least in back - and of course the skirt must be circular. } \*!!

It is bitterly cold out now and a fine snow is slashing down. It looks as bleak and dreary as the conventional November. I wonder if marriage is what I want? I'm not really happy now. There seems to be nothing to live for or look forward to.

Saturday, January 18, 1930

Heigh-ho! One exam is over now. Only three more to go. I studied every morning from nine-thirty to twelve-thirty, every afternoon from two to six, and every night from eight to twelve, one or two! I had to write a three thousand word paper and it took me two days to do the reading for it. Thursday and Friday I studied for the one today. I'm just about all in.

Last night, about nine-thirty, I got a long distance call from New York - and it was Arthur! The old cutie called me up to wish me luck on my exam. Everyone was all agog about it. I think it was darling of him to think of me.

Arthur didn't say much about being glad to see me but the way he looked at me and squeezed me were right ample evidence. He wanted to know already what I was going to do this summer. I am supposed to go out with him tomorrow night but Babbie's aunt didn't ask her to stay with her - so I don't know what's going to happen.

Arthur 'phoned this morning but Babbie hadn't found out then, so he's going to 'phone again this evening. I don't know whether it's the beginnings of love or just physical attraction that I feel for Arthur - but in any event it's not at all unpleasant. Babbie said she liked him a lot.

Tuesday I'm going to Nan's, spend the night and go to a matinee Wednesday. Wednesday night Arthur is slinging a bridge party and of course Babbie and I are going. Arthur said we might go to the circus some afternoon. He's awfully nice - if he only weren't so darned intense about his feelings for me.

Sunday night, April 13, 1930 \*

Back at college again - damnit! Boy! What a lot has happened in one short week. Last Monday Babbie and I went into the city for lunch and saw William Haines in "The Girl Said No". We rushed out to White Plains and I dressed in evening clothes and went right back in to meet Arthur at seven-fifteen. We dined and danced at the Park Lane - where we were the only ones on the floor. Arthur is such a good dancer and I followed him so easily that it never occurred to me to feel self-conscious. He said I was as light as a feather!

Then we went to see "Wake Up and Dream" with Tilly Losch and Jessie Mathews. It was swell. "What is This Thing Called Love" is from that. Then we went up to get Arthur's car and the three times we were in taxis he put his arm around me - but on the way up to 153rd Street he sat with both arms clasped about my waist, and nearly squeezed my breath away.

We got his car and started the homeward drive - but when we got to Horace Mann he swung up that road and then stopped the car, and began to kiss me. I let him unhindered for a while - but I don't like the way he kisses me. He's too slobbery and always tries to soul-kiss me. I finally turned my head away and wouldn't let him and he said, "What's the matter? Don't you like the way I kiss?" I could hardly

tell him he'd guessed it so I said he was too intense. He said how could he help it when he saw me so seldom. Then I said my emotions had never really been aroused and it gave me a feeling of outrage when anyone was too violent.

All this time I was lying back in his arms with my head on his shoulder and his hands clasped on mine. He asked if there was anything he could do to make me like him anymore. I said, "No, Arthur. I like you so much." He said, "But not enough. You know we can't direct love - it's either there or it isn't." He said, "I'm willing to bet anything I have that if I took you on a canoe trip for a month I could make you fall in love with me." Lord, was I a wreck! Then I said he had no way of proving that, and he said I was too sensible ever to fall in love, that I needed to be swept off my feet.

I said I was as romantic as anyone, and that I was in love with love and not with anyone in particular. He told me what he thought love meant - "thinking of the girl you love all the time you're awake, dreaming of her when you're asleep, wondering if she'd like that sunset, thrill to this music, think that food tasted good, enjoy this book."

Then he asked if there was any reason why we couldn't go on as we had been and I said no, as long as he knew how I felt because I didn't want to hurt him. He said I was really too young to think much about love, but he was satisfied. We talked a long time and finally got home at two o'clock.

Tuesday I went into the city before lunch and out to Nan's. We lunched at a Chop Suey place and it was the first time I'd tasted it. I liked it a lot. Then we went back in town to buy material, and out again for dinner. The Captain, as usual, gave me a more than hearty kiss when he saw me. He mixed us each an old fashioned whiskey cocktail and I swigged mine down like nothing at all. It was a whole tumbler full, and as a consequence I got as tight as a fool and could hardly eat any dinner from laughing.

Mother came out early the next morning to help Nan sew on my dress and at three I went in to meet Georgia who had kept Babbie overnight for me. I got my hair cut and the three of us had tea, then we went out to Georgia's to dress. We didn't have time for dinner, but hiked off to Arthur's bridge.

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demonstrative enthusiasm. He was in Virginia on his vacation avec la famille. I answered with one letter in a rather restrained manner and heard from him - a little more subdued. This past Monday I answered about Thursday, so I expect a letter tomorrow. I guess I'll ask him to the house dance if I go.

It seems impossible to think that in four days I shall be TWENTY! It sounds so darned antique - as though I were losing my girlhood completely to lose my teens.

Gango wrote she had finally persuaded Mother to let my name be added to theirs in the St. Louis Social Register. Also saying why not marry Arthur - that I had family enough for us both. Imagine my amazement! Family has always been Gango's God. However I fully expect to meet a charming, well-bred man of wealth whom I shall marry - I wonder why?

Midnight, May 8, 1930

I have just attained my twentieth birthday! It seems like an awfully big event to me just now - the end of my teens. The beginning of my womanhood. The next ten years ought to be the best of my life. At the end of them I ought to have settled what I am to do with myself. The beginning of this year was certainly auspicious enough - I hope its end will be no less so.

Packages arrived from the family by special delivery at breakfast - I got a nice cake made by Mother, two pairs of stockings, two pairs of socks and am to get an evening coat. A whole huge squadron of airplanes flew by several times over college and I felt almost as if they were for me. Babbie gave me a heavenly colored bunch of sweet peas and some Chinese bedroom slippers, Peggy Persons some Coty's Styx. I was quite overcome at the latter because she has never given me anything before. It was darned nice of her. I went to the movies this afternoon with Babbie, Mary and Anne and when I got home I found a big box of flowers from Arthur - a dozen roses! I got all hysterical over them for no reason at all.

Bee had called up last night to ask me out - so I scrambled to get ready and we dined with Atherton and Ann. We had an awfully nice dinner and elderberry wine afterwards. Then Bee and I went to see Ethl Barrymore in "The Love of Dad". We sat in the third row and I thought once the leading man looked directly at me.

After I wrote to Arthur a week after I'd gotten that awful letter from him, blowing me up about my attitude towards my work, and saying if he weren't so busy he'd come up and spank me! I got a special from him last Saturday, a letter Tuesday and Monday. He wants me to come to New York after the Yale game, and says he'll buy my ticket back if necessary. The way I feel tonight, I want awfully to see him. It's so swell knowing someone adores you.

I got a D+ in English 32 for the hour exam. (which doesn't count, and Lucinda Smith, A senior Phi Beta got a D+ too) and C- in English 29a. Nice work.

Sunday, November 16, 1930

Just after lunch on Friday they said I was wanted on the telephone, and it was Arthur, calling me from New York! The lamb said he just wanted to hear my voice, and find out what show I wanted to see after the game. He said, "Good-bye, my sweet" just before he hung up. I simply walked on air for the rest of the day.

A Kitty, to my horror, announced an hour exam in English 2 for the day of the Yale game, just as I had prophesied. A bunch of us went to Miss Buckingham about it, and she called him up, and got him to change it to the Tuesday afterwards. I guess I'll go by train, and probably alone, since Bee doesn't seem to be going. If Arthur doesn't tell me what train to take pretty soon, I won't be able to reserve a chair. I wish I could get Sidney to go down with me. It hardly seems possible it's only six more days. I almost wish it were farther away, because things so long anticipated are usually fulfilled so soon, and slide so deeply into the past the next day as to seem completely unreal.

A I'm all agog now about what to wear. Having foolishly showed off all my new clothes the last time he was here, I'm right hard put to it for a good-looking costume.

Miggie cut my hair Saturday night and I hope he won't mind the new length. Everyone says how much better it looks. I washed, dried and combed it in fifteen minutes flat.

Monday, November 24, 1930

Back after a divine week-end in New York. I have never in my life spent such hectic time beforehand. I got my reservation, then wired Peggy to know if Barrie



was driving down, sent Bee a special telling him to take the same train I did, and wrote Arthur when I was coming. Peggy sent me a special saying to phone Barrie as she didn't know his plans. I wired him and asked if he'd drive me down. Meanwhile Arthur wired me to come by train, and then Barrie said he'd love to drive me. The next day Bee phoned saying he and Sid were driving at the last minute and to come with them. I had to wire Arthur again saying I was coming with Barrie.

\* / I borrowed a hat, and Georgia's leopard coat and wore my black silk dress. Barrie called for me at seven-forty, we drove out to Newton, picked up Russ, his brother, and got started for New Haven at eight-twenty. We made it in three and three quarter hours, and drove a steady seventy whenever possible. I had slick fun coming down with them. Russ is quite nice, but I doubt whether I made any time with him.

We met Peggy and Arthur at quarter of one, and we all had lunch together in Arthur's car. I loved driving in the Foster's LaSalle.

Arthur gave me some carnations he'd brought all the way from New York. The game was marvelous, and Harvard won to our huge surprise 13-0! The Yale bowl is swell, and we had right good seats. Arthur and I drove to New York in three hours flat, getting there at a quarter to eight. We were greeted by the family and Mrs. Sweeny kissed me!

We ate a cold supper and then grabbed a cab, and went to see "Up Pops the Devil". Our seats were in the second row on the aisle. I loved it. Then another taxi home. We sat in the living room, he on the arm of my chair, and talked until about one-thirty.

On the drive down he kept his arm around me, during the game he held my hand and nearly kissed me after each touch down. In the taxis he kissed me some, but O Lord, at home - ! I was trying to smoke, but I didn't have much chance. He kissed me with this wild lusty passion, and half crushed me to death.

R / When we finally went to bed, he came into my room - which was really his - and kissed me a long good-night. But my God! in the morning - I was awakened by feeling someone's mouth against mine and there was Arthur leaning over me! I was



scared to death, and didn't dare move. He sat down on the bed beside me, and kissed me again. Then I opened my eyes and asked what time it was. He said, "Time to get up, my darling." Then I closed my eyes, and turned my head away, and said, "All right I'll get up in a minute." Then he stood up, and said, "I won't have to wake you again, will I sweet?" And I said, "No" emphatically, and he went out. I leaped up, and shut my door, and leaned against it shaking all over. Then I took a tub, and met him in the hall as I was trying to rush back to my room. But he just smiled adoringly, and stood aside to let me pass.

After breakfast we went out to take a walk, and I sent a telegram to the family on their anniversary. Then we walked all the way down Riverside Drive to Ann Van Bibber's apartment. Of course she was out, but the girl there showed us through and I left a note for Ann.

Arthur told me all his work, and his M.A. and everything didn't mean a thing except for me. If I didn't care about them, he'd shoot the whole works to hell! It made me feel like a plugged nickel. After dinner, his cousins the Averills came to call, and when they left we went to the movies. He kissed me and hugged me so hard all the way down in the taxi that I arrived in rather a disheveled state. Then we took another cab uptown, got the car and drove out to Ben Riley's. I was feeling hilarious, but Arthur got glummer each minute.

We had dinner and danced, and had to leave about ten. We got home at ten-thirty, and for half an hour I tried to pack. As I'd lean on his chiffonier, trying to think what else I'd forgotten, he'd come up behind me, and pinion my arms. There we were tableaued in the mirror, and we did look pretty swell. The minute he touched me, he'd lose control, and kiss my hair, neck, ear and cheek wildly, then swing me around to face him, and kiss my mouth. I seemed to go weak to the knees, and a queer tremor ran all through me. I'd just go limp in his arms until I realized where we were. It was pure and simple physical attraction as far as I'm concerned. I know.

I finally dropped weakly to the bed, and put my face in my hands, and immediately he dropped down beside me, and begged to know what was wrong. I couldn't tell him, so I only smiled wanly, and said I couldn't explain. Then he said, "Oh, I guess your way is better than mine. I'm always doing the wrong thing. Forgive me, darling, it's only because I love you so much."

Today he took me shopping at nine-thirty for a blouse for his mother (we got it at Saks 5th Avenue - \$12.75) and said how beautiful I looked with the melted snow sparkling on my eyelashes and cheeks. Then I had him drive me over to Eugenia's where I lunched. Marie, Muffet, Wink, Frankie and I were the only "guests".

After a swell lunch, Marie went shopping, and the rest of us went to the Salamagundi Club to see Tony Sarge and his marionettes in "Alice in Wonderland". I met Mr. Sarge afterwards. Then Eugenia sent me home in the car and I felt like a million in a Packard limosine with a liveried chauffeur. Arthur phoned to ask me to Christmas supper chez lui.

Wednesday, December 31, 1930

Boy, what a New Year's Eve this turned out to be! But first I'll catalog the events leading up to it. Last Wednesday Mother and I went shopping all morning for a dress for that debut - with no success. We grabbed some lunch in an automat and went out to Jackson Heights to see Nan, and tell her what kind to order me at the wholesale houses.

She wanted all of us to go to her annual Christmas eve party but the family didn't want to, so I said I had a date. Then I told Arthur I was going to it. Instead we just sat around and read, and then opened our presents a la ye old south. I got checks from Gango and Sarah, money from Aunt Nenie, pajamas, beads, and perfume from Jam and Anita, a swell pajama set from Eugenia, a funny bag from Old Lady Johnson and candy from the family.

Mother phoned Lou at the office asking him to Christmas dinner, but providentially his mother was coming down and he couldn't. He was high as a monkey and asked to speak to me and made me say I'd go out with him on January 2.

\* Christmas Day we slept late, had dinner about three, and Arthur came for me at six. He brought me a swell \$12 bottle of Guerlain's SHALIMAR. I gave him "Thy Rod and Thy Creel" by Odell Shepard which he seemed delighted with. We went up to his house for supper. The family was cordial, as always, and after a couple of cocktails we had a nice cold supper. Afterwards we played backgammon, checkers and dominoes until eleven. I had never played any of them before, but I beat Arthur at the first.

Wednesday, March 4, 1931

Yesterday morning I got a swell long special from Arthur. He really is the nicest man. I mean he has such darned fine ideals and standards. I admire him more than almost anyone I know.

Last night, after dinner, Tom McQue, this man Otey knew, asked her to get him a blind to play bridge, and she asked me. So I went - and God! What an evening! We went over to some apartment on Prescott Street, and there was a freshman from Wellesley and a man named Paul Shirk. They were cooking supper. Tom got this enormous goblet out of the ice box with a cocktail in it, and handed it to me, and had one himself. I drank it down because I thought it was a golden opportunity to indulge my pet vice - cocktails.

Then Tom kept drinking two or three fingers of whiskey straight, from this bottle, and making me drink half of what he took. But Paul always put orange juice with mine. Tom probably had had plenty before and he got drunk as a lord. We all went into the living room, and then Peggy Persons and Paul disappeared somewhere into the back of the apartment. Tom made me sit on the couch beside him; and because he was such a big lummoX, and so much stronger than I, that fight as I would, he succeeded in soul-kissing me several times.

He kept turning out all the lights and trying to make me lie down on the couch beside him. I'd had enough to drink to sharpen my wits and keep me from being terribly afraid of him, and I decided the only way to take care of myself was to be very amused, superior and sophisticated. So whenever he made a lunge at me, or tried to kiss my hands, I'd say, "Really, I'm simply bored stiff. This isn't a bit amusing to me."

He was perfectly vile, and said the most awful things to me. He said my lips maddened him and made him want to tear off all my clothes! He said my skin was "peculiar", and later my flesh was "delicious", and it roused a passion in him! He said my eyes were certainly the most beautiful any girl ever had, and that I was interesting and clever. Then he said he'd seduce me if it was the last thing he ever did! In the kitchen Paul had said, "You must be Radcliffe, you have such lovely teeth. All the Radcliffe girls I've ever known have lovely teeth."

At nine-thirty we had to drive Peggy to Wellesley, and it was some wild ride with me sitting on Tom's lap in their Ford coupe. And then I was alone coming home with those two dopes. Tom, utterly regardless of Paul's presence, kept both arms around me and kissed my ear and neck, and then would force my face around to his lips, so that I was absolutely powerless. Finally they changed places because Paul said he wanted to love a beautiful woman and Tom was getting tired of my continued resistance. Paul only rubbed his hand over my bruised and burning cheeks and remarked at their hotness.

They both tried to get me to come in the apartment again, but I was all ready to walk, so they saw I meant business, and Paul got out and said goodnight there. Then Tom drove me home. He kept saying I had the wrong attitude toward a man - because I didn't enjoy or yield to his damned necking! - that I was afraid of him - but it was only disgust - and that I was repressed.

When we got out in front I tried to hop right out of the car, but he caught me and dragged me back. Then, because when he asked if there weren't some man I was interested in, I said "Yes", he said "I'll bet you aren't any more a virgin than a cat." I simply couldn't believe my ears. And I didn't dare slap him because I was afraid I'd never get away from him. He said he'd never forget my lips, and that if I hadn't resisted so much, he wouldn't have kissed me so much. He kept running his hands over my legs and I could have killed him. He actually said he guessed it was a dirty trick "to go and get drunk on me this way". I finally jerked and pulled till I got away and then I beat it up the steps. He staggered after me, and said he was sorry it had had to turn out this way.

Today I'm so sore and stiff I can hardly move. That brute certainly man handled me. The back of my neck where he clutched me, either side of my jaw and my chin where he grabbed me to make me turn to him are actually painful to the touch. My arms are as sore as though I'd been doing some unaccustomed exercise, and it was all just from trying to hold that brute off.

Otey was up when I came in - with a breath you could chin yourself on - and I told her all about it. She was perfectly furious at them both and said that if they ever came here again she'd give 'em hell. Well, they came tonight, and darned if she didn't blow them up like a fury. They said they'd come to apologise, and

port and left there about quarter past eleven. Then we went out to Horace Mann and parked there for two hours! Arthur told me that I had twenty-nine of the thirty points of womanly perfection as outlined by the French philosophers! The thirtieth point is that they think blondes should have blue eyes.

Arthur said, "I love you darling", and then when I looked uneasy, he said, "What's the matter, my sweet? Is it because you can't say the same?" I nodded. Then he asked, "Is there anyone else you love? Do you care for anyone more than me?" I said that I didn't and I was awfully fond of him. He said that was enough to make him feel very happy. He said his love for me was the kind that lasts forever - he could haul me into it he supposed, but he wanted me to think now, and not later. I said, "Haul me into what, if I don't go back to college next year?" He pulled me closer, said, "look at me, darling, when I talk to you. Now what do you think we've been talking about? I mean being my wife, of course."

Boy, I just about curled up inside. It was terribly thrilling to hear him say "my wife" and then look at me! He said, "Darling, I didn't want it to come out like that, but you must have known that's how I felt. If I'd had a million dollars, I'd have asked you to marry me the first time I saw you. The reason I love you, Bailey, is because you have a beautiful body and a beautiful mind. You're the finest woman I've ever seen. And for you to say I'm worth ten of you is a laugh. But the trouble is, I only made \$2000 last year, and will only get \$2500 or \$3000 next year. But with you to work for, my darling, I know I can do anything. I love you more than anything on earth. You're the only thing that has any meaning to me. All that I do is for you - all I think, all I accomplish, all I aspire to. I know that makes you mad - you think things should be done for their own sake - but you're the only thing I live for, darling."

I can't remember all the things he said - about how he'd like to kiss me all night, how wonderful it would be to travel with me all over Europe, how incomparable my hair, eyes, teeth, nose and lips were, how if we were married he'd be much more interested in the marriage than his business, how all he wanted was to take care of me, and comfort me, and make me happy, and I melted in his arms and kissed him back. I had to take my hat off and put my hair up again after it was all over.

When we finally started home, he said, "Darling, I know you think long engagements are the bunk, and as we couldn't get married for about two years, perhaps it will be better if something has to be broken, for it not to be an engagement. But you do have a good time with me, don't you, my sweet? But if I should say to you now that you'd have to make up your mind whether you'd ever love me, or never see me again - what would you say?"

I hung my head and replied honestly that I didn't know. He kissed me and said, "Well, I'll always love you, my sweet, and whatever happens, I'll always be your best friend, too. This is a sort of trial marriage, by the way - at least it seems to me they're not much more than this." We discussed the fight we had this spring and explained to each other why we got mad. It was two-thirty when I got home that night.

Wednesday, Mother and I were out at Jackson Heights all morning and afternoon while Nan sewed on a dress for me to wear that night. Arthur was here when I got in at five-fifteen and I dressed and we taxied out to his house for dinner. We had cocktails before it and port with it. The Sweeny's, pere et mere, were very sweet and cordial, as usual, and the dinner was good. Arthur and I went to some concert at the Grand Central Palace, given by some woman he knew at Mahopac. It was over so early that we went to the movies, afterwards, and saw "Tabu" - a swell South Sea Island picture.

Thursday, Georgia came here for lunch and we went to see "Three's a Crowd". It was awfully dirty but terribly funny and I loved it. That night I dined with the Parker's. Al Thoman was there so it was the usual old thing. Three cocktails before dinner, brandy afterwards, and gin and ginger ale all evening long. They all admired my hair and a new print dress I wore. Marie was in hostess pajamas. Bob embraced me heartily when I came. Chuck Kelley, some young guy from Montana, stopped in about eleven-thirty for a couple of high balls and then left. I never have come so near to being sick in my life. I don't know what it was - I have been a little off my feed lately. Al took me home about one in a taxi. d

Friday I lunched with Eugenia and Jean Tory at the Union League Club at Park and 37th - a beautiful building. Then we went to the Palace Theatre and saw some good vaudeville. That night Arthur and I went out to see Ann Van Bibber! Georgia

Gilbert and Sullivan operettas in Boston. Afterwards we strolled over to Fifth Avenue and 46th and had a sundae at Schrafft's. Then we taxied home, and when we got out of the elevator, I said, "It's too bad you told the taxi man to wait, because I was going to ask you in, since it's just eleven." Well Arthur was simply a wreck, and said "Darling! Why didn't you tell me downstairs? But if you'll let me now, I'll go down and dismiss the cab, and come back." So I let him, and he came in and kissed me until twelve-twenty.

I forgot to say he's asked me to Mahopac for the weekend, over the 4th, and when he asked if he could see me Wednesday night, I knew the family would blow up after my seeing him so many days in succession, so I said I'd be out. Then he said that he had to give me the time table about trains and when COULD he see me. I told him to come down at two-thirty Wednesday afternoon. He told me again how beautiful I was and how sweet I was to him, and how much he loved me.

Yesterday morning I went shopping by myself. With the \$5.18 I earned, I got myself a "Roughies" suit for \$3.95 at Lord & Taylor's. It's adorable, so chic - beret, pants and shirt. Then a dress, hat, and shoes at Wannamaker's for the grand total of \$8.70. They haven't come yet, by the way \$2.50, \$2.25, \$3.95 respectively.

It was five of three when I got home and the elevator boy said, "A gentleman called while you were out Miss Patterson. He left his card and Arthur had scribbled "I will call again at four." I was hot as the devil, so I just had time to take a shower, slip into my lounging pajamas and eat a sandwich (I had no lunch in my hurry) before Arthur came.

He was very nice about my being so late, and said he hadn't waited long because he had to shop a bit too. I suppose I did look rather nice in those pajamas, but Lord, he certainly got passionate! He said, "Do you know that you've got a marvelous figure darling? Do you know that you have broad shoulders, and a slim waist, and a straight lovely body? Look at the curve of your arm, your cheek, your lips -" and then he buried his face on my chest and hugged me until I nearly died.

He hugged me up to him, bent me way back to kiss me, and then would hold me there, and not let me sit up when I wanted to. I felt pretty mad and I guess he sensed it. He said, "Darling, I don't think I'll ever understand you. I think you want



hills. Arthur pulled me into his arms right away and began to kiss me, and we didn't talk much of anything for a while. Then, as usual, we began to get more serious again and I said I wished he'd use his own judgement more instead of deferring to me so much. I said I didn't know whether he was old enough for me to trust his judgement, but that's what I wanted. I said, "In reality, I must be a clinging vine type." He laughed and said that was the bunk, because he'd never seen anyone more modern and independent.

He said he realized I sort of like the cave-man type, but in marriage anyway, he believed in compromise. So then we discussed a hypothetical case about what would happen if he wanted to go hunting and take me and I hate hunting. I forget how it came out, for just then I said, "But you see, I must be a clinging vine, because I want to be guided, led, directed."

Before that he'd said he was pretty tired and discouraged, and I'd kissed him more than I should have to sort of comfort him. Once, after he'd kissed me - he held me off and said, you shouldn't let me do that, Bailey, a kiss that passionate should lead to a climax. You don't realize the tremendous drive of a man's passion." So I said, "All right then. I'll leave it up to you to draw the line."

He realized, and said so, that kissing him was experimental on my part and didn't move me the way it did him, but he said it was pretty tough on him. Well when I said that about being a vine again, he said, "All right, cling!" So I threw my arms around his neck, and he kissed me, and then held me tighter than I've ever been held before. I really could hardly breathe and I felt faint. Naturally, I relaxed in his arms and my head fell back, and the arm that wasn't around his neck just slid down and hung limply. Then, still holding me, like a vise with one hand, with the other he began to stroke me all the way down, and I nearly died.

My brain instantly told me I ought to protest, but it was physically so soothing that I felt drugged and didn't move for about half a minute. Then I tried to push him away with all my might and he said, "Don't, darling." Then with my free hand I slapped him on the side of the face as hard as I could.

He let me go instantly, and I flung my head on my arm and sort of sobbed without shedding any tears. Emotionally I felt like a dish rag and I couldn't think at all. My

tea and Arthur took me home about nine-fifteen. On the way I said something about hating to leave him and he said, "Sometimes it makes me really sick. Oh, darling, I'd like to snuggle you up in my arms and never let you go." I said I'd like to snuggle there, and he said, "Don't, my sweet. That's what's called tantalizing."

Wednesday I saw Miss Randles at Macy's, who told me to come back today. Mary Huyett called me up last night. She'll be in town until Saturday. Today I took an intelligence test and a physical exam and was hired for November 24th for Macy's book department. I'm too tired now to rejoice.

I took time out for lunch and walked over to Hunter to get Arthur. He walked back to 34th Street with me, and we bumped into Eugene Hawkins! I almost cut him dead, because I didn't recognize him, and he said, "Hello, Bailey." Arthur and I had a sandwich at a *Mirroi* place which I payed for, and then he took me back to Macy's.

It would take too much room to put down all the sweet, darling things he said to me all week-end, or tell how often and how thrilling he kissed me. He said he'd adore me to the end of his days.

*Tuesday morning, November 10, 1931*

Friday I slept fairly late, and then met Mary Huyett at the Rosevelt at twelve-thirty. We talked and gossiped until after one, and then went over to Fifth Avenue and had lunch at Schrafft's. Mary had her hair up, and some good-looking clothes on, but aside from that she hadn't changed much.

After lunch we shopped for an evening wrap for her - which means we started at 46th Street and simply combed the Avenue. Finally we tired of that and went back to the hotel about three-fifteen. I stayed until after four, and then I went home.

I told Mary all about Arthur, and while she laughed at his name, she said he sounded perfect. I even let her read a letter I got from him that morning - a terribly sweet one. Then I came home and started dinner and washed my hair, and took a shower. I wore my orange print and no stockings so I wouldn't have to put on a girdle.

After the game we fought our way out of the stadium and ran all the way to Harvard Square. I was in no fit condition for that, but I knew I'd have such a few minutes at the dorm otherwise. We grabbed a taxi and Arthur kissed me and hugged me all the way to Barnard Hall. He said, "You run on in, darling, and I'll settle the taxi and follow you."

I tore inside and into Miss Whitney's room - but she wasn't there! Then I ran upstairs and shouted for all the gang - but only Mary Hines and Charlotte were in. Miggie had gone to the game and to tea afterwards, Otey and Nancy Blair were at tea, Georgia had gone to Island Creek, and Miss Whitney was at the game. Alice Dean came in for a few minutes, but had to dash off for a tea dance. I saw Jane Most, Olive Godsill and Ethel Kingsland to say "Hello" to.

Arthur, the darling, sat outside and waited for me as patiently as anything. I'd hang out the window every once in a while and ask him how he was surviving and how much time I had left. Finally he called, "Bailey! Come on now. I'm sorry, but I've let you stay just as long as I could." Mary and all of them said how cute I looked and wanted to know when I was going to get married. I wish I knew!

Arthur and I raced over to the corner and took the subway to South Station at my suggestion. We met Donald Sutherland, a Kex Club and law school man, at the subway and he rode in with us. We got to the train in ample time and Arthur bought me a Lampoon to replenish our stock. The train pulled out at five of six.

I have never seen quite so much drinking. There were mostly old grads and their wives on the train and every damned one of them had a quart of Scotch. Round bottles and square, they tucked them in backgammon sets, suitcases and hip pockets, but every man going into the diner was clasping a bottle. And it was very orderly withall. The porter was kept hopping, bringing gingerale and ice. We had three highballs at dinner, but I guess they were pretty mild, and we didn't even feel them.

I smoked a cigarette in the vestibule again so Arthur could kiss me. He said, "Oh darling! It's so awful not to be able to hold you in my arms, or have you sit on my lap, and I want to kiss you all the time. I love you to death, sweetheart." After dinner we read for a while and then I told Arthur to take a nap and he did. He looked so darling with his long eyelashes against his cheek - like a little boy. I did

drives me mad. And now that I've got you in my arms I have to hold you close and touch you. Oh, if I could only show you how much I really love you, sweetheart! Don't tremble, darling. Put your head on my shoulder and take a deep breath and that little heart won't beat so fast."

So gradually I became calmer and stopped gasping and shaking and tried to look at him when he told me to, and kissed his cheek faintly in protest when he said it was his fault and he was a beast. And those clear, frank eyes of his looking unafraid up into mine as he knelt there beside me, would have made me forgive him even if he'd seduced me.

I asked him to get me a drink of water, so after I swore to him that I'd be all right if he left me, I hopped up and rearranged my rumpled skirts and tried to smooth my hair into some semblance of order. I drank the water, and when he fell into the chair and buried his face in his hands, I sat on the arm of it and stroked his hair and kissed his ear, and tried to comfort him.

Then I said, "Do you mind if I sit on your lap again, because I'm not very comfy here?" He pulled me down in his lap with a joyous kiss, and held me close again. He whispered, "Oh darling, doesn't it seem as though you belonged here? How can I let you go! The trouble is, sweetheart, our partings are always so hectic. Now just sit here until you regain your mental equilibrium before we go. Oh darling, just think how marvelous it will be when we can be together always! Imagine coming home from work to you!"

Then that led to talk of getting married and Arthur said he thought sex was overemphasized. He said the way everyone made such a fuss over the first night was absurd. I said, "Oh! Did they?" and he told about how his classmates called up all their friends every half hour on their wedding nights. He said he thought it should be a spontaneous impulse with both of us - but not at any set time. It sounds as though he didn't particularly want to go the limit on our wedding night!

Well, of course, in about two minutes he was bending me way back to kiss me and my heart began to beat wildly again. I finally struggled upright in his lap and as the clock was striking one I begged him to let me go, because I was a wreck about what his family would think. I paced up and down a few minutes to recover my

think you're as much a virgin as the day you were born, my precious." I cried, and he talked to me about myself and asked me how much I knew, and was so sweet and tender and explained things to me so nicely that I loved him more than ever. I'm sure I won't have a baby, but not positive.

On Saturday Arthur took Daddy to lunch at the Harvard Club and then to a ballgame. I went up to the Sweeny's for dinner that night and we spent the evening making out a list of wedding invitations. Arthur was not feeling awfully well and I made him bring me home about eleven. I forgot to say that the week before Arthur told me he was boss of the outfit, and when I asked him if he expected me to obey him he said, "Yes"! But he added that if I loved him the future should hold no terrors for me - and it doesn't really.

Yesterday we went on a picnic with Peggy and Barrie Foster. We called for them at eleven - drove them up to Mahopac. I did most of the driving both ways because Arthur was feeling pretty tired. We had lunch on the rocks at Boyds Corners Reservoir. Then we went up to the Carmel Country Club where I met a Mrs. Lawrence who has known Arthur since he was a child.

Then we went over to the Averills, and Mrs. Averill gave us cake and gingerale. Dottie and John were just off to a party. We got back to town at quarter past seven and played bridge with the Fosters until quarter past ten. Then Arthur brought me home and left immediately. I'm right worried about him, he's so tired and looks badly. He said he'll sleep as long as he could today and then call me up. It's after eleven now so I ought to hear from him soon.

I told him I hated to have a baby because he might love it more than me and he said that was his one fear, that I'd love the baby more than him! He said he'd always adore me more than anything in the world, and nothing could take my place. That's the way I feel about him, too. My lover. This is the last week I shall be at Lord & Taylor's!

### Monday night, June 20, 1932

These past three weeks have simply flown by and now my wedding is only ten days away! It's still as unreal and unbelievable as it was three months ago. Since the last week at Lord & Taylor's started on a Tuesday it didn't seem long at all. The day I

Yesterday we went to Mahopac for the day. We lunched at Beneduci's and then went on up to the Lake. It was too rough to get to the Island in a canoe, so we went to some pond to swim.

Today I went in town to take Mother some money but came right home again. I shall see Arthur tonight. I wrote him a letter to ask what method of birth control he wanted to use because I couldn't ask him to his face. So Wednesday night, after dinner, he drove me out to Horace Mann and we talked it over. He asked if I wanted this pessary thing and I said it was the safest. He asked if it would hurt me to have it fitted and I said yes, a little. So he said not to go back to the doctor's, he felt he could be more tender than any doctor.

He said he was an idealist and hated to have to spoil a divine moment like that with mechanical devices. But I told him we didn't want a baby right away because in the first place we couldn't possibly afford it. He said he certainly hoped that someday I'd have a baby to kiss my sweet breast! Anyway we decided I wasn't to go back to the doctor's and we'd manage somehow.

Then suddenly, in the car, he said, "If this weren't a public place, I vow we'd settle this question here and now!" But he only kissed me gently and took me home. He said that when we were married he would "want" me every night, that it was only now - never having taken me - that he wanted me every time he saw me.

When we got home he kissed me goodnight so hard that I felt rather limp. So he simply picked me up and deposited me on the couch! He's so strong and passionate and gentle all at once. I simply adore him and I know he worships me. I get a little scared and reluctant when I think of the long years ahead and having children and what not, but that's only natural and I'd stake my life on our happiness.

So many people ask me if I'm not wildly excited and deliriously happy at the prospect of marriage and a honeymoon abroad. I'm not though. I can't realize that a week from today I'll be afloat on the Atlantic Ocean with a husband beside me. I think it's because I have been so frantically worried about money and all the things I had to get them with.

We got the license last week and the wedding ring Wednesday. It has diamonds all the way around and only cost \$40! It was truly the one I liked best - at any price.

I haven't said a word about our gifts. We sent out one hundred and fifty invitations and, so far, have got forty presents. Some of the silver is lovely. Arthur was saying last night he guessed we couldn't possibly do better than six rooms for \$65 a month, so I suppose we will have to take that apartment in his family's building. If only we didn't have to have so many rooms we could get something much cuter in a new building. However, Arthur says we will be going out to Westchester eventually, so this would just be for a year or so. I'll have to take what I get and like it, it seems. I wish it were all over and done with - the wedding I mean.



***Barrie Foster, Arthur, Bailey, Manie Connor***

*Sunday afternoon, July 3 Aboard the S.S. Westernland*

Last Sunday Arthur came over after dinner and spent the evening. Monday Peggy Foster and Peggy Raymond both came out to spend the day. It was frightfully hot all week. Arthur came over for a while that night. Tuesday Arthur and I looked at apartments - unsuccessfully - and deposited \$125 in the bank. Then he took me down to the Battery and put me on the boat to Bedloe's Island. I had luncheon with Charlotte Ball and her mother and spent the afternoon.



Manie was pretty nervous and her bouquet shook - that helped steady me. After we knelt and were blessed Arthur kissed me and I'll always remember the feel of his hot face and lips against mine. We walked out and stood at the back to receive people. I can't think who came and who didn't except Mary Louise Mercer and Jane Bowman.

Mr. and Mrs. Sweeny called me "Daughter!" A reporter from the Herald Tribune took four of five pictures of us, then we got the license and Barrie put us into the car with Manie. We all changed - Manie and I together - and had Albert drive us down to the Sub-Treasury Building for our passport. That took hours and it was three o'clock when we got to the boat.

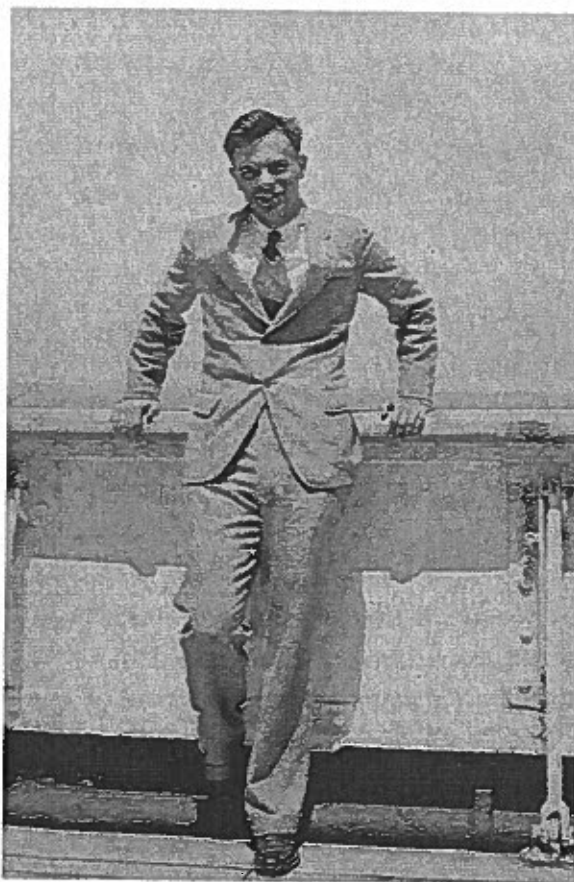
Colonel and Mrs. Averill and Charlotte and Georgia were the only ones beside Manie to see us off. We gave them all cocktails. Mr. Sweeny asked me where my husband was and I got such a shock - I couldn't realize that I was married. We sailed at five past five and waved until we were out of sight. Manie wept lustily at the end, but I was perfectly dry-eyed. Arthur stood beside me and blinked a little. Passing Bedloe's Island I waved to Charlotte and I think she waved back.

*edit*  
Arthur and I had dinner (second sitting) and then went out on deck until about nine-thirty. I ripped out of my clothes and into my pajamas and was in my bunk by the time he came in. When he got into his pajamas he said, "Do you want me to come in and hold you a little while, darling?" I nodded - I couldn't speak - and moved over with terror simply paralyzing me. But he just cradled me in his arms and kissed me and said he loved me and called me his "darling wife".

We talked and talked for hours and I'd drowse and forget where I was. Once he said, "Are you ready to go, darling?" And I said, "Go? Where?" He laughed tenderly and said, "Sweetheart, I mean if I should take you now, are you ready to go?" I told him no indeed unless he wanted me to have a child. So then we decided to wait until we got to Paris.

The bunks here are so darned small and uncomfortable and besides Arthur says if I wait eight to ten days after I have the curse I'll respond to him more and enjoy it more. We stayed awake all night until five A.M. and then he went up to his own bunk to get a little sleep. Saturday morning we got up at ten. A nice boy named

John Waleigh and his mother have the chairs next to us. We've both felt sick ever since yesterday noon - but haven't missed a meal yet.



*Arthur on S.S. Westernland*

*Thursday, Juillet 14, 1932 - 8 Rue Cambon, Paris*

The next seven days on the boat Arthur and I felt perfectly normal, and consequently enjoyed ourselves a good deal. Bert and Christine Leahy of New York were our table-mates and we were with them almost constantly at night. After the first couple of days I dressed for dinner every night. We slept all morning, waking at anywhere from eleven A.M. to quarter of two P.M. - once even missing lunch.

Mr. Frederick George, some friend of Arthur's father, asked us to have cocktails with him one night and we returned the compliment the next night. After that we

usually were scrambling to have our baths and dinner without having time to go to the bar.

My husband and I played shuffleboard and quoits in the afternoon and would go to our cabin at five or five-thirty. Then we'd have a passionate interlude and thus almost miss dinner. We had wine every night with our dinner - the Leahy's treating one night and ourselves the next. After dinner we danced a bit up on the promenade deck to a very military British orchestra and generally drank and played bridge with the Leahy's until twelve or one o'clock. It was generally three or four or five when we went to sleep though. I saw a whale spout three times and we saw a few porpoises and birds. The Rotterdam passed us, too, but aside from that no marine excitement.

On Friday, July 8 Arthur actually took me and put an end forever to my virginity! Going the limit is greatly overrated I think, but at least it didn't hurt me a bit. That was because Arthur had been doing it gradually. As a matter of fact, I am enjoying our intercourse more each time as we get more adjusted to each other.

I seem to know so pitifully little and Arthur has told me an awful lot about myself. I didn't even know we had really gone the limit until he sat up and said, "Well, darling, how does it feel?" When I asked what, he laughed and kissed me tight and said, "You're not a virgin any longer, darling, you're a truly married woman!"

The ship touched Southampton at five A.M. Sunday morning and we got into Harvre at four P.M. - two hours late. We didn't have any trouble getting through the customs although we brought in matches, cigarettes and playing cards - all forbidden articles. Then we got on the train for Paris - getting here at nine P.M.

The ride up was beautiful and we adored the countryside. The neatness of everything and the abundance of trees and flowers were what impressed us most. Every little railroad station was a bower of flowers and the roads are lined with straight rows of poplars and chestnuts.

Our hotel is the Metropolitan, 8 Rue Cambon and we have a swell room and bath and breakfast for 80 francs a day - that's \$3.20. Monday we wandered around the city on foot and found the American Express and Cook's and the Gare St. Lazare

left - Saturday, June 4, I wore the brown and yellow tailored chiffon Eugenia gave me, and received numerous compliments.

Mr. Turner, head of the second floor, sent a boy up for my salary, so I didn't even have to bother about that. He and Mr. Wherry, the section manager, both shook hands with me and wished me all the luck and happiness in the world. All the girls, of course, felicitated me, and so did Mrs. Hill, assistant buyer.

Arthur called for me that night at the store, took me to dinner, and then to "Hot-Cha". Neither of us thought much of it despite Lupe Velez and Bert Lahr. Sunday Arthur came over for dinner as usual. The next week I saw Arthur every night but Friday.

I shopped all day long every day, and succeeded in getting a traveling suit for \$14.50 and my wedding dress for \$24.75. Manie was with me when I got my dress and Peggy Person went twice with me. She took me to the Birth Control League, which sent me to Dr. Elizabeth Pissoot on York Avenue near 86th Street. Instead of a pessary I got some contraceptive jelly to be used until we get back. A

The next week we went to the church one day and then met Georgia downtown. Arthur took us up in the Empire State building for lunch. Last week I saw Arthur every day but Tuesday. Sunday Arthur and his mother and I went up to the Averill's for the day. We swam and went out in Judson Todd's speedboat. Arthur said the yokels had never seen anything as lovely as I. My new bathing suit is turquoise blue.

That night we had supper at Georgia's. Mary Hines and Nancy Blair were there too. I lunched with Mary and Georgia at Maillard's on Saturday. And Arthur took me to lunch there twice earlier in the week.

Monday I lunched with Mary, Georgia and Natalie Bachrach and then we went to the movies. Tuesday I lunched with Peggy Raymond. Wednesday Arthur took me to lunch at Maillard's and then to see "Grand Hotel". We had dinner with his family. On Thursday Mother had a day's enforced holiday so I shopped with her. She got a dress for the wedding. That afternoon I went to Nan's and had three dresses fitted. I didn't see Arthur that night.

breath was coming in gasps and I just shook and sobbed. He dropped his head against my arm and said, "Oh, God, I've hurt you terribly! To think that you should ever have to slap ME! I'm a cad - oh Christ! Darling, listen to me. You've got to listen. I never would have taken you. I'd never take any woman unless I loved her, and the way I love you, Bailey, I'd never think of it until we were married. Don't cry, darling! Look up. Say something, for God's sake! And I thought I'd work so hard this summer - Bailey! Don't tell me I've busted all that! Dry your eyes, darling, because we've got to go home sometime."

I finally sat up and turned around, and the way I shrank away from him must have hit him hard. He buried his face in his hand on the wheel and kept saying, "Oh Christ!" over and over again. Then he buried his head in my lap and said, "This is the honest truth and I hope you will listen. You see, Bailey, when a man loves anyone as much as I love you, he wants to know every bit of her, and I didn't mean anything, darling. Oh God! You haven't said a word. Does that mean - does that mean that you - you never want to see me again?"

I thought a minute and then I said very coldly, "No, I couldn't honestly say that." He said, "Thank God! But Bailey, if you knew how you tempted me. I can only tell how you feel by your expression and you leaned back as though you wanted me to come on, and sort of smiled." That made me raging and I told him good and plenty I didn't play come on games and that if I leaned back it was because I was half fainting.

Then he was crushed again and leaned on the wheel cursing like a pirate. He said finally, "Well, come on. I guess we'd better go home." But I said, "I want to talk this out now, and get it settled. The first thing - the first thing is - that I forgive you." As I said I had no idea in the world how I felt - but I knew it wasn't very forgiving. He said, "Bailey, don't for God's sake, don't say it unless you really mean it. If you're just saying the words -" I told him that I wouldn't have said it unless I meant it - because he was really in a pitiful state and I kept thinking about the next day, we'd have to appear normal - and I said the best thing was to ignore the whole thing.

Of course, he said it was impossible and to think that after I'd trusted him - ! Then he groaned and swore some more. I honestly have never seen him so abject and all to pieces. Well, finally we started for home, and to cheer him up as we drove along I said, "Arthur, as a matter of fact, I forgave you because I realized how you

Monday night, May 4, 1931

It seems utterly impossible to believe that I have been back at college only two weeks tonight - it's so much more like months. The weather has been fair for the most part, but awfully chilly, and the leaves aren't fully out yet. I have been braving the sharp wind the last couple of days by wearing ankle socks, but I am hardly sunburned at all.

This is the last week of classes for this year - perhaps forever for me. I have an hour exam and a thesis to look forward to on Friday - and then reading period begins. Babbie's Divisionals are tomorrow, but I don't think it matters much to her whether or not she passes - except she said it was a messy kind of way to finish up her college career. I probably shan't get a degree next year because of my language requirement. That D- in German A has cooked my goose. I refuse to take another German course and I hate the thought of saddling myself with Latin my senior year.

In four days I shall be twenty-one! Some day I'll look back on that as a mere beginning of life - now it looms up portentous and awful. I should like my health to be drunk in champagne, but I suppose I shall sit at home and do nothing - after the hour exam. Arthur says he will be through his exams May 20th. I hope he can drive up to get me. He won't be able to come to the House Dance because that's on Friday and he has classes until five. I shall be home five weeks from tomorrow. Still haven't been to Island Creek - perhaps this week-end!

Friday night, May 8, 1931

It is now eleven-thirty on the night of my twenty-first birthday. I really started it at midnight last night when I opened my packages from home with Miggie. Gango and Aunt Sarah sent checks; Aunt Neo (Nenie), writing paper; Jimmy, pearls and two hankies; Aunt Grace (mirabile dictu!) three lovely handkerchiefs; Mother and Daddy (bless their hearts), two pairs of ankle socks, a pair of gloves, stockings, pearl earrings, a rhinestone clip, notepaper and a swell cake. Miggie gave me a tin of Old Golds, Charlotte (which was very cute of her) a jar of peanut butter, and Babbie, some "ex libris" stickers and two "Oh Henry's" from George and her!

I had to study for that damned English 52 hour exam all morning, and when I came downstairs, there was a telegram from Arthur and a dozen talisman roses. He didn't show much originality but it was awfully sweet.

she asked me to hand in my locker key, and said that was all they'd need me! I was sort of stunned because I was too tired to be mad. I took my pay envelope and went home. But all the other extras were fired too, so it wasn't anything I'd done.

The family was mad as hops, and said that was a typical Jew trick to pretend to hire me for a week, and then let me go like that. They thought I was terribly discouraged, and I was, but mostly I just didn't talk because I was too tired to make the effort. Standing in practically one spot for eight hours straight is no joke.

Arthur hadn't asked when he could see me again, so I was surprised when he called up while we were at dinner. I told him he could come down, and I just slipped on a shooting sport dress, tied a ribbon around my hair, and let it hang down. But it was just washed and was soft and wavy. Arthur was highly indignant when I told him about getting fired, and then whispered he was very proud of me for taking it so well.

After Mother retired, I was very glad to be cuddled and petted and made much of - it restored my shattered confidence in myself. Arthur said the experience was good for me, but he kissed me and held me close to him, and said he wished he could shield me from things like that. He said I was so good and beautiful he didn't see how people could help being nice to me. I'm still in that undecided state - do I love him - or don't I? Shall I marry him - or shan't I? But there is always the sticker - otherwise, what? Tonight we're going to a Gilbert and Sullivan revival.

### Thursday afternoon, July 2, 1931

I have just seen Wiley Post and Gatty, the two American fliers who went around the world in eight days and sixteen hours. I met Daddy downtown, and we saw them in the parade up Broadway. Two small, brown faced men smiling and waving to the cheering crowds, escorted by soldiers, marines, sailors and police, sitting on the folded down top of an open car - that's my impression of them as they went by. They looked tired and hot, as though they still had the dusts of the two hemispheres on them.

Tuesday night Arthur and I went to see "The Pirates of Penzance". I thought it was not terribly well acted, but of course, the music is good! Arthur has seen all the



I called Arthur late Friday afternoon to give him my phone number, and he called right back - "to see if it worked", and asked if he might come down. He had on a new suit, and looked right swell. He stayed until twelve-thirty, and held me in his arms and kissed me with passion from the time the family retired at ten-thirty until he left. I got quite weak all over whenever he touched me.

The new apartment is 205 East 78th - foyer, kitchen, breakfast nook, living-room, bed-room, and bath. The rooms are very large, the downstairs foyer very impressive, 12th floor of twenty, elevator service, etc., etc. - QUITE presentable. I was tickled to death AND swell new living room furniture.

Nancy drove me to the station Thursday in time to get the five past one for New York. I wired the family from New London to meet me after writing Arthur not to, and lucky I did because they still never have gotten my postal saying I was coming.

I found out last Monday that my two half courses would end on Wednesday instead of Friday, so I got the assistant dean's reluctant permission to cut my Saturday class and leave for home Thursday. I had my last tutorial conference Wednesday, and that night Georgia and I had dinner with Nancy at 180 Ivy Street. Mr. Loring was in New York. Then we went to hear the carols at Appleton Chapel where Nancy sang a solo and I saw Helen Goodrich.

### Tuesday, December 23, 1930

Then he said how much he liked my story "Bets Off", which he read in class, and called "delightful, and very much in the Saki manner." I can't think what else he said, but I was walking on air when I left Warren House. I mean for a real poet and critic to say something like that for no good reason is pretty encouraging.

Monday I had the long-deferred conference with Robert Hillier, and got the thrill of my life. He kept his limpid gray eyes fastened on me ALL the time he was talking. He said, "Miss Patterson, you have a VERY good style. Considering Radcliffe as a whole, your writing is WAY above average, and your mark hovers between an A and B all the time. Your phrasing is brilliant, you have a nice touch of irony, and if you come up in your work as much the second half as you have the first, your work will be professional."

It was snowing when we got out, and we were both soaked when we got out to the car. We got up here at twelve-thirty. Arthur took me up in the elevator, as usual, and, as usual, kissed me in the hall, and hugged me and would hardly let me go when I wanted to.

That night Marie Parker phoned me, and wants me to come to dinner some time next week. She's going to call me again Friday. Arthur called up just after that and asked me to go to the movies. I wore a hat of Mother's which sits on the back of my head and doesn't cover my ears, but is darling - navy blue. He had his car so we went to the Capitol, and saw "Passion Flower" - Kay Francis, Kay Johnson, Charles Bickford - I loved it.

Sunday, I went to the movies with Georgia, then we went back to her house, and called up Arthur and asked him to supper. We all had a pick-up or pick-out (of the ice-box) supper in the kitchen when he came down. Art, Bob, Alma's husband, and she joined us, and as Georgia, Alma and my Arthur all went to dancing school together there was plenty of reminiscing. Arthur kissed me every time that we were alone for half a minute, and I made him take me home at nine-thirty. Monday I lunched with Miggie, Mary Hines, Alice Dean and Georgia. The first three were here on a Fine Arts trip. Then I shopped with Georgia all afternoon. I tried on a swell tea gown at Altman's for \$29.00, but of course that's out of the question.

My hair was looking swell after its shampoo, so Arthur had some grounds for calling me "so beautiful, sweetheart". We were in this big clinch when the doorman opened the taxi door, because I hadn't realized how near we were to home.

Arthur called for me at eight and I wore my green evening dress, long white gloves and black evening coat. We taxied to see "Once in a Lifetime", and after the first act, dashed back stage to meet some guy Kruger whom Arthur knew when he lived up in that neighborhood. I didn't like the skit much. Then we went to the St. Regis and danced until it closed. I got in just as the clock struck three!

Saturday Mrs. Hurd came over, and sewed on an evening dress and a swell Bonwit

suit Eugenia gave me. Mother and I had shopped Friday morning, and I was all

After dinner we, the "young people", went to the music room and danced to the radio. I didn't dance with Bee (nor did anyone else) but with At, Nancy and Georgia. Then I played bridge with Mrs. Jones vs. Mr. and Mrs. Loring - as Ann and At were going home. It was contract and I was a wreck, but I got on all right. Bee sat where he could watch me and pretend to read. The game broke up about eleven by daylight time and Mr. Loring said, "Bailey, have you got to sit up all night to read another of your books?" I said no, but that I wanted to look over the papers. He said to stay as late as I wanted and not to forget to turn out the lights.

Bee came to sit beside me, and I said, "Hello, are you still in love with me?" Bee said, "Is that the name of a song, or are you asking me a question?" Then he said I was an awfully funny kid, that he didn't know anyone like me, that I was much older than my age, and that I baffled him completely.

He kissed me a lot, and I asked him why he had preferred me to Georgia, simply because the thought occurred to me. He seemed aghast and furious and said why should he? I said she was cute and attractive and nicer than I. Then he got awfully mad, and said did I think I wasn't cute and attractive and quite nice? He said, "You certainly have "It" more than any girl I ever saw. I like big girls and I love you." For the first time I stroked his hair while he kissed me. So between talk and kisses we managed to while away the time until about one o'clock.

The next morning Georgia, Nancy and I had breakfast after the others, and then lay out in the hot sun on the grass, climbed apple trees and fooled around until nearly two o'clock. I rolled down a hill - over and over - so I was feeling right sick and I sat on the running board of the La Salle roadster Mr. Loring was trying out with a view to buying.

Sidney drove up then and I said, "Hey! You have on Bee's Easter tie! He's been looking for it." Just then Bee drove up from the opposite direction, so Sidney said he couldn't linger and beat it on down to the house. I asked Bee where he was going and he said, "To take you for a ride. Have we time?" Sidney had just told me it was one o'clock so I said, "Sure, only I'm going to drive."

Georgia and Nancy went in to dress for dinner. Then I drove over to some place where Bee had to ask a man about some chickens. He made me let him hold my

hand while I drove, and said he liked me in "that get-up". The outfit in question was a skirt and sweat-shirt! At the farm house Bee came out with a big slab of cake the farmer's wife had sent to me. Then he tore out and said, "Lord! It's ten past two and we're late for dinner already!"

I turned the car around in a hurry and drove as fast as I dared on the narrow roads. We arrived flushed and disheveled to find everyone at the table. I put the blame on Sidney who blandly said he didn't think all this setting one's watch forward and backward was good for it, so he ran on standard time! That accounted for the hour's difference. Mrs. Jones was very arch and Sidney kept us all in tears of laughter by his shy witticisms at her expense. He kept it up after dinner until he became inspired to go out and polish his car.

Then Mr. Loring took us girls for a drive in the La Salle to try it out. (Mrs. Jones had gone upstairs for a nap) and when we got back I suggested that we paint the sailboat. Bee came out and I asked him if he had clothes for us to wear and he said sure and got me a pair of overalls and Georgia some canvas trousers. Nancy wore big boots and riding trousers and Bee, some dungarees. I didn't wear any stockings as the overalls were long and floppy - we were a funny looking crew.

I drove over with Bee in his Ford and Nancy and Georgia took the La Salle. Bee kissed me on the way over and said he wished he had a picture of me the way I was dressed. First we had to sandpaper the darned thing and then paint it. They had me do the deck as it was supposed to be easier. I got paint all over me and swore my head off.

The rest off the family came down to watch us and took the La Salle with them. Bee came and repainted about all I had done and showed me how it ought to be done. Georgia and Nancy finished first and sat and bounced on the springboard of the raft, which was pulled up on land too. Then Sidney came to get them so they wouldn't crowd us and I waited while Bee put the paints away, etc.

It had gotten dark by that time and I was freezing. Bee wrapped his coat around me when we got in the car and said, "You poor, cold, tired, dirty little kid! You worked too hard and your hands are like ice." Then he kissed me a lot and said how cute I looked in overalls. He kissed me again when we got to the garage.

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morning Nancy and I slept late, while Georgia got up, breakfasted and apparently made liptime with Bee. He gave us each a box of candy he'd won at that damn lottery he's always playing. We had lunch down there, and then drove up to town right after it - and got back to college about 4:30.

I have studied like mad of course all the time. I think that perhaps I'm too careful of the amenities or something. When my opinions differ diametrically from other people's, I refrain from expressing them, just to avoid an arguement or needless pain.



*Bailey (at left)*

Sunday, February 15, 1931

Charlotte, Georgia and I went down to Island Creek a week ago Friday night, getting there about twelve-thirty. Atherton and Ann were there, and Miss Gifford. Mr. Loring brought a Mr. Seely, a business friend, down for dinner Saturday night. I didn't see Bee until we all went down to look at the Glass house that afternoon, and didn't even look at him until he spoke to me first.

I drove around with Nancy while the others took a walk. That evening we all just talked and everyone went to bed early. I was sitting reading on the couch, and Bee came up behind me, and ran his fingers through my hair, and then came and sat beside me. He

said, "For heaven's sake, are you still wearing my old ring?", and picked up my hand to look at it. I pulled my hand away when he would have kept it, and we talked for a while.

He said he'd make something for me to give Babbie for a wedding present, if I wanted him to. Later he tries to hold my hand again, but I wouldn't let him. I was very gay and indifferent, and it seemed to work. At least he hasn't taken Georgia out since.

Sunday, Sidney came down for dinner, so we had a merry time of it. That's the first I've seen him since November. Georgia and Nancy left directly after dinner for the rehearsal but Miggie and I stayed on. Sidney, as usual, called me "dear", and followed me around, and stood very close to me when he lit my cigarettes. Then the whole mob of us went down to Ann's house and helped unpack, wash, dry and put away four barrels of china.

Mr. and Mrs. Loring took all the older men back to town about five, and Miggie, At, Ann, Sid, Bee and I had supper in the kitchen. Afterwards I was standing in front of the fireplace, and Sidney came up and put his arm around me real tightly. So I laid my head on his shoulder for a second before I pulled away. It's fun to fool with him, and we always have a big chaffing back and forth. Miggie and I drove up to town with At and Ann.

Yesterday was about the funniest day of my life. I got a letter from Arthur on the 5th, and I didn't answer it until a week later. Yesterday I got a letter from him that made me mad as hops, so I sat right down and wrote: "Perhaps it would be better if you didn't write again to one whose sense you hold in such low esteem and to whom it seems such an effort to write at all." Then I signed my name and, with half the dormitory trying to stop me, I went over to the corner and sent it special delivery. So of course I never expect to hear from him again. But the worst part of it was, that on the second mail I got a Valentine from him, so of course he'll think I had that too before I wrote him. But his letter was perfectly unreasonable, and sounded just as though he were trying to pick a fight. Another thing I heard that makes me suspect he's either getting over his affection for me was that he took Ann Van Bibber up to Mahopac for the week-end, and he never mentioned a thing about it to me.

Peggy Persons, who was up here to see Barrie for a couple of days, told me that. She said she ran into Arthur on the street the other day, but I don't know whether

Wednesday Arthur came over in the afternoon and took me home to dinner with him. Thursday Charlotte came out in the morning and stayed until about three. Arthur blew in at one-thirty to take my bags down to the boat and my new suit and wedding dress over to Stephanie's apartment. I turned awfully faint and had to have a stiff drink and lie down while Charlotte read to me.

My last night at home was uneventful and prosaic. I think we were all afraid to show any emotion for fear of breaking down. I wept a little and wished I weren't going to be married on the morrow, but I soon got over it. I went to bed at ten-thirty and lay awake for two hours and then woke up at six-thirty and got up an hour later.

Mother and I went over to Stephanie's at quarter of ten. Manie had spent the night there with Peggy. I forgot to say Mother and I went in town Thursday as Charlotte went and I got a shampoo, finger wave and manicure. Manie had all my things laid out and Mother helped me to dress.

Our bouquets came at ten-thirty. Mine was white roses, lillies of the valley and a few gardenias - lots of white satin ribbon and tulle - adorable. Manie's was talisman roses, African daisies and delphinium. They matched her dress perfectly.

Eugenia sent Albert in the car for us at eleven and Manie, Mother and I went down together. Peggy and Barrie were there when we got there and Arthur and his family came soon after. I was hot and breathless, I remember, and kept pacing up and down the little office after I'd signed the papers. Arthur was rather pale, but looked knock-out in his cutaway and ascot.

We walked up the aisle after all. I guess I must have hung my head because I remember looking at the red tiles on the floor. I didn't look at Arthur at all but alternated my gaze from the minister to my white gloved hand clasped in his.

He repeated his response as loudly and firmly as possible. I think my voice was clear too! But it was all as dream-like as possible. I could hear my voice repeating all these words and then I'd realize that the words I was saying were marrying me to Arthur - and that it was my own wedding.

Another time, when I was lying on my back and he had both arms around my waist, I tried to push him away and wasn't getting very far so I frowned at him. He laughed and said, "Funny darling, you think you have things all your own way, don't you? Don't you know it's only because I let you? You couldn't possibly move me if I didn't want you to." So I tried and found it true.

We swam a little in the afternoon and then came back to the house and dressed. I sent the kids outdoors and then Arthur kissed me some more and I darned near ruined my linen dress. He's going to ride in a gymkhana on next Saturday. He left as soon as he got us home because he has two quizzes today and had to start studying for them. I'm almost positive I love him enough to marry him.

This morning Emily said, "Long distance, New York for you." So I scooted in and it was Charlie! He wants to see me at the beach Wednesday and is going to write me tonight. I think I'll answer it and leave it at the beach and tell him in my note to get the hell out and stay out.

### Monday, August 10, 1931 Cannondale

Last Monday night Dal, Emily, Marion, and the kids and I had a picnic supper at the pond. I was having a fit because it was getting later and later and I had a date with Johnny at eight. Finally she and I came home with the kids about seven-thirty. We'd no sooner got in the house than a terrific electrical storm broke. Johnny couldn't get here until after nine. Westport had a small hurricane and huge trees were blown down all over the place.

Marion went back after Emily and Dal and Johnny and I left as soon as they came back at nine-thirty. We drove to the movies and saw the last half of the main picture. He didn't ask me for another date, but said he'd see me at the beach. Tuesday was uneventful except that Charlie Dunn called up and asked if I got his letter, but he said he'd addressed it to Wilton instead of Cannondale. Tuesday night Dal was here, but we all sat around in the back end part of the house and went to bed early. He left the next morning for Nantucket.

Wednesday I drove to the beach, wrote a note and left it and the book and magazine to be given to Mr. Dunn by Rudy. The kids and I had lunch here and

Marion told me Saturday morning that I had to be back that night and I said I'd try to, but I knew darn' well I wouldn't. I took Mrs. Sweeny a cute sort of wire flower holder from the gift shop. Arthur called for me at ten-thirty and off we went. Clara had given me a wave and I wore my white hat and blue shantung suit and spectator sport shoes.

Arthur stopped the car at Croton Falls and kissed me a couple of times - to the detriment of my lipstick. He said his shirts were all ruined from my lipstick, and that the next time he'd be sure to kiss it all off. I always bury my face against his shoulder after he kisses me, and can I help it if he hugs me up against him like that? It was awfully funny anyhow.

We got to the hotel about noon and went up to their rooms to see the family. Mrs. Sweeny seemed delighted with her present and I hope she did appreciate it. Arthur was riding in the Gymkhana and had to change into riding clothes and then a cowboy outfit. He ate lunch with Hans Melgarde and the other entrants from Hotel Mahopac and I lunched with his family. About one-thirty I drove them to Carmel in Arthur's car, parked it and, as a matter of fact, bought the tickets - \$1.50 - for our grand stand seats.

Mrs. Sweeny and I were ahead and we wanted to hurry in. Arthur was in the Musical Chairs Event and got first prize! I was so excited I nearly died, and so proud of him - especially since one of his stirrups broke and so he discarded the other one, and had to mount and dismount from the ground on a 16 hands 2 horse! The prize was an awfully good looking braided leather belt.

He met us and drove us back to Mahopac. His family was just bursting with pride, of course. We all had a sundae at the Lake House and then Arthur and I went for a swim. We came in, changed for dinner, had a cocktail, dined, and then sat on the porch and talked to the Eglestons and Miss Carpenter. Everyone said what a beautiful, even brown I was and how did I get it.

Arthur and I danced at the hotel until nine-thirty, then Mrs. Sweeny lent me a scarf and Arthur drove me around the lake to the Golf Club. They were having a dinner dance there. After the first dance we bumped into Dottie Averill, she and her married sister, Ada, and a couple of other girls and men were all there together. We sat on the terrace with them during the intermission and got up to dance as soon as the music started again.



One night Rowley, Marion, Dal, Clara and I played Canfield. At the beach I have been rowing and swimming with Bud and Henry. Wednesday Bud rowed and I paddled two miles out to see some big sailing boat that anchored off the Point. A terrific squall was coming up and we just made it back by the skin of our teeth. It was pouring rain but we missed the worst of the wind.

On Thursday Dal was here and made a terrific scene when Emily, Muriel and I were supposed to go to the movies with him and we changed our minds when we got downtown. Marion was out spending the night and Clara, Muriel, Emily and I sat up until one-thirty griping about how we hated this place. Friday Emily drove me to the station and I got into New York at ten-thirty-two. The family met me and Mother and I walked down to Gimbels where I got a cute Empress Eugenie hat for \$3.75. We all had lunch at home and I just sat and talked to Mother all afternoon.

Arthur had sent a special to the apartment and in it was a clipping announcing Peggy Person's engagement to Barry Foster! I called Peggy up and had a long talk with her. The wedding will be September 5. I came home Saturday morning and Emily met me. Saturday night we went to the movies in Danbury. That is, Marion, Muriel and I did.

Last night all the girls went with Marion to the movies except Muriel. She had a date, so I was alone. I wrote a couple of letters, took a bath and went to bed at five past ten, which is the earliest since I've been here I think. This morning Marion and Dal went to Danbury to see something about the divorce and we girls had a swell old time just loafing around and laughing. I washed my hair and Clara waved it, so that it looks marvelous now. I hope that it will stay that way until Wednesday, when I go over to the Lake to see Arthur's family. I'm waiting now to telephone until I know whether I may have the car that day.

I told Mother I was probably going to marry Arthur and she had a fit. "You have a sophisticated mind and I don't think he's the type to hold you. You'll be making a great mistake, I'm afraid." - Mother's verdict.

Monday morning, August 31, 1931 The Tavern

Everything seems to date from yesterday as far as importance goes, so I don't know how much I will be able to remember. Last Monday Marion and Dal drove to

Lots of cars went by, despite the lateness of the hour, but I either hid my face on Arthur's shoulder or pulled down the scarf. We got home at one-thirty, and Arthur came in to have a drink. He took me in his arms right in the dutch doorway as he was leaving, and I hated to have him go. I forgot to say that just outside Ridgfield I made him let me drive, so as to relieve him a bit. That made one hundred and twenty miles he drove to let me dance two hours!

I got to bed about two and at SIX Clara woke me saying Marion had passed out in the car, and to help her get her upstairs! Emily and Muriel turned out too, and the four of us got this limp, dead weight up to bed and then undressed her. It seems Clara and Marion left about nine P.M. for some speakeasy near Brewster and sat there drinking all night. Honestly, it's hardly believable!

They brought home a gallon and a quart of applejack. Clara was a little tight, but not at all incoherent - after about fifteen drinks! Marion was pretty tight and partly unconscious from having had her neck broken last year. She began to rave and heave around and Emily had to get in bed with her to hold her down. Of course the kids woke up and heard her and I had to say she was sick. I finally got two more hours' sleep from seven to nine - we all overslept.

Arthur arrived at ten-thirty, and I rushed the kids right off. He'd had only six hours sleep too, so we both felt pretty rocky. I drove down to the Point in Arthur's car. When we stopped at Orem's to get some meat, Arthur bought a paper, so we took that down to the beach with us. My cold was a swell excuse not to go in the water, and Arthur was too tired anyway. We sat and read the paper, and watched the tennis.

It was so late when we got to the beach that we didn't have long to stay before noon. Then we hauled the kids up to the house and I fixed lunch, as usual. Arthur set the table, kept an eye on the kids, and kissed me at every available minute. This time we ate with the kids, sent them off upstairs, and I washed the dishes directly afterwards to save time and complications. I had on my Roughies, and since Arthur was tired out, I made him stay in the living room while I did the dishes.

Then I came out and stretched out on the floor to read the funny paper. In two seconds Arthur was beside me. He grabbed me tightly in his arms and kissed me, and so there we were sprawled around on the floor for all the world like a great big

door step and then I was ready to cry. He looked stern and then shook his finger at me, "Bailey, I love you! That means you've got to be brave, and good, and go to bed this instant and try to get some rest. Good-night darling!" He said all that so fast and commandingly that I had to smile instead of weep, then he kissed me and was gone.

I stumbled upstairs, and was in such a daze I didn't get into bed until two. I discovered my sapphire and pearl pin was gone, but the loss didn't seem to bother me. I took the kids to the beach that day, and went swimming. I saw Henry and Tony for a while, but they were about the only ones around. It was terribly hot and the water felt marvelous.

That night Emily got out the applejack and started drinking in a big way after dinner. I had a four-finger drink straight, and then I went right down to the telephone and called up Arthur! He was dumb-founded, but I explained I was a little tight and not to mind. I asked him if he'd seen my pin, and he said no - indeed but he'd look. After talking fifteen cents overtime I tripped upstairs and had another four-finger shot.

I had no sooner downed that when the girls yelled that Arthur was on the phone, so I hopped downstairs, and Arthur said he'd found my pin under the seat of the car! What luck! He also said that it was a marvelous break because now he could come over Friday night and take it to me.

Emily, Clara and Marion went back to the speakeasy where Emily snapped her cookies three times and passed out. Muriel and I sat around and talked for a while and ate. I had a big talking jog on and I had a fit when she went to bed. I read until eleven-thirty.

Friday morning we went to the beach again. I talked and swam with Rudy, who told me he's only seventeen, and is going to University of Pennsylvania this fall. Mr. Wren was at the beach in the afternoon, told me he was sorry I was leaving, and gave me the name of a Mr. Whitney Darrow in Scribner's. So I may be able to get a nice job, if I have to.

Friday night Mrs. Haines, Marion's mother, was there when I got home. We had a swell supper in her honor. Afterwards, they went to the movies, except her, and

over to spend the evening. I made a cake and we got some ice cream, so we had good refreshments. Nancy had never met my family before. They liked her a lot. Today I tried to take them to lunch at the Ella Barbour Tea Room on East 55th Street. What I mean is, Georgia, Nancy, Violet and I lunched there, but they wouldn't let me treat them.

Afterwards, we took a taxi over to Lexington and 58th and saw "Daughter of the Dragon" - a Sax Rohmer thriller. Then I got in the car and they went home. Nancy asked Arthur and me to go to Island Creek for the weekend after the Army game, and told me to come up any time I possibly could, only to wire them ahead of time. Wasn't that sweet of her? She's really a swell person.

Arthur telephoned me during dinner tonight to ask me to dinner at home on Saturday, and whether he might come to see me Friday night. I don't know whether time and distance lend enchantment, but it seemed awfully nice to hear his voice. He was telling me about his father. It seems his grandfather got into some political (Imagine) trouble and sent his wife and young son abroad till it blew over. So Mr. Sweeny was educated abroad by tutors until he came to the States at twenty or so, to enter Harvard. Arthur says his father knows Europe like a book. So apparently, all the unrefinement comes from the MOTHER'S side. She was a Miss Marshall. It's too bad someone couldn't have taken Arthur abroad until he was ready to enter college. Of course, Alice Dean makes the most atrocious breaks in grammar, but one excuses her because she is a lady. If I were positive Arthur was a gentleman born, I'd merely think him careless. Harvard hasn't helped him much.

Tuesday afternoon, September 29, 1931

This morning Radcliffe had its formal opening, and it made me feel queer not to be there in my cap and gown. I've just got a letter from Charlotte saying how everyone missed me. Otey and Alice Dean and Nancy Blair are all back. Last Thursday I spent the day, practically, at Klein's trying to get a dress for Mother and one for myself. I bought two pairs of gloves at a sale at Arnold Constable's, but the dresses I took back the next day.

Friday I had a card from Saks Fifth Avenue saying they had a temporary job to offer - if I were interested. I called them up and Miss Kramer wanted to know if I'd come

in Monday for a sale. I took back the dresses to Klein's that I'd bought the day before, and then met Mother at Lord & Taylor's at one o'clock and had her look at a Rumson Suit, which I finally took - it was only \$12.51, with the 10% off Mother got. It was two-thirty before I got home, and I hadn't had lunch. I should have bought a hat, but I was too tired to look anymore.

Friday night Arthur came down to spend the evening. I think he would have taken me to the movies but I rashly said I was tired, so he said he wouldn't think of it. We played bridge with the family instead, and afterwards, Daddy made a rarebit. The family retired about twelve, and Arthur left at quarter to one.

He asked me if I wanted to drive up to Mahopac with him Saturday morning to get a table for his mother, which the Averills were keeping. Then he suggested going to the St. Regis roof to supper dance after the movies. The plan was to lunch at Mahopac, dine with his family, dress, go to the movies and then dance. I agreed enthusiastically until Mother, sotto voce, reminded me I had no evening clothes fit to put on. So I suggested it would be rude to dash off directly after dinner, and that we could just go to a late movie after talking with his family an hour or so.

He kissed me whenever the family was supposedly out of sight, and I'm sure once Mother saw us when she bobbed in unexpectedly. Arthur said, "I love you to death, darling. You're more beautiful each time I see you. It has seemed so long till tonight. I've longed for you so."

Well Saturday morning it was pouring rain, and Mother said Arthur probably wouldn't want to go to the country. The phone rang about eight-fifteen, and I thought maybe she was going to be right, but Arthur merely said Mrs. Averill had invited us for the weekend. I reluctantly accepted when he said it ought to be fun. But I regretted the move.

I told Arthur to come for me at ten-thirty, and I rushed down to Klein's, where in half an hour's time, I got a cute brown hat to go with my new dress, which I expected to be sent out the first thing by Lord & Taylor's. It was just ten-thirty-one when I got home and I'd no sooner taken my hat off when Arthur arrived. I was in the process of taking my hair down, so of course I didn't let Arthur's presence stop me. He followed me around and kept taking me in his arms and kissing me, and he looked so cute and well-groomed that I loved him a lot.

He said, "Darling sweet, do you realize it takes two hours to get there? And Cousin Mollie is expecting us for lunch. I love your hair down, but do put it up now, and come on." I explained I was waiting for a dress, but I did get all packed. At eleven I phoned Lord & Taylor's and gave them fits, but they couldn't promise I'd get it before noon.

I was sitting on the arm of a low chair to telephone, and Arthur came and sat beside me and kept kissing the back of my neck, so it's a wonder I could do anything. Finally he said we'd HAVE to go, so I had to hastily improvise a costume. I wore a silk blouse of Mother's and my green jersey suit, new brown hat, brown shoes, new brown gloves, Mother's fur, my tan coat and brown bag. My hair was beautifully wavy, so I looked pretty slick.

It seemed that John Averill had already left for Harvard Business School and Dottie was going to West Point for the weekend so we were to be the sole young people. We got there at one-fifteen, and Colonel and Mrs. Averill were already at table, because they didn't know whether we'd be there for lunch or not. We had an awfully good lunch, well served by their butler, Adrian. After lunch we talked for a bit and then Arthur drove me over to the hotel to get something his mother had left.

Hans Melgarde came out to the car, so I talked to him while Arthur was scurrying around inside. Then Arthur took me for a drive over toward the Carmel Country Club, and parked on a road high up on some mountain-side. We were there about three hours. The rain had stopped but it was still misty and damp. I'd been in an awfully good mood all that day, so I guess I was still feeling pretty exhilarated. As soon as he turned off the motor, Arthur slid one arm around me, and pulled me over to him, then turned up my mouth and began to kiss me. I don't believe that I've ever before got such a big physical kick out of kissing him and being kissed.

I was deliberately provocative, so that he got awfully worked up, and would kiss me so long and hard that I'd find myself limp and panting from his passion. We hardly talked at all, it wasn't necessary. Whenever he wasn't kissing me, I'd lie with my head on his shoulder, or my face buried in his waistcoat, trying to regain my equilibrium - mental and emotional.

Once I asked him for a cigarette, and he said, "How much do you think it's worth? I think it will cost you ten kisses." I called him a profiteer, so he said, "All right,

At eleven he came out bareheaded and walked up to me as though he'd expected me. He said, "Darling, I had a feeling you'd be here. I don't know how. But look, I've made a mistake. I have a class until twelve. I'll meet you at Lord & Taylor's then." But I said, "No, Best's - it's nearer. Now don't get mixed up in your lecture. I love you. Good-bye!" Wasn't that funny that he was so intuitive?

I walked up to 50th Street and back to kill time 'till twelve. Then I met Arthur and we had lunch at Schrafft's at 46th Street. Then we walked over to the West Side Subway and I rode up to 79th with him and then took a cross-town bus home. He spent most of the time explaining why he couldn't marry me at once because it would be unfair to me. I gave him Nan's number to call me to see about tomorrow night and he wrote it on my letter which was in his vest pocket!

Tuesday morning, October 20, 1931

Last Friday morning it was pouring rain, so Miss Otis said there was nothing doing about Macy's. Right after lunch I hopped out to Nan's. She and Mrs. Hooken sewed on either the blouse or the suit all afternoon long. We went home for dinner about six and Arthur telephoned me at seven when we were at table. I told him I probably wouldn't get home until ten o'clock, so that it looked pretty impossible about seeing him. But he said, "Give me the address, darling! I'm coming out to get you." Well, that was slick.

I had five cocktails before and during dinner, so when Nan, Captain and I went back to the shop afterwards, I was feeling right salubrious. Nan sewed like mad until quarter of ten, when I'd told Arthur to meet me at the apartment, and then I dashed over there and got there just as he got out of the car.

He put my box in the back seat and me in the front and then kissed me thoroughly before he'd start. The funny part was, I think Doris and her gang saw the whole proceeding! They were across the street. Anyway, Arthur drove me home in what seemed like no time at all, and kissed me whenever he looked at me. I couldn't let him come up, because I had a lot to do.

Saturday dawned clear and cold, thank goodness. The suit is a swell dark brown, long coat, racoon collar, and the blouse very French and tricky, Paton's Persian

green and rose. So with the brown hat, shoes and bag, it was a knock-out costume. Arthur arrived at ten of nine, and brought me a beautiful corsage of crimson roses. Naturally that didn't detract from my ensemble.

The car, as usual, had a Harvard banner across the bonnet, so we were very collegiate. The drive up was heavenly, and I was so happy. I got up early and with Mother's help got together a lunch. Arthur turned off a road somewhere, and drove up a little lane and parked.

He kissed me a lot then, till I feared for my hat and make-up. My head was against his chest, and his arms were tight around me when he said, "Darling, with you in my arms like this I feel the most primitive feeling of protection. I want to shelter you from cold and hunger. Do you want me to protect you?"

I finally made him let me go so I could fix my hair, and he ambled off into the woods, and said he had a surprise for me. He came back bearing triumphantly what looked like a bouquet of scarlet summac - but when I took hold of it, there was a darling little bottle of sherry in the middle! By that time it was eleven o'clock, and I thought we'd better be going along. If it hadn't been so early, that would have been a swell place to eat. We got to the Point and parked (for \$1) outside the gates at twelve-thirty. Then we ate lunch in the car, like the rest of the world. I laced my milk with sherry and it was marvelous.

We were in our seats, of course, in plenty of time to see the cadets march in. Arthur kept watching me instead of them, and saying, "Darling, you look so stunning!" Dick Dunne, an old classmate, sat right next to me, and Arthur saw millions of people he knew. The game was wildly exciting with Army scoring two touchdowns in the first quarter. I cheered and shrieked until I was completely hoarse. Then Harvard beat 'em 14-13!

At the half I saw Billy Whitney and yelled at him to find out where Ann was. Then Arthur and I went over to see her. We met Russ Keene on the way. We asked Ann and Billie to ride down with us, but they were to dine with Travis and Doris Whitney, and were afraid they'd be late. Two drunks got in a fight right behind us in the second half, and there was all sorts of excitement. We made a pretty quick getaway, and left West Point at five-twenty.



He apologised some more for his obnoxious behavior, and then wanted to know if he could come to see me tonight and bring an aviator friend. He asked if I could get someone "as beautiful as you" to come too. I said that would be hard, but I'll try. I think Otey and Mary were rather amazed at that - I mean my even considering seeing him after the way he acted. But all that seems so unreal to me, I can't conceive of its ever actually having taken place, or anyone daring to speak to me like that. Then I thought the friend might be possible. Well, I had told him to come at nine-thirty, and I was dressed by quarter of ten, but ten came and went and there was no sign of him, but it made me mad for a bum like that to stand me up.

About quarter of eleven Miggie came upstairs and said Mr. McHugh had telephoned saying he drove from Worcester, and his car broke down, and he was on his way over now. Well of course she told him I couldn't leave the dormitory after ten, so he said to tell me he was terribly sorry. Miggie pretended to be a maid. That made me feel much better - that he took the trouble to telephone.

I've got three specials from Arthur since he's been back - all redolent with sentiment and poetic fancy in spots. I just write the days I finish my exams. The next one is on the 9th - a week from tomorrow, and then I'll go home!

Mother wrote today she's taken a part time job selling hats at Lord & Taylors! Only three afternoons a week, and she gets \$12.00. I think she is pretty smart to do it.

Saturday afternoon, June 13, 1931 New York City

Tom McHugh called up a week ago Tuesday before dinner and then came around about nine-thirty that night bringing his aviator friend. I couldn't get anyone to go on a blind, so after we left the dorm he telephoned some girl named Mary Clinton who lived on Larchwood Drive, and we went over there and played bridge. The "aviator" was a lietenant in the Air Corps of the O.R. and a pretty common little mut, though fairly amusing. They asked me to go out with them Thursday night and to get someone else for the Lieutenant. Tom was sober and so the evening was uneventful and boring.

I think I went to the Wednesday afternoon. Thursday I know I did go, but I can't remember with whom. When I got home the maid said Mr. McHugh had

way home. He asked me to be sure to drive to Plymouth with him that night. It was all very casual and comfortable and friendly. I dressed for dinner in the orange print and wore earrings. Bee met me as I was coming from Nancy's wing, and blinked and said, "Bailey! Lord, you're attractive! You look marvelous! What have you done to yourself?" I told him it must be the earrings.

Miss Gifford was there for dinner and Mr. Loring came down. She was very pleasant, and he made a lot of cracks about my hair being up and the earrings, etc. All of a sudden at the table Mrs. Loring said, "Bailey, I want you to promise me something. Will you promise to come to see me when you are thirty-five?" Completely mystified, I said I'd love to. Everybody asked her why, but she'd only say that she wanted to see if I'd turn out like Gertrude Tingley - some friend of theirs.

After dinner, Mr. Loring drove Miss Gifford home, and we all went to Plymouth. Bee tried his best to engineer it so that just the two of us could go, but Charlotte, the fool, kept saying, "Oh, she'd just LOVE to go!" Charlotte, Bee and I sat in the back seat, with me in the middle. Charlotte immediately said she was sleepy and put her head on my shoulder. Bee held both my hands under the lap robe and then leaned over and kissed me on the cheek when he thought Charlotte was safe! I asked him if he had any cigarettes, and he said no, so he bought me a pack when we got to Plymouth. Then we came home, the others trooped off to bed, and I sat reading. Bee, also as usual, fell asleep over the paper, and only woke up when Mr. Loring came down again to make sure things were locked up.

Then Bee came and sat beside me, kissed me once and made me come up to bed when he went. He's taking flying lessons all the time and has 1/5 of the required ten hours solo. He asked me to fly with him Sunday weather permitting. Well, Sunday it poured rain until afternoon. We read or fooled around in the morning, then had dinner and afterwards At and Ann, Tony and Emily and the Rutherfords, or something like that, came over.

Sidney phoned he wouldn't be down, but Bee privately told me he was playing bridge in Duxbury, and couldn't be bothered. Tony had grown so I didn't know him, and talks a lot. Emily is a delicious yearling with her strange slanting blue eyes and black hair.

Bee and I sat on the grass and watched Charlotte and Georgia play singles while the others looked around the garden. I told him to look me up if he came to New York this summer and gave him my phone number. After an early supper, the four of us drove back to town, and while they dressed, I went ahead with Mrs. Loring to "Pops" - the first time I'd been since that night two years ago with Arthur.

Georgia spent the night at Ivy Street, but Charlotte and I went right to the dorm. Monday morning I got a nice "special" from Arthur. I had my trunk brought up, and spent all the morning packing it. In the afternoon, like a perfect fool, I went to the movies with Mary and Nancy Blair.

That awful McHugh telephoned at dinner and wanted me to go out and take the boat down Tuesday night and God knows what not. I studied only THREE hours for English 52 - from eight to eleven - Monday night.

I told Charlotte to wire Arthur what train I was taking as he'd asked to meet me and I wasn't sure enough when I'd get off to let the family know. That was Tuesday morning I took the exam. It was the Harvard exam and entirely different from what we were used to, so who knows?

I rushed home, finished dismantling my room, packed my two bags, lunched, and took the subway into Boston. Charlotte and Miggie carried one of my bags over to the corner so it was easy. Otey and Mary were at Fogg so Nancy Blair was the only one to see me off. The trip down was uneventful. I hadn't any matches, so the two times I went into the club car, I had to ask some man for one and each time the man rose without a word, held the match to my cigarette and sat down again still not speaking. Wasn't that extraordinarily nice?

I grabbed a porter right away, and when I got to the top of the runway, there was Arthur. He kissed me again, then we shook hands. That's becoming a regular custom. Then we took a taxi out to the apartment. He had on a new suit, and looked terribly nice. I think he only kissed me once or twice in the taxi, but he held my hand in a grip of iron and kept devouring me with his eyes.

The family was glad to see me of course, and we all sat and talked until quarter of twelve. Then the family retired, and Arthur came and sat beside me on the couch.

He called for me at nine o'clock and drove me downtown to apply at a bookstore for a position, but it was no go. So we drove out to Rye, and after lying on the beach for a while went swimming in the icy water (much colder than at Island Creek oddly enough) and then lay on the beach again. Arthur asked me to show him some of the Red Cross Life Saving carries, etc. since I had a badge. So I showed him the head carry and back approach and surface dive, etc. And then he grabbed me, and said, "This is one you forgot, isn't it? - the cross-chest carry?" So he towed me along like that and I floated perfectly acquiescent because there wasn't much else to do.

Anyway it was three o'clock by the time we got dressed again - and we hadn't lunched! So we tore into the city - taking turns at the wheel - and lunched about four-fifteen at Le Petit Paris - a cute French restaurant on Broadway at 145th. Then he drove me home, and I said he could come up while I had one cigarette. The cigarette didn't have much of a show, and neither did I.

After I had been well-kissed, Arthur admired some wooden bracelets I was wearing that matched my navy blue suit, and said again how impeccable my taste was. He stayed until five-fifteen and then I said goodbye again until Monday night.

Mary Hines and Otey got into town last night and were supposed to phone me sometime. I knew I couldn't go to the theatre with them last night so I didn't bother telephoning them. Last night I just sat around with the family and read - and jolly boring it was, too. Their intellectual knowledge is nil. Dad's through neglect, and Mother's through never having been cultivated in those sappy private schools she attended.

Anyway I waited to hear from Mary, and then I finally phoned Ann's this morning. Ann said they weren't up, but she'd give them my number when they were. When I still didn't hear I called again and Ann said they'd gone because they had to meet Sally Livengood, but that Mary said she'd phone me en route. I've waited all morning and most of the afternoon, so I suppose the muts aren't going to call. It's a nuisance not having our number in the phone book for the convenience of out-of-town friends at least - and they can't get it by information either.

Mother is down at the store today as usual. She goes about eleven, and doesn't get home until nearly six-thirty. Daddy informed me today we hadn't paid the rent for

Lucy Kurtz, of all people, sent me a card - that was wonderful of her to remember the day. The hour exam was at two and I had classes until four. Then I came home and played cricket until it poured rain. I bowled a girl out on my first throw - which is supposed to be pretty good.

Miss Bartle, the little English coach, is charming. She looks like an Elizabethan page with her short straight hair and long black tights. Mary and Babbie started singing "Happy Birthday" at dinner, and that's the first Miss Whitney knew of it. I wore the dress I wore to the Parkers because I thought I'd look nice for myself anyway and everybody admired it. Georgia came in and was quite affable - only she had to study for an hour exam tomorrow. This evening I just smoked with Otey and Babbie and am on my way to bed.

Sunday night, May 24, 1931

In the little over two weeks since I've written in this, nothing much has happened - except that I went driving last Sunday with Hope Kelsey, Cobrun Wheeler and Max Rappard, a Swiss, the son of that big shot in International affairs - until last Thursday.

That day I had been studying at the library, and when I came home about noon, there was a "special" from Arthur saying he would call me up at one o'clock to let me know whether he could come to the House Dance. He did, and said if my invitation to it still held good, he was going to fly up Friday afternoon!

Then he asked me to meet him. Well, Friday, Mary Emerson gave a shower tea to Babbie Reagan, and I had to leave for the airport from there. I wore my new orange print, black hat, shoes and coat (borrowed from Mary Hines). I just caught the six o'clock bus from the Statler to the airport by the skin of my teeth. It got out there at six-thirty-five and the New York plane didn't get in until seven-fifteen. Arthur said he'd wire me on leaving, but I left Cambridge before the wire got there, so I was pretty nervous, not being sure he'd be there, and even more so if he were. I read a magazine and smoked until the old plane arrived - it was fifteen minutes late. Well, it made a beautiful landing, and I saw Arthur at one of the windows. I was about the only person meeting anyone I guess.

I shook hands with Arthur and he kissed me right before all the passengers, but I was only faintly embarrassed. We took the bus back to the Statler and had dinner there.

He was full of the flight up, of course, because that was the first time he'd flown. He told his family he was taking the train because he knew they would worry.

At dinner he calmly told me he hadn't brought a tux, "because of course this house dance affair was informal, wasn't it?" I was horrified, and told him he couldn't get in probably. Then we took a taxi, out to the Commander and I waited in it while he got a room. He kissed me a few times on the way out and kept his arm around me all the time.

We got to Barnard about nine-thirty, and I left him on the porch (the dance was in full swing) to talk to Babbie, Billy Whitney, etc. while I dressed. Charlotte, at the last minute, asked Bee, and he was the first person I saw when we came up. Mary Hines, to my huge amazement, was an aide to Miss Whitney - so all the gang, except Georgia and Nancy Blair, was there.

I got ready by a little after ten - I wore my newest chiffon - and then we danced. The fifth dance I had with Bee, and right away he began to hand out all these cracks about this being my big day, and he had to hand it to the Irish for pertinacity and what not. Then he said he wondered whether that little nook was still there where we'd sat last year. I assured him it was, and so we went to sit in it.

Bee said, "God I suppose I'm running a big risk taking you out here! What if your wild Irishman saw us? I guess he'd kill me." I hadn't laid eyes on Bee since February and it seemed terribly nice to see him again. I flirted with him outrageously, so it was my own fault that he kissed me. He strung me this enormous line about not wanting to come unless I asked him, or at least only if I were going to be there, and to arrange to have all the dances with him I could, and no end of silly things.

I danced with Billie Whitney and Franklin Ward, Olive's man whom I'd met at the gym meet (and what a boy he is! Squeezed me close as hell, gave me these meaning looks and stroked my wrist with his finger as we danced and that's all. We missed our dance with Miggie and Broughton Pendleton somehow.

Arthur was a scream and kept glowering whenever he had to dance with anyone but me. I asked him if he was having a good time, and he said, "Whenever I'm with you, darling, but for God's sake can't you arrange to dance with ME once in a while? I've had to dance with about six different girls, and when you're the only

go. That's the very last I've heard of him. And small loss too, if he's such an ape! Nevertheless he was at least someone to take me out - no humac.

April 17, 1929

Episode III This I hope and pray to God won't be a mere episode but the odds are against me. When Nancy Loring sang sometime in February, I think it was, at the R.C.S. at the Reporatory Theatre, she had Georgia, Peggy Howe, Jean Page and me to dinner with her father at the Algonquin Club. Her cousin Sidney was there too, but I didn't notice him much except to think he was witty and very cute.

Then in the latter part of March (17th) Nancy had Georgia and me down to Island Creek near Plymouth, Massachusetts where she has the most gorgeous home imaginable. There I met Sidney again. I fell absolutely as flat for him as a pancake! He's thirty and tall and darling and has dark brown, deep-set eyes. There is something Lincolnesque about him that one can't put her finger on. He was so funny and made me simply howl but I tried to give as good as I got. He gave a long harangue after dinner about how he thought women ought to be treated and it was horribly punitive but I think it was then that I knew I loved him. He was a marvelous bridge-player too.

Then, last Wednesday, the 17th Nancy sang at Naine Hall and Sidney was there with a girl from Wellesley he is supposed to be engaged to! She's the rub. He isn't really engaged yet but it won't be long now supposedly. She is very small and dark, slicked back hair, stolid, unanimated, like an Indian somehow, but with very pretty hands and neck.

Sidney, the angel, looked up (we were in the first row of the balcony) for some reason and saw Georgia and me. My heart was literally in my eyes then, if he had wit enough to read them. The physical attraction he has for me is enormous. I shook all over and nearly cried. He looked up five times in all I think and gave me these knowing grins.

Afterwards he came over and shook hands with me as we were on our way downstairs. He didn't seem terribly attentive to the Wellesley girl but you never can tell how a man will act. I wish he would consider me as a personality instead of just

That Saturday he took me to the boat races and that night to "Pops" in Boston. Later he took me canoeing and then down to Duxbury - oh irony of ironies! - and last Friday drove me down to New York! Last night he took me to see "New Moon", and then for a long drive so I didn't get in until half past one! Monday we are going to drive to Poughkeepsie to see the races there. He's Shanty Irish but awfully nice and has loads of money so why not have fun? It's all very Platonic.

Before I left college I told Nancy all about Sidney and she was a lamb, but said he was too old for me, and besides he was a "gay boy", and liked his single freedom pretty well. Of course I realized all that - but I can't forget him, damn it! My heart just seems to cry "Sidney! Sidney!" all the time.

Dad has gone into the real estate business now in hopes of recouping our now sadly diminished family fortunes. We shall probably move to White Plains. Anything to get out of this awful hole of an apartment (so-called).

Oh yes, by the by, Bill is still the faithful suitor and writes more or less impassioned letters declaring his love, and hinting strongly at matrimony. /

July 6, 1929 - White Plains, N.Y.

Episode V

Just as I said: here we are in White Plains in a cute little six room house. Of course it's quite small but there's a garden and some trees and an open fireplace in the living room. We moved in on the first. The fifth episode has got off to a flying start. God only knows how it will end. This time the man is Dwight Ripley Collin, Jr. - familiarly known as "Pat", and I met him at the Clevelands where we spent the weekend before moving into our house. He's twenty four, a cross between Bill Haines and Ernest Laurence (Honestly!) and works in his grandfather's law office.

I met him Sunday, he came to see me Tuesday, phoned on Thursday (but I was at Lake Mahopac with Arthur for the 4th) and yesterday took me out! God, what an evening! We left here with his married brother Charlie (sans femme) and went to Pat's apartment where they made me drink gin and lemon and gingerale (1 glass - Pat had two). Then Pat and I went to some dive he knew of and he had more g. & g. (mine too, of course). /gin



We didn't dance but just sat and listened to a nigger who played the piano like nothing human. It was a real underworld joint and the girls were terrible. It was fun though. Then we drove out to a choice place called Smitty's Farm (which isn't one, naturally) where he had a whiskey cocktail - it was foul and I wouldn't drink mine. (One sip made me feel ill.) It was then about midnight so (gig a boo blues) he started gaily homeward and held my hand the whole way. I knew what that was going to mean but my mind somehow wouldn't function and I couldn't decide what to do.



*John Bailey Patterson, Bailey, her mother Evelyn*

We got in front of the house and parked and then he put his right arm around my shoulders and sort of heaved me over on his chest. I didn't resist but I didn't yield, and he kissed my hair and the top of my ear and my forehead and eyes and the tip of my nose - and then he held my face with one hand and kissed me on the mouth - one of those horrible open-mouthed kisses. I don't know how to do them so perhaps that's why I hated it so.

• 1929 •

Then he kept hugging me up to him and burying his face in my hair and kissing my cheek, and I just sat there and let him because I was sort of paralysed with fright and a kind of horrid facination. He is terribly strong too and I doubt if I could have gotten away. He kept whispering, "Bailey dear," and "Dear heart" and when I said I MUST go in he wouldn't let me move. I was frantic and finally got the car door open and then gave a big yank and jumped out.

It was about quarter of one then I knew the family would be wild. He followed me up to the door of course and while I was knocking kissed me again. I'm so furious and upset now I don't know what to do. It has haunted me all day and I couldn't sleep last night. I feel so soiled and degraded somehow - it makes me sick! I feel as though I never wanted to see him again!

If I were crazy about him it would be so different - but only the third time I've seen him! Now I know he'll want to kiss me every time I go out with him and I don't think it's any fun just to sit and watch him drink anyhow. He's too much of a boozehound for me ever to like him. I don't think I'll let him see me for some time.

### Sunday, July 7, 1929

Well he called this morning and wanted me to go driving tonight but I said people were coming in and I couldn't. It was all very matter of fact, and you'd never think he'd tried (and about succeeded) to neck the socks off me. Heigh-ho! Life's like that.

### Saturday, July 13, 1929

Two events worth recording occurred on Wednesday. Pat and my marks both came that day. As for the latter I got A- in English, B- in French, C+ in History (damn Gleason anyway) and C in Geology (thank God). Pat phoned and then came over at about eight-thirty. Dad was at a stag dinner at Lou Cleveland's, so the minute Mother tactfully withdrew he grabbed both my hands and pulled me into his arms as he stood in front of the fireplace.

I made a whispered resistance (always ineffectual) and then pulled down a few shades to save a few shreds of my reputation with the neighbors. Then in an

We talked about school, and when I told him I'd show him my gold medal, some day, he grabbed me, and said, "Sweet thing! Imagine you with a gold medal!" and then kissed me. I told him I wanted a yacht in which to sail the Seven Seas, and he kidded the life out of me, but finally said, "May I come on your yacht, Bailey, to be your slave and bondsman?" So then we talked of ports of call I'd like to see - it was all very silly - and dear.

When I finally sent him home he said, "I'll see you soon", and when I didn't say anything - "Oh, won't I?" Then I said, "Yes", and he grinned "Oh unpleasant duty!" He always hugs me to him and strokes my hair as though I were very dear - but that may be part of a swell technique.

Thursday, September 5, 1929

Just spent a delightful afternoon and evening with the Parkers. Marie phoned Tuesday night inviting me to dinner. So I went in yesterday and got out there about three-thirty. We talked and smoked until five-thirty. When Bob came home, and then Al Thoman, the man they had for me, arrived about six. We had cocktails and olives before dinner - which was yummy as usual.

After dinner (about eight o'clock) we sat and talked and smoked and drank (they all had highballs, but I just "sweetened" Al's for him) until about nine-thirty when they all drove me home in the cutie Packard Straight-8 roadster. Al and I were in the rumble seat. It was marvelous driving and I'm sorry it only lasted an hour.

Al is a broker, and very attractive - about twenty-eight or thirty, I guess. Dark hair, blue eyes, dark mustache, very white teeth - the only drawback is that he is not very tall. Lives in Manhasset, Long Island. Probably thought I am an attractive youngster. Pretty smooth withdrawal. On the way home he said he thought the one career for a woman was to run a house beautifully! Can you imagine? A modern to be so old-fashioned. / \*

Friday, September 13, 1929

Just finished spending a day with Arthur. Had a surprisingly good time doing nothing. He phoned the night before and called for me at ten-fifteen. They are still

THEN he phoned three times in as many hours! He asked me to tea, and I was to meet him at the Cock Horse at four-thirty. By that time the whole dormitory was agog, and about ten of the gang listened in on the conversation. I couldn't decide last night whether to go or not but this afternoon - after dropping in on the student government tea - Mary Hines and Babbie walked down to the Cock Horse with me. He wasn't there so we went to the Post Office and as we came out Dottie Merrill and Judy rushed up and said he was coming.

I looked pretty swell because I had on my new suit with the satin blouse and the black velvet hat. So I nonchalantly strolled to the Cock Horse and he arrived, hat in hand, and said, "Miss Patterson?" and then, "Hello, Bailey." Then we went to Hanley's for tea and he said he thought unconventional things like this were the spice of life. He also explained how he got tight - a business friend had a bar in his office and gave him too much. He said, "Gee! I can see you now, hanging out of that window, with a blue smock!" Then, later, "Your name seemed to ring in my ears last night. I thought everyone was shouting it and I wanted to shout it, too!"

After tea he walked back to the dorms and then asked if I'd go out with him again. I said I didn't see why not. So he said he'd wait until the scandal blew over and then he'd phone me the first part of next week and take me to dinner or something. He looks like James Hall and is refined and cute. He is about twenty-six and works with the Chase National and lives in Brookline. When I got home the whole second floor, with no exaggeration, came into my room to get all the dope.

At dinner I was the cynosure of all eyes and it was rather fun. It's odd how a man gives one prestige - and ridiculous that it should be so. I wonder if he actually will phone again. Oh yes, in the midst of the excitement, I got a letter from Arthur. Not a bit mushy and awfully well written. I was amazed. By the bye, this would seem to be - Episode VI.

Thursday, October 24, 1929

This has been on the whole an exciting month. Two weeks ago yesterday I went to one of the Unitarian Church dances on a blind with Georgia and Jean Page. I went as a French girl and put on this silly accent. Peggy Persons made me up, and I had earrings and my hair was very short and curly so that maybe I did look French.

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Saturday, November 30, 1929

This time last week-end I was having a whoopee time. I went to see William Gillette in "Sherlock Holmes" Friday afternoon with Mary Hines and Ruth Keizer, and when we got home there was Arthur! I had dinner with him at the Sahara, and we danced. He wanted me to go to the Harvard Union dance but I had already accepted a bid from Massey to go dancing at Longwood Towers. He was right mad but got over it all right. I hate Massey, and never will go with him again. He's a lousy dancer, and too damned drunk. I met a cute man from New York, Dick Sanger of 57 East 66th Street. Very smooth, but probably too tight to remember my name. \*

Saturday, Arthur and I had luncheon at the Cock Horse, went to the game and fought all the way through it because I was rooting vigorously for Yale. We made a bet that the looser would have to take the winner to a show, and of course Harvard won - 10-6.

I was frozen so we went to Arthur's rooms afterwards and to my amazement he produced a quart of swell Scotch. I drank about four fingers straight and he had a couple of highballs. First time I ever saw him drink. We were there from five to six-thirty just talking, believe it or not. He's right decent about not making any passes at me.

Then we dressed and drove in town where he got swell seats in the second row for "Carry On". It's a marvelous show. We danced afterwards at the Statler until twelve and I had to be in at twelve-thirty. He was probably going to kiss me good-night but Ann and a bunch coming in made it embarrassing.

Wednesday Babbie and I went down to Nancy Loring's for over Thanksgiving. Got there in time for bed. Next day Bee held my hand fervently some more when we drove Nancy to Marshfield where she had to go to some tea. I'm sure he likes me. I hope he'll get up the gumption to do something about it. Imagine his being twenty-six. He seems like such a child. He said my hair looked just like the baby's. That is Atherton III. Personal remarks like that show that he's very conscious of me. Babbie sat up with us Thursday night so nothing occurred.

spoke to thank me for lighting a cigarette for him, or to ask if I was frightened when we skidded.

We all had supper at Ivy Street. Mr. Loring was in fine fettle and he and Syd kept us roaring. Nancy drove Georgia and me home afterwards, about eleven. Last night Bee called for me at six-thirty and we went to the Yen-Ho restaurant for dinner. He seemed rather shy, or excited, and I did most of the talking. He doesn't dance awfully well, but not badly. Then we saw Lunt and Fontaine in "Meteor". It was swell and Bee held my hand in the darkness of each act. That was the first time he'd touched me.

Afterwards we drove out to Cambridge and parked (to my huge amazement) behind the Stadium. He put his arm around me, and drew me over to him, so I dropped my head on his shoulder, and we chatted comfortably of this and that. Until the POLICE car came around, and made us all move on. Bee leaned over and kissed me twice before we started, and I nearly passed out!

Then we drove out towards Watertown and as it was still early went on and on. He kissed my cheek *de temps en temps*, and drove with his arm around me. He was right embarrassed when I asked him why he'd kissed me, and kept saying, "Why do you think, Bailey?" I like the way he uses my name.

We had a long discussion about kissing, and why women seem so mysterious to men. He said he wished he could find a girl who'd be serious. I said no girl would until she found out his intentions. He said he could see this wasn't the first time I'd kissed anyone, and I said he'd had some experience to be able to tell, himself. We got home about twelve-thirty after driving all over the country-side (once when a freight train stopped us he said, "How convenient" and kissed me a lot), and he made a date with me for next Tuesday night - a kind of farewell until after vacation.

He kissed me good-night twice. He seems rather thorough - after all he's twenty-six, and it's time he was showing some independence of his family. Once he said to drive to Pittsfield with him last night, and then again, how he wished I could come back to Island Creek with him. He'll be quite difficult to manage I'm afraid. I do like him though.

Arthur is coming on Saturday for the tea-dance. I wonder how he'll act? Probably very self-controlled - he's good at that. I doubt if he will even attempt to kiss me. It may seem rather funny after our last big moment. The tea-dance will be perfectly foul I expect. All the eggs of Radcliffe are going. Miggie and Gertrude Curtis will be at our table. The latter is coming unasked and it makes me furious. She knows right foul men and I neither know nor like her awfully well. Anyhow, we needn't stay long.

Monday, February 24, 1930

Well, the tea-dance was a week ago. Arthur and I went to the movies first and he held my hand all during it - something he has never done. I could feel his heart pounding furiously. We got to the dance about five and it wasn't quite as bad as I had anticipated. Gertrude's man was a medical student - John Murphy - and seemed awfully nice. We didn't exchange partners or anything.

Afterwards Arthur and I took a taxi in town and went dinner-dancing at the Statler, then to the Dartmouth - Harvard hockey game which was marvelous. Arthur put his arm around me in the taxi, but didn't kiss me. Then after the game we went back to the Statler and danced until twelve.

Sunday we had dinner at the Copley and went to the Metropolitan. Then we separated for supper because he had "to see a man about a dog". But he called for me at seven and we went to the university. He held my hand again as he had done at the Met, then we strolled home through the snow and said good-bye and that was all. He's either too shy or uncertain to kiss me except on home territory. It was all right much fun though. Today, in a letter, he said he'd like to steal my heart - that's coming out pretty strong.

Last Friday we went down to Island Creek for over the holiday. The weather has been so mild everybody is wearing spring coats - imagine! - before March! We didn't get down until eleven-thirty there was so much bad fog. Because of a cough I've picked up I came in the closed car with Mr. and Mrs. Loring.

Bee and I talked until twelve. He said that Thursday night he drove up to town to take me out, and 'phoned five or six times on the way up - but the line was busy.



done it, sat beside me. I kept my eyes closed and didn't move or speak. He stroked my hair, and cheek, and rubbed me under the chin gently with one finger. Then he slipped his left arm around under my shoulders and my right arm curled right naturally around his neck - there wasn't any other place to put it. He buried his face in my hair and neck, and laid his cheek against mine. He kissed my hair and eyes and cheek and chin and brow and ear, and then turning my face to him, kissed me repeatedly on the mouth. It made little shivers go up my spine.

It was so funny to see that dark masculine figure bending over me so closely - yet rather pleasant. It's a bit hard to analyze one's feelings when one is being kissed steadily. He'd talk to me, and say how sweet I was, or how like a little girl I looked. But I still kept my eyes closed and said, "Umm-m." Then he'd laugh and kiss me some more.

I forgot to say that sometime before that he'd covered me up with a robe of some sort. Then we heard the porch door click upstairs and I knew Georgia and Nancy were about to come down. The wretch, instead of hurrying, deliberately hugged me up to him and kissed my mouth slowly twice. Then he said, "Ssh! Be asleep!" and when they came down he was reading on one couch and I fast asleep on the other.

After supper, about nine, Nancy, who had an awful cold, said she was going to bed. Georgia went too. And perforce I had to follow soon. But first I went with Bee while he put the car away. Then we strolled back to the house in brilliant moonlight with his arm around me and, directly in front of the house, he kissed me! I don't know what made him so reckless. Then we sat on the big table in the hall while I smoked two or three more cigarettes and Bee sat with his arms clasped around me and between kisses scolded me for smoking too much, then asked why anyone with my looks used lipstick.

Finally about ten-thirty I went up and Bee kissed me a long final good-night right outside the porch door upstairs. God knows why I let him kiss me so much. I really don't get the thrill out of it I used to with Pat - or is that just because it was novel then? Bee is so tender and gentle. I can't decide whether he loves me or not. He never says anything definite so it may be as much a game with him as it is with me. He's going to make me a little table for my birthday - he's wonderfully clever at things like that - they are almost works of art.



my poise and sophistication and chic - as he sees it, but I always have to hold him off, and avoid doing anything to arouse his passion. He wouldn't know the meaning of those sweet casual kisses - he's much too intense and also a bit my intellectual superior. At any rate, he's apt to treat me with an amused and tender indulgence, and is so logical in his arguments that I feel like a child.

Bee called me up tonight to find out what time he is to come for me tomorrow night. God knows I hope he'll have a good time, but I seriously doubt it. Only Ann and Ruth are going now out of the whole crowd. I decided definitely the other night never to marry Bee. I want to be guided, not to guide - to be able to look up to my husband in everything.

Wednesday, May 28, 1930

Well, all in all, the House Dance was right much of a success as far as I'm concerned. Bee came for me about quarter of nine and we went to the Copley for dinner - which was swell, and we danced. Then we rushed back to the dorm and got here a little after ten, having missed the first four dances!

I danced with Colin Wheeler, who is marvelous, Sammy Forrest and Douglas Scofield - one of the freshman's brother. He is a riot - I mean awfully much of a lilly and a fatuous ass. I strung him a big line and he fell for it hard and said at the end he was going to see made of iver.

Bee and I danced the best together - except when Babbie, Bernette and Miggie, who were ushers, cut in. We sat out one dance on the stairs and he kissed me hard, and had a fit when I wanted to go back. I said that we'd have to hunt for Hope Kelsey, because we were supposed to exchange that dance, but he kissed me, and said, "My hope is right here beside me." I thought that was awfully sweet because he meant it. I wore my black chiffon and Mother sent a chiffon evening coat - which is adorable and long white gloves, so I looked pretty swell I guess. ✓/★

Bee wanted me to drive down to Island Creek with him that night, but I said it was impossible. Just for fun I told Miggie and she got me special permission from Miss Whitney! So at one-thirty in the morning we started out - me still in evening clothes with a heavy coat over them for Island Creek. Miggie and I were to go to a

Daddy is to be operated on Saturday! Dr. Heyd said the growth was NOT malignant, so we all thank God. Daddy was actually up, and walking around today, so he's so much better and stronger.

Monday, June 16, 1930

Arthur 'phoned Saturday night and asked if he might come to see me Sunday, and despite our supposedly final farewell Thursday night I of course told him to come ahead. Peggy was here and Mother, but Reed, Stephanie and Francie were dans la compagne, so I made Arthur take Peggy and me for a ride. I, naturally, sat in the middle, and I had to put my arm around him to make room, but he reached up and held my hand on the outside of the car.

When we got to the Saw Mill River Parkway I drove, and Arthur sat in the middle. He slipped his arm around my waist and kept me squeezed so tightly I could hardly drive. We went to Irvington-on-the-Hudson, and then I drove ALL THE WAY home through the dreadful Sunday traffic and everything! I had never driven right in the city before, and it was a thrill all right.

Peggy is twenty-eight, but she has the mentality of a girl of fifteen or less, and is almost devoid of a sense of humor. Withal she was a pleasant companion and except that Arthur and I wanted to be alone - she was all right.

Friday Arthur drove his family up to Cambridge for his father's class reunion, and he won't be back until Thursday. I miss him, but I think it's mostly because he's the only truly congenial person I've seen since I left college. I seem to crave masculine affection constantly, and I'm sure I'd accept a substitute just as gladly. I simply can't understand what possible excuse Bee could have for not writing. I know he's more than half in love with me and I know he misses me, so I'm simply miserable and furious and hurt that he hasn't written.

Saturday, June 21, 1930

Tuesday night, Reed and Stephanie, Mother and Mrs. Parker and I went to a speakeasy to dine! It was at 21 East 53rd - Charlie's Place. We had two cocktails before leaving here, and then a dry Martini in the bar when we got there. It was a darling place with a

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The rest of the time I got shoes at Wannamaker's. Arthur 'phoned for about the sixth time, simply frantic because he couldn't get hold of me for two days and came right down. We drove out past White Plains on the Bronx River Parkway and then I took the wheel. Arthur parked his head on my shoulder or kissed my hat, or the back of my neck and clamped both arms around my waist. I got lost on all sorts of terrible roads and we found we were at Croton Dam!

I drove until we were passed Valhalla and then stopped at the side of the Parkway so Arthur could drive. I lit a cigarette, but didn't have a chance for more than one puff, for he grabbed me to him, and kissed me passionately. I wish to heaven I could tell him not to slobber so - he doesn't really kiss me - he tries to eat me up, and I hate it. I was awfully unyielding, and he said, "Bailey, why do you always kiss me with so many reservations? Am I so unbearable?" I just laughed and told him not to be silly.

We changed seats, and I thought he'd start, but he grabbed me again and I just had time to avert my face. I snapped, "Ne me touche plus, je t'en prie!" but it didn't do much good. He was all worked up, and wouldn't loosen his hold. So then I crooned "Calme-toi. Calme-toi," and patted his head. Then he said, "Good-night, darling" and tried to kiss me again. I barely let his lips touch mine before I jerked my head away. Then when I asked the time he said it was twelve-thirty!

He asked me to go to the theatre Friday or Saturday, but I said that Mother had told me to come home early and we wouldn't be able to make it now before one-thirty, and she'd be pretty mad. Also, Dad's first day at home out of the hospital would be Friday, so I didn't see how I could. Arthur was horribly contrite: and said he never should have dragged me way out there, and that he was a brute and a cad, and I was far, far too nice to him. Then I shivered a bit - for no special reason - and he was a wreck and said he'd never forgive himself if I caught cold, and made me button my coat up when I didn't want to at all. He said I had marvelous taste in  
▷ | dressing and always looked like a \$1,000,000.

I always like just to ride close beside him, when he either holds my hand or puts his arms around me. If he only had sense enough to stop there. He said, "I bet you didn't want to be kissed tonight, did you? Lord, what an ass, a boor, I am!" I said, "Well, I wasn't exactly as much in the mood as I've been sometimes, but you couldn't know that I suppose."

He asked me what one did to please women, to make them happy - and I said it depended on the woman. Then I asked him if I'd done anything to make him fall in love with me and he said, "Not aside from being your own sweet self." Well, anyway, we decided on Monday night - tonight - as the one to go to the theatre. So he said he'd 'phone Sunday. We got home at one-fifteen by phenomenal driving.

We moved out here Thursday with Lou's help - taxi to station, wheelchair to train and car, home. Arthur 'phoned Friday instead of Sunday "to see if the new number worked." I'm to meet him at eight-fifteen at the Grand Central.

Meanwhile - as to my life here - it's hell. Dad and Mother each on a separate special diet - Dad requiring constant waiting on - Mother too weak to do much herself - her mind practically a blank - I'm half crazy. She can't remember things, and is so flighty and incompetent. I wash all the dishes and dry them and put them away five times a day and make both beds and help with the cooking, etc., etc.

Lou is nuts about me apparently and he comes over every night - he's been stewed for three days and Caroline gets raging at him and me. Saturday I went riding with him and he got chucked and got a big bruise that knocked him out. He was drunk and Jack shied and it threw him. I had to manage two strange horses and Lou - it was awful. He finally tottered home and we got the doctor and Lou has to be in bed a week.

Caroline came downstairs and gave him hell for riding when he was tight and it was lovely. He begged me not to leave him and I didn't until the doctor came. Then when Caroline had gone to the drugstore Lou crawled on his hands and knees to the phone to ask me not to come over to see him! Caroline begged my pardon yesterday and we went over there for dinner. But it's hectic, Lou paying the hospital bills and giving us the house rent free - yet Dad gets wild at his liking me at all and so does Caroline. This domestic shambles is driving me slowly crazy!

### Tuesday, July 1, 1930

Yesterday evening was a complete success. I wore my black printed chiffon and long white gloves and my black chiffon velvet evening coat and even Caroline told Mother I "looked very pretty". She drove me to the station. Arthur, in a tux and straw hat, met me at the Grand Central and we taxied to the Apollo. I was twenty-

five minutes late so we missed the first three scenes of "Flying High". Our seats were marvelous - exactly in the center of the third row. The show was swell - a scream and it was wonderful to laugh again.

Afterwards we taxied up to the garage at 153rd, and then drove out to Ben Riley's. We ate and danced there until one o'clock and then started for Stamford. Arthur just held my hand and was awfully sweet. When he doesn't try to force me I respond much more eagerly. He brought me all my themes that he got when he was in Cambridge. We got home at exactly two-thirty.

I asked him if he had to rush away, and he said, "Oh, no" - as though the fifty mile drive back to New York were nothing. There was a chair in the yard so he pulled that over to one side of the lawn and he sat on the arm of it. I smoked, and let him breathe in my ear, and kiss my hair and cheek and the back of my neck for a while before I turned my lips to him.

I nearly burned my fingers off because it was minutes before I knew what I was doing again. I didn't mean to let him kiss me any more after that, but he did again when I inadvertently raised my face to look at the stars. Then when I asked the time it was three o'clock, and a milk-man came by!

I made him get up then, but as soon as I stood up he pulled me into his arms, and kissed me again. I love him to hold me because he's so big and strong. He didn't seem so slobbery this time, and I was decidedly in the mood so everything was lovely. I finally sent him away about three-fifteen and Lord knows when I'll see him again.

He said he was terribly glad to see me again, and that I had a lovely complexion. I wrote him today - to tell him we are going to MOVE on the 10th! Some wealthy Jews are going to rent the whole place for \$7,500 for three months and Lou needs the cash I guess. We'll probably go to Jackson Heights. Thank God to get into an apartment - but how can Arthur ever come way in there?

Friday, July 11, 1930

I didn't hear from Arthur again until Saturday of that week when he telephoned asking me to Mahopac this Saturday. He said he'd taken a job for six weeks at the

Hunter Summer School, and was in town every day from nine to four, except weekends. I got a letter from him Monday saying "Dearest girl, have lunch with me some day when you're in the city."

I was going in Wednesday as it happened and Tuesday night he 'phoned, so I said I'd lunch with him. I got some moire evening slippers and some stockings and then met Arthur at A.F. McDougal's on 57th where we lunched. He only had an hour, so it was rather hectic. He walked over to the bus with me and said he'd like to spend the rest of the day going around with me.

Then I went out to see Nan and stayed to dinner. She's going to make over a Paton green moire evening dress Stephanie gave me by adding coral points. It ought to be hot stuff. On the subway going towards the station who should get on but Dr. Harvey! I was so glad to see him because I hate to ride on subways by myself at night. He came and sat by me, and seemed simply amazed to see me there. He asked me how I liked Stamford, and whether I was going back to college and what I was going to do afterwards. His eyes were very blue and he has lots of sex appeal.

I had to wait an hour for a train and then took a taxi out. I had it stop at Lou's house because he said to come in and see him. He was pickled as usual, and when I rashly asked if he'd missed me, he grabbed me in his arms and soul-kissed me! He apologised for it yesterday.

Monday, July 14, 1930

Arthur came for me about ten Saturday morning. We drove almost to Mahopac, and then he turned off on some side road at Croton Falls and stopped. He begged me to take my hat off and I obligingly did, so he buried his face in my hair, and kissed the back of my neck and my cheek, but not my mouth. I was awfully sort of trembly and a bit afraid of him. Passion in the fore-noon seems a bit out of place. It was so nice though being with him. When I had a chance I stuck my hat on, and he said, "All right, I'll get even." and believe me, he did - but of that - more anon. We arrived and saw the family, and had lunch, and then got in our suits and got a canoe.

I paddled bow and we went over to Arthur's cousin's house. No one was at home so we fooled around with a cute police dog puppy, and waited for them. We talked

We took a taxi to Roxy's - saw the last half of "Common Clay" and had to leave for home. We taxied up to Park and 69th - he holding my hand and leaning his cheek against my hair, but never quite kissing me. Then we drove home and he gave me James Stephen's "Crock of Gold" because when he praised it once I said I'd never read it, but would like to. Wasn't that nice? He stopped just before we got to the house and kissed me and called me "darling" and "sweet". Then he stayed for a glass of milk and said he'd take me to Mahopac for the day Thursday.

I went riding with Mrs. Hunter on Wednesday and while we were cantering up a hill I got thrown. I lost my left stirrup and couldn't keep my balance. I got up and I felt bruised, and sat down and got up and fainted. Mrs. Hunter tried to get some water and couldn't so I remounted and rode home. I got a bump on my forehead, cut on the top of my head, stiff neck, bruised hip, and my knee from the vaccination on down a mass of bruises and a cut on my hand. I could hardly move. Mother rubbed me with chloroform liniment, then I drove Dad to the station and Mother and I lunched with the Johnson's. I had a temperature when I came home but after a nap felt better. Mrs. Cleveland and Mr. Thompson came over to play bridge after dinner.

Arthur came for me at eleven yesterday and was a wreck about my fall. We had a blow out en route and got to the hotel just in time for lunch. It was swell seeing Arthur: his strong, protective hand over mine, his eyes adoring me. I forgot to say I made him take the cap off on the way home before, so yesterday he said, "I hope you notice I'm wearing a hat."

Mr. Sweeny was in bed with a cold so I didn't see him. After lunch Arthur and I went fishing and took turns rowing. Arthur caught a swell one and a half pound bass and I hooked an enormous pickerel but lost him before I got him into the boat. We had swell fun and I was hysterical over the bass. It scared me to death. At the hotel everyone exclaimed over it and me about equally. Mrs. Sweeny had spread about the story of my tumble.

We left about five-thirty and got home at seven-thirty avec le poisson - so we must have parked for an hour. Arthur was very gentle with me and didn't hurt me a bit. He said, "Oh darling, if I feel this way about leaving you for two weeks - just think of this winter when you go back to college -I'll go mad." So I let him kiss me all he wanted to for comfort, and told him to live in the present. He kissed my fingers as he drove and held

Mother had fixed a lunch but we hadn't had time to stop to eat it, so we were both pretty starved. I had a thermos bottle of milk so when we got back to the car we each took a drink of that. There was a crowd of 45,000 there. We were in the East Stand, right in the middle, about the seventh row. We went back on the Long Island Motor Highway and got to New York at seven-fifteen. We stopped up at 180th and Riverside Drive to eat the rest of the stuff.

I was so tired and dirty and hungry. I was very nearly hysterical I was so hungry that I couldn't eat anything, and as Arthur had to get some flowers for his family for their twenty-fifth anniversary, I guess he was just as glad I didn't want to go to a hotel. I drove from White Plains to Stamford and got home at ten. In White Plains we stopped and had milkshakes. We sat out on the porch and talked for a while.

Oh, I forgot to say Arthur gave me a cute little shoulder bouquet of yellow roses when he got the flowers for his family. So when he stood up and was going to pull me up into his arms, I said, "Ooh! Be careful of my flowers!" So he could only kiss me from a distance as it were, and he said, "Oh darling, I love you so much!"

I've got his cigarette case by mistake and he's got one of my English books in the car. He wants me to come up to the lake soon to go fishing, so I suppose I'll be hearing from him about Wednesday.

College opens the 22nd and exams start the 29th, so I have just about two more weeks. I found an old diary of mine that's scarcely been written in, so I'll finish the year out in that. It's time I met a new man I think -

Tuesday, September 9, 1930 Stamford, Conn.

After almost two years I finally finished my other diary, so I have resurrected this to pinch hit for it. Arthur phoned yesterday morning when I was taking Dad to the station saying he'd found my English book that I'd left in the car, and would stop to return it on his way to New York the next morning. I was sound asleep when he arrived about eight-thirty but jumped up and dressed like mad and yelled that I'd go with him if that was O.K. He said to come ahead so I did.



It was a gorgeous day - crisp and clear and cool - and I haven't felt so frisky for ages. I'd missed him awfully the night before so maybe that's why I felt so happy. He clasped my hand firmly all the way in, and we had lots of laughs. We fooled around and did some errands, and I got a check cashed and phoned Nan while Arthur was finding out when Hunter would open. Then we drove to the Arrowhead Inn for lunch. We were the only souls in the place but I didn't mind.

We got back to Stamford about quarter of three, and Arthur made me take him for a walk. We went down past the pastures towards the woods - me in high heeled suede slippers! - and sat on the stone wall in the sun. He said I seemed to have everything, and he wished he could give me something. I said that not being a gold digger - oh no! - I tactfully concealed my wants. He put his arms around me and nearly squeezed the breath out of me and kissed me a couple of times. Then because I turned my head away and sort of gazed around he accused me of being bashful! He told me again that I had an awfully small waist for such a big girl - as if I didn't know it!

Once just after he'd kissed me I asked the time and he said, "You would think of that now!" So I told him to shut up that it was for his own good. He jumped off the wall, and offered me his hands to help me down. But as soon as I put mine in his he leaned forward and kissed me again, and then dropped my hands and hugged me to him fiercely. He kissed me a couple of more times and I laid my head on his shoulder. Then he sort of gave himself a little shake, and sighed, and said, "Come on Bailey, my sweet."

As we were walking up the hill I let out a shriek, and nearly did a back flip because I almost stepped on some damn snake! I clutched Arthur and scared him to death because he thought I'd been killed. He said, "My God! What is it? That's only a garter snake." I don't care, it may have been skinny but it was at least two feet long. I was almost hysterical, and he was highly amused.

He left at three-thirty (four-thirty?) He has asked me up to the Lake for Thursday, but tonight Mother announced she was going to have the Clevelands for dinner. I suppose I'll have to phone Arthur tomorrow. I'm getting pretty fond of him.

At twelve I made him start home and went out behind the big elm with him. He said I was one in 10,000, 100,000., "a gorgeous woman", "the most intoxicating woman", he "loved me to death", and "darling, darling!" He gets so damned excited over me - his face gets all flushed and his eyes - sort of swooning and even his wrists are wet. He's so darned sweet I almost - but still not quite - love him!

Sunday, September 28, 1930 Cambridge

I will only have been back at college a week tomorrow, yet it seems like a month. Last Monday night I went out driving with Douglas Scofield, but - thank God! - I haven't heard from him since. I got a letter from Arthur on Tuesday, one on Thursday and a special today. The lamb is going to get an M.A. at Columbia! I think that's terribly ambitious of him.

Babbie Reagan, Mary Hines, Miggie Kipp (married Horace Frost), Georgia Straub, Otey, Alice Dean and I are about the only ones, of the Club, who are back. Georgia is crazy as hell and not at all like herself. She's loud and right coarse, and awfully restless, and talks a blue streak about her personal affairs. It seems her mother just inherited a million dollars! She has gone down to Island Creek for the week-end.

Peg Wirt's wedding was on Saturday, my exams come on the 1st and 6th. First German and English, then Phil., and Social Studies. I don't see how I can possibly pass. I miss Arthur right awfully - but just because there seems to be no one to take his place - so far.

Wednesday, October 8, 1930

I just heard from two of my examinations: C in English A-3 and D- in German A. Good God, I've never felt so sunk. That means I'll never graduate I guess. My first D in college, and I was so sure I'd never get one. Arthur will be here in ten days. I feel like marrying him out of hand and going to Africa.

Wednesday, October 15, 1930

Grace a Dieu, Nancy asked us down to Island Creek for over the holiday week-end. Georgia, Miggie and Charlotte went too. We got down in time for luncheon on

Arthur wired me Friday to have breakfast with him, and he called for me at eight. He almost kissed me when he saw me, but I turned away before he could. We breakfasted at the Cheer (Cheerful Chat), and then he walked down to the college with me. He got me again at ten under the apple tree, and Georgia went with us back to the dorms. We sat around on the front porch, and talked and smoked, and Arthur never took his eyes off me. Later Babbie came out, and then when she and Georgia had gone off to classes, we took a walk up Brattle Street. Nancy Blair, one of the freshmen, passed us and later told me I looked ecstatic. It was nice to have a sturdy arm to hang on, and be in that atmosphere of adoration again.

I dressed for lunch, which we had at the Georgian, in my black suit, hat and fur coat and Arthur gave me a swell corsage of red roses and lillies-of-the-valley. Army won 6-0, and we were both so mad. We took a taxi back to the dorm. While I got dressed in my new black silk, and then into the Copley. We sat and talked from five to six-thirty in the lobby, and then went into dinner.

At first we were the only ones dancing, and had a swell time. All at once Arthur said, "Darling, you're the most exciting thing in the world!", and nearly smothered me. We dinner-danced until eight-fifteen and then took a cab to the theatre. This was the first time he'd kissed me, although he'd put his arm around me in every other taxi. He kept saying how happy he was, and how darling I was, and I relaxed utterly in his arms, and ate it up.

We saw Earl Carroll's "Sketch Book", and it was pretty rotten. Another taxi ride back to the dorm left us both pretty well shaken emotionally. Then we sat out on the steps here from eleven-thirty to twelve-thirty and talked while I smoked; Arthur tried to keep my handkerchief, and then my glove, and was awfully silly.

I forgot to say I caught a cold somehow, and sniffled and sneezed all day. Arthur was worried to death about me, and kept saying I should go in, but holding me tightly all the time. He wants me to drive to New York with him after the Yale game and take the midnight back. Finally I had to go in, and we clung together wildly for the last time. Fortunately I'd gotten twelve-thirty permission so everyone else had gotten in by that time and there was no one to see us. He kissed the final good-bye, and we both whispered, "Till the 22nd!"