

1931 diary
February 21–September 19

Zohmah Charlot

transcribed from the shorthand by Zohmah Charlot, not dated

Trnscribing shorthand 1931 Diary

Sat. Feb. 21

Despite his promise ^{not} to call or see Sallie he was at the stage door after the matinee. Sallie had an engagement with Ben

Sun. Feb. 22

This is the first Sunday since Sept. that Sallie hasn't been with Ben. However she seemed very happy to get up, put on her beautiful new green coat and go to the museum with Harry.

As for me I have a thrilling engagement; the Prince is coming to see me. I put on my crisp white blouse, a lot of lipstick, and my old brokendown bedroom slippers.

When he comes we talk and kiss; but what I adore is his thrilling ^{ve.} When Sallie comes we all play bridge and the Prince wins everytime. Then he told our fortunes, says that Sallie was going to be married and I would go home--this didn't make me sad but he told Sallie such a long fortune and me such a short one that I went over and sat with my nose against the window--what an infant.

Later Prince Alexis, Sallie and I went to a party and has so much fun. All the men said I was so beautiful and wanted to come and see me. Goodness only knows I didn't try to get any attention not after that other experience. (did give my number to one boy who acted as if he thought I was exciting). Home, and the Prince says that if he continues seeing me that it will lead to our belonging to one another. After that, when he said goodbye, I never expect to see him again.

Mon. Feb. 23

I have read both the books the Prince brought us, and I think of him and his charm, and I am so sorry I will not see him again.

Nickolaide gave me a long talk about ^e being the important business for painting.

Tues. 24

Manythings^s to do today, ^s such as going to the bank and taking sewing to Madame Counousier, meet Polan on my way to school and on his way to see Sallie

Today we had a brokendown German model, and at recess I went out into the gallery to look at a new exhibition of students' work and talk to the girl with the ^{hair} hair. I have been thinking about Alexis I like him, I don't believe I will see him again, and he really has meant something to me. He knows so many things I want to know, and he is so charming He has the wisest smile. He gives me a new outlook, and then its pleasant to have someone love me even if it's such a tiny bit of love. Sallie and I walked to the theatre.

Wed. Feb. 25

To the doctor's. He thinks I am looking well

Walked home , and smiling to myself and felt pleasant.

Received a dear letter from Dad, and answered it in terms quite different from the ones he was using last week. His letter made me so happy--he said he thought I was wonderful - Imagine having your own father saying you are wonderful.

(cont over)

Sallie came home and said a little comfy lunch together.

Polan called and wanted to come to dinner so Sallie invited him and the Prince.

I was glad the prince was coming and when he came he brought me white flowers and books (Baudelaire and Schnitzel) however he was cross, but he sat and read a poem about the voyage of life that I hope isn't true.

Sallie, sweet Sallie insisted that he stay for she thought I would like to talk to the Prince. He doesn't talk much but kisses me and holds me close--very close.

I like it but it doesn't give me a thrill. Finally he held me closer than before,

I only said let me go rather weakly. He did, he stood up and sneered, and

said he despised me for being so weak. I said what should I have done

then he made it very clear that he had been taking me and that I should have

been angry. Some lack in myself kept me from being angry before but now

I boiled. . . anger filled up. . my throat and following his

suggestion I hit him hard over the head with a heavy cig. lighter, he grabbed

me in his arms again and said, "Now I like you." and wanted to kiss me but

I bit and fought and asked him coldly to leave immediately. He started to but so

slowly that I picked up the iron dog off the floor and threw ^{ew} it and sarcastic

thing that he had proved so amusing. He left without saying a word and called Polan

. . told him that he had ~~trou~~ had trouble with me but that he couldn't say what it was.

Thrus. Feb. 26

I want to grow up, and have a worldly . I cannot stand being so bad and yet so childish that I cannot hold my own against others. Above everything else I want to be hard and wise, independent and knowing. I want to understand the most minute subtlety. . I cannot bear being so young, so curious and so bad. And most important of all I cannot stand being soft and liking people whom I should be able to forget with a shrug of my shoulders .

Fr. Feb. 27

I woke up ~~with~~ this morning with a poem in my mind. I couldn't breathe or even think of anything but my poem. I put a piece of paper and Scribners and wrote notes all the time I was getting breakfast. Sallie even got curious and took to jumping through doors unexpectedly and grabbing for the magazine. After she was gone I stayed home all day and wrote. However, not being a poet

Feb. 27 cont.

I couldn't get the umpity ump umps right; so I am putting my beautiful poem away until until I can read "how to write a poem"

Sallie went to dinner with Mrs. Rogers, and I stayed home some more and read P Polan's book. He must be very ~~clever~~ to have written such a book but it is clever and I like the dialogue.

Feb. 28

Lousy town, lousy people, lousy evening.

I think of the prince, and Sallie thinks and thinks of how she can dodge Polan for she has decided to go and see Ben.

Mar. 5

x Letter from the Prince came ... leaving me weak but surprise^d, asking for his books.
^

Saturday, April 18 1931

One day left in New York I am up early. Wrote a letter to Rick and copied the one from my mother. Got the rest of the things in the closet and went back to bed awhile. It seems impossible that I won't be here anymore to ruffle Sallies' red hair in the morning. Went to the store and got breakfast.

Finally got Sallie dressed and we left in a whirl for the boat.

Took pictures and went to my stateroom that seems to be practically in the hold... and comfortable. . . some crying until I kiss and say to her goodbye. I thought my heart would sink as I stood on the back of the boat by the . . . until the last skyscraper was out of sight. . . . After lunch with I went to my stateroom and read "Well of Loneliness" a book which the steward loaned me. All I hope is that my five dollars will last me until I get to Mexico, which is all I have.. The sea seems to have a lot of charm from what I can see out of my room window. Went up to cardroom with the girls from my table and watched the auction of horses.

Sunday, April 19

People on ships seem. . . become friendly and gossipy. Getting ~~ix~~ away from it all and because I can't afford a deck chair I went ~~down~~ and sat on the back of the boat. It was fun watching for fishes and talking to the ships sailors who told me their life stories.

After lunch I went down again. . . happiness in the wind and was having a swell time when the . . . appeared all freshly brushed and washed. this for some reason spoiled everything.

Watched the races with the nice girls who sit at my table. I have dinner and sit through another auction of horses and then went out to the deck ballroom. I was tired and no one immediately asked me to dance so I went to bed.

The Mexican who I thought was staring at me all evening evidently wasn't thank goodness, for ~~bx~~ I saw him asking the girl I was sitting with to dance. Forgot to say I danced once with the tour sponsor--It was last night I didn't dance.

April 20

~~Ip~~ early and out on deck in my white dress. Watched people playing games awhile. trying a bit of golf myself, and then went watching for

with one girl at my table. Missed breakfast because I ~~U~~ got up so late so was ready for a good lunch--our waiter is funny.

Tonight is the big party night; Our table^s at dinner were loaded with whistles of every description, also paper hats, and mine was beautiful, white with black fringe. I sat down with the girls out on deck and the Mexican immediately dashed over he told my fortune and danced with me--he is a good dancer and seems to be very intelligent. One of the musicians came over and asked me to be nice to a Cuban boy to whom he had introduced me because he had gone to put on a tux on purpose to dance with me. . . . gave a program and some terrible person got up and pretended to hypnotize. . this worried me so I took the Cuban boy out with me for a walk. We kissed and he told me about his family.

He is coming to Mexico to see me. Hope not het. my fortune told at tea time. seems I am going to meet lots of new people: especially a dark man and a red haired man. My goodness ~~bx try to kiss me I went, but he did so I left and got to bed early.~~
~~All this is enough to drive a person nuts at least a person not used to such attention~~

Teusday April 21, 1931

~~Walk up on deck~~

Wake up in time to dress and out on deck to watch the ship enter the Havana Harbor. The boy met me later and we had breakfast. He hired a car and we drove about the city. It was all very thrilling. and I liked the pillared houses and the narrow streets. He bought me strange fruit and we were happy though his family spent the whole time stamping up and down by the docks.

I met them, and they insisted on taking him away.

Left alone I ~~wondered~~ up from the docks to the plaza wrote cards- explored the buildings and sat for an hour in the Ward office because my feet hurt.

Almost caused a riot in the Capital Bldg. because they thought I was Cuban and didn't give me a guide, and then sent a small army after me.

Back to the boat for lunch and then out again in the same car.-- the driver frightened me, however I saw the cemetery full of marble, the Casino, the country, the ocean front again.

Spent evening talking to the nice elderly gentleman who sits across from me at dinner with his wife and son--the talk was fairly interesting but the louse took me walking on the upper deck and tried to kiss me: I expected as much but thought I could avoid it.

On way to bed met ~~be~~ and looked at the ocean with him until he insisted on going down for a drink and as I really didn't think he would try to kiss me I went. But he did so I left and got to bed early. All this is enough to drive a person nuts at least a person not used to such attention.

Wd, April 22

Woke. . so bleary eyes and tired that I made no attempt to get up but groaned a good bit wished for my Dad and went back to sleep. However my sleep was sadly interrupted by the steward dashing in and giving me ~~2~~, and honestly he isn't just doing his duty when he gives me so much attention for this morning he said he was in love with me. . . . I want my Dad.

Went down and spent my last \$5 bill for a cable to Ione for money.

Gosh I hope I will be able to sleep and rest until I reach Vera Cruz until get the money.

~~Wonder~~ How can one person get oneself into such situations.

The sea got very rough, but I managed to keep from getting sick by walking rapidly around the deck.

Sat on deck and talked to Miss Buckley about Cuban's and ~~Dr. Rossi~~ Dr. Rossi, who had given me a pill that broke my fever came over and inquired about my ~~health~~ now and again.

Villasenor also was kind I like him better now--He doesn't jump out from behind things and frighten me anymore.

April 23, 1931

Woke up with my stomach jumping around inside of me for fear my money wasn't there. It wasn't when we docked but there was still time before the evening train. Spent morning with Miss Buckley and also had a nice visit with Mr. Villasenor and Dr. Rossi. The immigration officers were very

impressive and especially so when they told me my passport was wrong and

I've been transcribing my 1931 diary which was written in shorthand fifty years ago.

I am appalled at my grammar and poor construction of sentences. And there are so many people and events that I don't remember. What I do remember is more vivid and detailed than can be found in the shorthand I scribbled daily.

It is easy to remember the day the Morro Castle was reaching Vera Cruz, waking up with my stomach jumping around inside of me for fear my money wouldn't be there. I can't remember why I started out with only five dollars! which I had spent on a cable requesting funds arrive so I could take the evening train.

This was my first foreign visit other than driving across the border at Tijuana as a child on holiday with the family.

Instead of a tourist card I had gone to the trouble of getting a Servicio de Migracion. The immigration officers were very impressive and especially so when they told me my passport was wrong and I couldn't go ashore. So I was imprisoned on the boat flat broke. I think they thought I was a spy.

*mole
on 23*
I can still feel the sun shining down on me as I sat on the upper deck wondering what to do. About four o'clock, as the shadows were getting longer, a Mexican came back to see why I hadn't disembarked. His name Eduardo Villa senor was returning from two years as consul in London. He had spoken to me a few times on the ship but I had avoided him being rather frightened the fierce way he looked and the unexpected way he would 'jump' out at me. Now he had come to my rescue, investigating the trouble, making a call to Mexico City, putting up a cash bond to enable me to continue on to my destiny.

Though I had to explain as he was pulling me down the gangplank that I was waiting for money, he gave me enough for tips, got my things out of customs and introduced me to his friend, Doctor Rossi, who had come to meet him. I wanted to take the night train but they said stay and rest and have their help, besides it would be a kindness to be part of a joke for me to pose as Villasenor's English bride tomorrow. Of course I stayed. Though I did want to be sure his family wouldn't be at the station.

We had dinner at a street cafe, walked along the waterfront, dance^d to Spanish music, amazed everyone from the boat to see me with two handsome escorts.

I couldn't go ashore. So there I was imprisoned on the boat flat broke.

But about four o'clock Villasenor came back and said he had called Mexico City and fixed things so I could good go on.

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Cont
He was pulling me down the gangplank when I finally had to explain that I had to wait for money from my friend. He gave me money for tips ; and then he, Dr. Rossi and ~~and~~ a friend who had come down to meet him dashed me about getting my things out of custom house.

do
I wanted to take the night train but they said stay and rest and have ~~anxiously~~ ~~and~~ their help and besides it would be a kindness to a joke to have you pose as Eduardo's wife tomorrow." So, of course, I stayed ^

We had dinner at street cafe ; walked out along the waterfront danced to Spanish music ; loved the Spanish streets ; 2 pursers and said goodbye, and then to and then to bed in my Mexican room.

April 24, 1931

After waking up and starting to dress three times during the night it was finally morning, and I met my pals and we had ~~breakfast~~ bread and drank coffee at a street cafe (this bread and coffee seems to be a nice custom)

Mr. Benditte, of the _____ joined me as soon as I got on the train, so it happened that I rode with him a great deal of the way.

The scenery was beautiful, tropical, then mountains and deep canyons, then valleys of cactus, the towns were varied and terribly picturesque, but so sad in their poverty. Edwardo bought me dozens of gardenias, a friend of his rode with us part way on the train and was very serious about our marriage-- he brought me arm loads of fleur-de-lis that I loved.

I got off at Mexico City into the arms of dozens of Edwardo's friends, his five brothers, his very indignant mother and into the ~~glutches~~ ^{glutches} of photographers. It was very exciting although I felt ~~—~~ and anyway none seemed very pleased. Mr. Cosio called Mr. Simpson and found my address and drove me home (I met his wife and she is very nice).

Ione drove up just as we did, she had been searching for me for hours with her friend Enrique. The house is darling but so terribly old and primitive. I have a garden of onions.

Sat. April 25

All the diet is painful to bare and the high altitude is doing all kinds of things to my skin and it also makes me very sleepy.

We went into the city which isn't very impressive from an aesthetic point of view although it has some fine buildings and the people are very ~~beautiful~~ picturesque. (the place is just all Mexicans).

Called the American Express for mail-- letters from Dad and Berta: a check from Dad and an acceptance from Berta.

Visited Thieves Market, bought numerous things. Met Victor in the Palace and he carried the money and the packages (the money here is huge).

~~How~~ Out to the American country Club with a rather boring friend of Ione's. We played a bit of golf and took a _____ was _____ stuff.

We were supposed to have had lunch with him but ate in Coyoacan instead we were so hungry.

To a steak party with Enrique and a friend, Isadore. Had a lousy time because the boy didn't like me and I was dead tired. But it was interesting to see the men celebrate in the back room of a saloon.

Sunday, April 26, 1931

Ione and I ~~walked~~ worked in the garden.

Her Spanish teacher came over and stayed all day making a great pest of himself.

I wrote long, long letters to Dad, Sallie, Prudence and Berta.

Bought some lovely handmade handkerchiefs from a peddler who came while we were eating lunch on the balcony and sent one to each of the girls.

Enrique came over to see Ione, and while they visited I wrote about life far into the night.

April 27

Worked in the garden and took a sun bath at the same time. Ione brought a woman home to lunch with her--I didn't like her very much.

I went to the Palace with Victor and Ione, and climbed up on the scaffold with them--It is certainly some task to paint frescos and especially while standing 60 ft. in the air.

Met a boy named Juan O'Gorman and he came with us while we chased around getting my mail and buying

Stopped in the office of Mr. Simpson, the cultural ambassador, and he is perfection. He said to come in sometime and see him, and remembered Mr. Cusio calling to find Ione's address for me.

I walked home with Juan but as soon as we reached home he certainly gave all his attention to Ione. How can I be happy if everyone likes her the best.

He even promised to bring her a zarape and an Aztec, leaving me out in the cold.

Beales came over and asked us over to meet some friends, but I stayed home and looked at ~~the~~ not feeling up to meeting anyone else.

(the ceiling)

April 28

Worked in garden for hours. Although I got tired it was fun being out in the sun naked.

My trunk came at last, and I looked through it arranging things although I have no place else to put them.

To the city with Ione: we walked for miles. Left a note for Dr. Rossi at his hotel, called at the apartments of two friends of Ione's, made pilgrimages to landmarks of Ione's romance with Joe.

Walked through a big lovely park, stopped to look at funeral wreath, started to leave our drinking water to be tested but it cost so much we decided not to; called Senor Villasenor but he wasn't in had icecream at Sandbornes; met Enrique Correalla and arranged to meet him later called for pictures, and had a great spree of buying.

Got a beautiful antique chest, the box of my dreams, a zarape, a hat--now I am broke again, what will I do?

Home in a Libre with Enrique.

While Ione's teacher gave her a Spanish lesson he gave me a little private one.

~~Had~~ coffee and bread and I went to bed.

After

One of the birds died. Conchita does the washing in a water holder in the back garden. Everything is so primitive.

Wednesday, April 29, 1931

Decided I had better give my zarape to Ione to help pay for rent, although it cost more than my share of the rent ✓

~~Carlton~~

Carlton Beales came over to have Ione draw his picture for an ✓
I ~~washed~~ washed my hair and wrote in my diary.

Dr. Rossi came in the evening and brought Mr. Villasenor's regrets-- nuts--when he does come he will fall in love with Ione.

Juan came bringing Ione a lovely sarape and an antique love god-- nuts ... If I am jealous of Ione what will I do, gosh I was never jealous of Sallie-- nuts.

Enrique and ✓ (I think he is a big) and another man came and sang and talked ✓ in Spanish. Ione even has ~~talked~~ Dr. Rossi vamped.

April 30

Ione came home at noon and we rushed about packing a grip and getting ready. She wore riding britches and Enrique's -- he was going to take us to a little port town on the Pacific for the holidays but when he called for us at the palace he had a million excuses, all different.

get/ While I was waiting for him and Ione to, through work I visited three churches-- all the gilt ornaments dramatic wax figures rather amuses me, and ~~not~~ in one church it was fun to see a group of men trying to reverently dust those same wax figures.

Enrique said we would go to the Fronton but after having drinks at a nice cafe in Chapultepec/ Park he wouldn't take us because Ione refused to go home and change her pants--he was even willing to start for Guernevacca rather than take her in riding pants. We came home and I went to sleep but Enrique went after Isadora and they all had arguments far into the night.

May 1

Ione and I walked out in the lava flows that ends near our house. It stretches for miles and miles and on it one can find varied cactus--we brought some home and planted them in the garden. It is fun hiking over the rough surface and it is interesting if sad to see the houses the Indians have built in the rocks.

Enrique came and we forgave him enough to accompany him to Xochmilco. This is a town of canals and darling islands covered with flowers. After riding in the dugout decorated with flowers we stopped at one of the islands for lunch which we ate in a tree, but what was most fun was swinging out over the canal in a big swing. Had mole, the national dish, and pulque, the national drink. Stopped at the market and bargained for many flowers and came home and filled all our jugs and planted others in our garden. The church here has the most quastly wax figures I have seen yet.

Ione was very sick all night with her stomach and I had to keep jumping up, and it was then that I decided I wasn't going to sleep with the skull any more.

Saturday, May 2

Ione was still very sick and slept most of the day, however she did revive enough to dictate letter to her husband telling him what she thought of his treatment-- he has been writing her long letters but they contain nothing but a lot of fine phrases.

Wish I could decide whether or not I like Mexico.

In the evening to get a bit of change so we could sleep we took a caminone with Enrique to the city and had sandwiches and buttermilk at Sandbourns.

Best. Moguard?
May 2nd cont.

Ran into Mr. O'Connell and Mr. Moguard. Enrique was angry the Adolpho person said he looked like an American.

Spent part of the morning at Victor's house.

In the afternoon we went over to a neighboring town to see another Guggenheimer, Katherine Anne Porter. She has a charming house and garden but even more empty rooms than we have. It was fun to eat apricots that they shook out of her tree and hold Lydia's baby and talk to Miss Porter who is quite famous. She is keeping a really terribly unattractive boy, the secretary of Mr. Simpson--how dreadful to have success of sorts, and charm, and then have to keep some awful person to have a man--it makes one believe in marriage.

Mr. O'Connell and a friend, a Mr. Storm, took us to the country club to a "tea dance". He was a good dancer thank goodness. Afterwards we went for food to San Angel Inn, and he took me walking in the garden and tried rather inadequately to make love. Nuts I don't want to be the kind of a girl who runs after rich business men but I wonder if he is right in saying I am old before I am young? Incidentally, he told me that he had all his teeth but one I said "so have I".

At last I started painting. However both Ione and Victor were so shocked and thought my work was so lousy that I could have cried. What am I going to do, I can't accept money from my dear sweet dad unless I can learn to draw well enough to earn my living? They scorned me so that I gave up working and read about Leonardo whose arts and actions make me very happy.

The picture Ione started at the same time is good.

Ione says I am lazy but I am not going to take charge of the house as she would like and lose all hope of getting anything done--I would sooner be really lazy than start doing things for her. I like Ione though and she seems very happy to have me here and talks as if she would like me to stay with her always and help her paint walls about the country. It makes me sore though when she pretends to people that she supports me, and that Americans are louses, and when she laughs because everyone likes her instead of me.

Her flare for dramatization is very entertaining but it certainly leaves me in the shade.

May 5 CINCO de MAYO

Drove with Mr. Storm to Cuernavaca. It is a beautiful drive over the mountains, with vistas of wild country. The town is ideally Mexican with long wide streets and colored houses and many inner flower gardens, and a fortified church with lovely yellow and redish walls.

They went in swimming I sat in a tropical garden that made me think I was in Cal. I had lunch on a porch overlooking the valley and red clusters of roofs. I drank wine and a small cocktail and felt dizzy.

Walked through the market and then down to the house of a Swedish friend of Mr. Storm's. While Ione impressed the company I talked to the nice half Spanish lady and flirted later with some blond boy.

Ione drove us slowly home and Mr. Storm told us about his life, which is a damn nice one despite his having his sweetheart shot as a spy.

Took a bath at his apartment and ate some sandwiches, and came home about 10:30 more than ready for a long sleep.

Wed. , May 6, 1931

Although I have wanted to I didn't go down and meet that person-- I hate to be foisted off on other people's friends--I freeze up inside and make them and myself miserable.

Meet Dr. Rossi and Ione for lunch. He was so sweet to bring me a little pottery butter holder. After a nice lunch we went to the Secretario to see Rivera's frescoes there. I talked a lot but I think Dr. Rossi was thinking of the way I held his hand when he tried to find out why I looked so down hearted--I hate being myself when I am not alone.

Wrote a letter to Dad and got the pictures of Sallie.

Some playboy friend of Ione's came over for supper--he had the New York manner of trying to impress with certain affected speeches. We all went over to Victor's and I looked at albums which had interesting pictures of him standing with Chinese generals, and a nice one of Lydia in Russian costume.

May 7

The Sydney person came after me and we made rather pleasant conversation on the drive to the Pyramids. The country so beautiful and I loved the clean cut lines design of the pyramids and the temples. We climbed to the top of the Sun Py. and I lost my breath, went through the museum (I like the heavy stone heads (??)) Drove over ~~to~~ to the Moon Py. and then had lunch at an adorable cafe at the bottom of a grotto. Visited the Temple of Water which pleased me a lot with its plastered rooms and its ancient frescoes. Last of all visited the sacramental temple its clean geometrical lines were swell, and by the middle pg. there are fascinating curled serpents, but best of all I liked the sunlit wall of rock and

Coming home we stopped at Guadalupe and in contrast this church faded into a rather fanatical nothingness.

Juan (he is so sweet) and Mr. Storm came over in the evening and we made conversation with them until Ione came home and ruled the parlor.

We stayed away and Ione told me about her childhood--it is easy to understand her sadness.

Victor wouldn't let me go to be up the fresco!

Friday, May 8, 1931

Letter from Prudence, she seems doubtful about something, maybe she didn't like my wild experience.

Watered the garden and straightened the house.

Ione brought the man from the American Express to lunch. We ate on the porch and he is nice. I wish I wasn't such an absolutely ~~poor~~ bum conversationalist and didn't clog up.

Letter from Sallie -- she has seen Ben's mother who was very nasty, but she seems to be decided to be married on the 14th. It is doubtful whether her mother will come. ⁿ Dam, I so want her to be happy.

Letter from Owen, and as he said, it was about little binges, and also a funny cartoon of him and one of me.

Read all about Leonardo de Vinci, I love the man.

Lydia came over for a meeting -- I like her. I wish I like the one woman I know instead of all the men.

Literally dozens of people here tonight (one man offered to take me to Paris but got angry when I said he frightened me with his funny face) They all came to see Ione but Villasenor and Rossi, and Villasenor likes her just as I thought. I was glad to see him though he thinks he is very smart.

Left the "party" to spend some time with Lydia who had to go home and tend the ~~children~~ kids.

Villasenor wants to take us to dinner tomorrow night. While Ione entertained the last of her guests I went out and sat beneath the big tree and decided not to go.

BLANK

Tuesday, May 12

I am miserable: I bore everyone and I bore myself -- I hate being social (Ione is trying to make me but because she told Dad she would).

Most of the day we fooled away -- If I could be hard at work nothing else would matter.

Ione came home with ^{her} and started work on the fresco, which is a ~~failure~~ ^{mess}.

I didn't want to go out with Mr. Villasenor and especially after the slighting things she said. It made me furious when she said she was doing me a favor to go with them and that she had ~~been~~ been awfully good to them (I don't know what she meant: going to lunch with them).

May 13

When I woke up Ione was dressed and had put a note on my pillow saying she was ill and was going to Cuernavacca and that I was to be sure and be home at 6.00 to meet some friends of her's that were coming over. I am so damned angry.

Lydia came after me, wanting me to stay with her children, which I did. We had fun climbing all the trees and playing games of me running after . catching them and getting them into the house and ~~drawing the~~ throwing them behind the door.

... I told Lydia how I hate going out, as a ... party, ~~when~~ ^{with} Ione and that she wouldn't let me be part of things. Lydia says she doesn't see how any woman could get along with her. I could easy enough but I am not going to let her dominate me.

I went home and changed my overalls for a dress and told Concha to tell the seniors

May 13 cont.

to wait then I went back and had supper with Lydia. Ione went out with Enrique and ~~Enrique~~ and while waiting for her to come home I fell asleep on Arnatauf's couch. I woke up much later, the lights were off, everyone was asleep, so I went back to sleep.

May 14, 1931

Woke up, swished my skirt into the right place, bid Lydia goodmorning and came home.

Ione was very cold, she got up and started listing things she had done for me (even counting phone calls) saying how grateful I should be to her for having her friends take me places, and how grateful I should be for her going places with my friends. Her unfairness makes me furious; after all, if I would, it is just as easy for me to take the same attitude about the men and easier for me to list things I have done for her.

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I went sketching alone, far to the other side of Coyoacan. It is very beautiful town. I sat under a tree and ate sandwiches, and drew the passing children. The sketches were terrible, I don't know what to do, I could cry and weep-- what will happen to me if I don't learn how to draw. But then I am going to learn.

I walk up to the Plaza and drew . . . rather good pictures of some indian women in the meantime discussing books with a Russian man sitting on the next bench-- he was a happy accident because he told me incidences of people learning things, as is entirely possible, . . . the necessary force and concentration.

Came home and read the New York paper-- "Once in a ^{liberation}" now has the second longest run.

Wrote letters to dad and added another page to those to Berta and Prudence. The American boy was over and amused Ione.

May 15

Got up early and washed windows.

Went to the market with Lydia and her children and a little Mexican girl.

The market is fun. I like the crowded stalls the people so busy selling pieces of rope or bags of fruit, or dishes. One even

I filled my basket with fresh vegetables for a price not exceeding 25 cents American money. Everyone is yelling and bargaining.

Continue washing windows and cleaning the house.

Took hair off my legs and manicured my toenails much to Concha's amusement.

Ione went away with the American boy and I watered the garden until it started to rain.

As it is Enrique's birthday and he was planning to come over with friends, we went down to the market and bought tortillas. On the way Ione was telling me ~~xxxx~~ there is a possibility of a revolution here. How can the people be so foolish when they are not prepared to have a revolution "with their heads"

We came back to the house and waited and waited for the hombres, in the meantime reading and eating, finally we went to bed. Only we had no sooner closed our eyes

May 15, cont.

seven of them arrived with a guitar, many sandwiches and bottles of wine. They all sang and sang and recited poetry. I enjoyed it immensely especially the expressions on the faces. . . . one of Mexico's best orators, sang me many love songs.

I made rather a poor stab at vamping ^{for} ~~for~~ I think he is nice, and I want to go place with Ione and Enrique. Later though I found out Enrique is leaving for the States next Monday. I do so hope he likes them.

^{gave} gave me a bit of a thrill too--I wonder why.

May 16

After all our work last night, this morning the floor was covered with cigarette ashes and pieces of Was going sketching with Ione but Mr ⁶ came over and she decided to go with him. So I stayed home.

Sunday, May 17

Enrique suddenly decided to leave today for the States.

During this following time we ~~made~~ had lunch with Mr. Storm and dinner with American. The night we dashed down and saw Enrique off.

To puppet show at Miss Porter's.

I had dinner and went to the Lyric one night with Mr. Villasenor and Dr. Rossi.

Another night he brought over some English girls for us to meet--

We had breakfast with them one day and one of them has been over to paint several times.

Another evening ^w he both went with Dr. Rossi and Mr. Villasenor to show given by one man, later we had a drink of portwine at his apartment and he kissed me for the first time.

Ramos new assistant.

May 18

Villasenor and Rossi came over to take us out to dinner but del Torre was here so they took me alone.

Had fish and a marvelous desert and then went to see the Lyric. Enjoyed the funny theatre.

breakfast with English girls.

May 19

Party for Victor.

In afternoon had lunch with Storm at San Angel, and he bought us some wine. .

Played games and had charades. Rossi brought Mr. Pugebet, the French man I met on the train, and he fell in love with Ione.

English girls came over and painted.

May 20

Sidney was over and he drove us over to the Dos. to see Victor off had a great many ^{and} and drank wine then went to station and waved them goodbye. Sidney drove us to the postoffice and then we couldn't think of anything to do. Walked down and had sandwiches and then came home feeling very blue.

I had spent afternoon moving furniture and taking care of papers.

The English girls over and we and Ione painted.

May 21, 1931

Del Torre came to keep appointment with Ione but she had promised Dr. Rossi to go out with him.

However he drove us down to meet them at Sandbournes. Almost hit by electricity from loose street car wire. Picked up a darling friend of Torre's who was standing in the rain.

Dinner and then to show to see one man do character sketches.

To Villasenor's apartment for a glass of portwine and to see some of his collection of ~~xxx~~ knick knacks.

I try to take a bath but water was too cold. Mr. Villasenor wanted to seduce me but kiss me instead--the first time.

May 22

To town for lunch with Mr. Pugebet and Dr. Rossi. Meet a nice American boy. Drove around looking for raincoats. Said goodbye to Dr. Rossi. Ione went to work at the Palace and I went through the museum. Saw Sidney--he is all petered out.

Went down to Ramon's house and on the way met another Mexican, who later drove us in the coach up to Sandbournes where Ione suddenly informed me we had a change with Del Torres. . the boy we had met last night.

He was terribly handsome and made love terribly charmingly and he got too rough--but the first stages were swell.

Had dinner and then went to dance. Came home rather *high* in spirit.

I would have liked to have gone out with him again, but now can't. *Y.O.S.*
to be consul in Philadelphia

Sunday, May 24

Ione went riding with Pugebet, fell off horse. Ramon, his friend, the actor, Juan were over for dinner. In the morning Juan painted the back wall blue.

The actor was very handsome, and he tried to make me happy.

In the evening Storm came over with a young American boy but we were both too tired to go out.

May 25

Ione sick. A letter from her mother about mean things Joe had done.

I went to town with Mr. Pugebet and bought stuff. Del Torres came over that night but as Ione was sick we kicked him out. He wanted to bring Devied (sp) over sometime in the week but I said nuts.

May 26

Sat around *with* Sidney and Pugebet. *Monday - 2*

May 29

Juan and Bulgarians over. I had a swell time turning ~~somersaults~~ *somersaults*.

Y Juan very kindly told Ione that somebody might like me.

May 30

Sat on porch and talked. Walked over to Mrs. Fishes *with*

May 30 cont.

The marvelous dinner at the apartment of Mr. Pugibet.

Many kisses from Mr. Villasenor. I like that man for some unknown reason.

May 31

To Pueblo with Ione and Mr. Pugibet. Loved the town. . . . solitary lunch.

shopped in the market. Visited the Jensens and loved their big house.

Home across the mountain in the rain. Couldn't get in until

we found Concha poor Mr. Pugibet got soaking wet.

June 1

Settled down for weeks alone. Rather enjoying it.

Mr. Villasenor didn't come over. However, very late, Best came over and

wanted me to leave then and there to his house and come the next morning

to the Hacienda. After much hesitating I decided to meet him in the morning.

Packed.

June 2

Met Best at the station. Heard stories of wonderful travel from a camera man

Mr. Tisse. Went riding with a little Mexican girl. Visited

another Hacienda. Spent the evening dancing.

June 3

Watched them make pictures. Went riding. Saw the pictures Eisenstein draws.

Danced some more. Saw ghosts. Climbed church tower.

June 4

Picture show. Draw the gate.

June 5

Saw the pulque factory, drank two half full. Went then walking around the lake with Padilla and Isabel and Tessa.

Sallie married.

June 6

Julio got me to drink a bottle of wine. Spent today on mountain. Picnic.

Sunday, June 7

Was sick all day. Spent most of the time in bed. Watched for awhile Grischka taking pictures of the men from the ~~97~~

Couldn't eat.

June 8

Spent the morning on the mountain watching them taking pictures.

Everyone returned to town on the afternoon train.

June 9

Took mail to Torres. Phoned Villasenor, *208. 7. 20 - 20*
Letter from Bert saying she was waiting at home to see her friend from Harvard.
The American and a Mexican friend came over in the evening and we had dinner together.

June 10, 1931

The American, Mr. Kimbr... , came over early and I spent day with him getting getting Sarah off to the Hacienda, she had been spending her days and nights with t Roque person. Lunch at the hotel and spent evening waiting for pictures and eating at the Heidelberg Restaurant.

June 11

Painted still life of Mexican dolls.

June 12

Ione gets home.

Letter from Prudence saying  was dead.

The American over in the evening to dinner with him.

June 13

Read three books. Ione left for Hacienda. Mr. Oroschini over for a few minutes.

Sunday, June 14

Telegram from Berta. Mr. Obregon, two American ladies over in the morning.

Two American boys over in the afternoon, and the two Bulgarians over in the evening.

I am terribly excited about Berta coming. I have a swell dinner planned for Merceles.

June 15

I want to see Mr. Villasenor.

I feel lazy as hell.

Wrote in my diary.

June 16

Lunch with the Bulgarians.

I like these long days alone.

A terribly unhappy letter came from Dad. Conditions are so dreadful and he is so worried for fear I will smoke or drink--good God.

I felt so unhappy that ~~he~~ I weakened and phoned Mr. Villasenor and he said he will come over tomorrow.

Got a telegram saying Berta wasn't arriving until Thursday night. This after I thought I couldn't wait until tomorrow morning.

June 17

This is that long looked for Merceles and no Berta.

And then the English girl came over and said they couldn't keep her over with me for lunch, and then when evening came Mr. Villasenor didn't come.

Concha went out to see her lover and I sat on the balcony in the rain and sang some Mexican songs she taught me and then cried and cried.

June 18

To lunch with Mrs. Fuldo. She is so nice and I am so anxious for her to get married and be happy.

She talked and talked and later went down to bookstores and delicatessen.

She left me at the Regis where I got something to eat and was going to a picture show but decided I couldn't stand it so walked and walked in the rain.

After several hours I was too wet to stop walking so by the time Berta's train arrived I was quite crushed and miserable. How I would have liked to have stopped

June 18, cont.

at Mr. Villasenor's but how can I when he doesn't like me.

Caught a cold and it's his fault.

So thrilled to see Berta--came home through a driving rain and Ione was home and we had to sleep three in a bed and it was terrible.

June 19

To the market.

Berta loved it.

She is crazy about Ione.

To Mexico to get money changed.

Home on a Mexican bus that frightened Berta.

Isadora, Juan, Enrique and another boy came over in the evening.

We all sewed curtains and hung them in the bedroom.

It looks quite striking.

Berta and everybody but me drank a bunch of ~~tequila~~ tequila.

This boy made violent love to Berta and she felt very dizzy from tequila.

Poor Juan got sick and Ione got sick.

June 20

Berta's "friend" and Isadora drove us to town-- Isadora had come out to say he couldn't take me out. My charm over men is remarkable.

Ione went to have lunch with Grishka (who is now in love with her) and Berta and I went up to the Castle which was closed. Had nice lunch and met Ione and Grishka.

Went to get pictures.

Home. Crowds of people over. Met Jean Charlot and Paul Higgins.

We all rode in on the bus. Grisha took us to the ~~cafe~~ !!!!for food at the cafe belonging to Orozco's brother and many of his cartoons.

Grisha wants Ione to go to China with him.

Sunday, June 21

Grishka and Tisse came and drove us to San Angel for lunch. Walked down the road. Berta and I went through the monastery. The mummies..

Walked home.

Obregon and Mr. Crespo came over.

June 22

Berta gets so sleepy and hungry and in spite of all we have to do we have a perfectly swell time sitting about doing nothing.

Jean Charlot had asked us over and we intended calling at the Embassy, but we were just too lazy.

Jean and Emily came over in the evening. She is a lovely woman, but seems a bit mad.

We asked Mrs. Fish over and in spite of the fact we all had a good time.

Charlot rubbed my head--he is sweet even if he says such mean things.

June 23, 1931

Ione had an appointment with a boy she met in Pueblo, so as Charlot had asked me in ~~town~~ to see his drawings we all went together and though because of memories, Ione didn't want to go to the place where he lived we all went there because Emily wasn't at home.

It is a swell place--an old Mexican building many steps to climb through interesting floors to the roof where he has sort of built house.

He showed us his drawings and a book he is making and then we all went to dinner at a fish place and had octopus and it was swell.

Jean Brought us home and he made love to me in a very very mild way, but then he said he wanted me to go to museums and places with him until he had time to fall in love with Ione.

June 24

Miss Fulda asked us to lunch as it looked too cloudy to go on a trip.

On our way we stopped at the Embassy, went up to the castle and looked up Mr. Roque and had an exciting time watching him conduct Mexican business. He and some friends drove us down to Miss Fulda's where we found a lovely lunch and a note saying she had gone to meet Luis Cabrero who was returning from exile.

Went down to see Mr. [redacted] and then stopped; -after much hesitation-- at the office of Villasenor but he wasn't in.

We went back to the Castle for our appointment to be shown through the rooms but [redacted] wasn't there yet and although some half dozen of his assistants tried to get us to wait we left and went back to see Mr. Villasenor. I was glad to see him but he seemed ~~to~~ terribly taken back.

Gave me picture.

Obregon, Enrique and Crespo over in the evening.

Berta has almost decided to become a communist.

Letter from Dad--he is having such a hard time--he is so wonderful.

June 25

Berta and I got up and did exercises. went swimming.

In the afternoon Charlot came over to paint with Ione. I was going to ignore him but when Ione went into town to meet Enrique and go to the meeting of revolutionary painters he stayed and took me for a walk through a beautiful park here in Coyoacan--long ave. of varied shape hedges. his

Beales came home and he is all excited about a book being chosen as the Book of the Month

He and Berta stayed and read his clippings while Charlot and I took another long walk and sat and talked for awhile in the park. The things he says to me are still mean enough to hurt a little but now I think they are funny too.

Ione came home so she could take him off in another room and talk to him.

June 26

Beales for breakfast.

Ione went into town and saw Charlot and met Mr. Villasenor.

Berta and I read and walked through the park and later in the afternoon when Ione came home to paint, went to the market.

We had... by candlelight. Mr. Villasenor came rushing in and said it was necessary to go to his doctors--dirty liar., and invited ~~us~~ Berta and me to go to Qua Cuatlo (sp) tomorrow--shall I go? During the few minutes he was here Ione took him off in the other room and showed him pictures--some pal.

Somebody said, "Let's go back to the church and find the ghost." I took a drink of vermouth and, for the first time in my life, liked it.

We all held hands and walked in a row through the colonnade, into the park, past the fountain, and into the church. Then we entered a little stone doorway that led into the tower and up the winding steps. There was a slit of a window about halfway up and we all inched our way to the top with barely enough room for us all to stand.

The ghost was nowhere around. As the others climbed back down the circular stairs, I stopped to look through the window. Across the landscape the fields of maguey were shimmering in the moonlight. All I could think about was how far away I was from my mother and father.

When I ran back down the circular stairs the door was locked. Was I trapped? I pounded on the door and when it opened I couldn't see anyone outside. Then I saw Kimbrough who had come back for me.

He said we should all sleep together so the girls wouldn't be frightened. In one of the big rooms he pushed four beds together and then crawled into the middle. When he did that we didn't know what he had in mind so we turned off the light and went away.

We found Don Julio and he gave me, and one of the Mexican girls, a strange room with blue painted American furniture. It looked so ridiculous I almost forgot I was scared. During the night I kicked the other girl every now

June 26, 1931 cont.

Berta went out to a party with Beales, and I made curtains for the bedroom window.

June 27

Appointment with Charlot (cancelled, he said if I was going to go out with a Mexican that Eduardo Villasenor was one of the nicest)

To Cuatlo with Villasenor.

They (Villasenor, his friend and Berta) swim.

Walk.

Mr. Villasenor thinks I am the most unusual girl he has ever known.

In the evening we walked and sat for awhile in the Plaza. Villasenor went to bed early and the rest of us sat on the balcony and I put flowers in my hair and hummed little songs.

Berta is again fascinated.

June 28 Sunday

Out to little town.

school in monastery. Walk along the river. Dinner at Ricky Ricky. Awful ride home. Serenade.

June 29

Ione feeling sick but still working hard.

Over to Charlot's.

Drawing of roofs.

Walk in Chapultepec.

Mr. Ovbregon and friend and Charlot for dinner.

Charlot spent evening with Ione criticizing her work.

Berta went walking with Dan.

June 30

Ione was feeling so ill that I went into the doctor with her. He doesn't know what is the matter but sent her to the hospital to have a blood test. I went after Enrique to go with her, while I went and broke an appointment she had with Charlot. I hated to go but thank goodness he wasn't there.

Ione wasn't here when I got home, but Mr. Storm picked her up in Sandbournes and brought her home. She went right to bed and we had to talk to that big nut.

Later Dan came over. He is a sweet boy.

Berta spent day with American boy.

July 1

To town with Ione. Doctor has sent her to hospital. She has malaria, appendicitis, anemia, and general exhaustion.

Poor girl she has been so brave--even this morning she got up and painted.

I got Enrique and he took her up and Berta and I had lunch in Sandbournes with Beales who let us pay for it.

We took a couch and went after medicine and called by and told Paul she was ill.

In the evening Carelton, Dan, Orospe, Enrique and later Charlot came over--
And Charlot at least came with noble ~~motives~~ motives because he thought we would be
alone with Ione in the Hospital. Big bum, ~~he~~ kissed him

Wednesday, July 1, 1931

To town with lone. Doctor has sent her to the hospital

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Thursday, July 2, 1931

In to see Ione. Came to get her medicine and see the doctor. In the doctor's office met who went with us to get canvases and to an old hotel for lunch. Saw Deved on the street--he certainly is handsome. Bought magazines and caught a bus back to the hospital. We had called at the hotel to tell Grishka Ione was sick but when he came up she didn't want to see him.

We went to bed early but friends of Carleton's came over because he wasn't home-- the editor of Mexican Life an Austrian ta... *es 1*
When he came we went over to his house talking for awhile.

July 3

Carleton over for breakfast--told us stories.

Mrs. Simpson came over and invited him to a tea. She is quite good looking.

Berta and I went marketing. Came home and found telegram from Ione. Dashed to hospital. She was feeling very low for they find she has a tumor that must be removed.

We went down to Regis cafe for lunch and left Berta for she felt sick and wanted to go home.

They moved Ione to a ward deciding to let her stay for financial reasons.

Enrique brought her some money but wants no one to know. I wonder if we will go to Europe--I ~~had given my~~ would give my eyeteeth to go.

Enrique and Isadora came over for Ione wanted me to tell them some things about her needing a rest etc. --maybe maybe she will go with Enrique.
come to dinner

C didn't ~~opportunity~~ and we have stacks and stacks of carrots and peas. Forgot to mention that a very nice man came over to see about having a book
July 4, 1931 illus. His name is Gibler and he ~~has~~ a little Mex. wife, nine children, 2 coyotes, one deer and numerous other interesting possessions.

Went in to see Ione. She looks better. Sent off letters to Crowninshield and Sachs.

Talked to Carleton for awhile.

In evening ready to go to a party and he didn't come for us, the bum.

Sunday, July 5, 1931

Dan over in the morning which was a lifesaver for Berta for we both certainly feel like social failures this morning.

Carleton The Carleton came over with the explanation that some beautiful blond had takeⁿ a half nelson about his neck and he couldn't get away. Damⁿ men, I wish I wasn't beginning to need them.

He took us into the hospital but Ione was feeling so sick we didn't stay only a moment. Gosh I felt awful to see her so ill. Carleton said come on I'll take you somewhere, meaning a picture show, which was the last thing I wanted to see. First however we went over to the Foreign Press rooms, which made things even worse. everybody was talking about the party last night. Incidentally, Mr. Villasenor was there with the hot blond that lives at Simpsons. Carleton only sat through half the show because he said he had an appointment, so as soon as he left we got up and left too--unfortunately we met him on the street, and we all said "Howdoyoudo" very do

Sunday, July 5, 1931 cont.

Enrique and Pablo over we went to an Italian restaurant had dinner and sampled wines in the cellar. Later we picked up Isadora and Eduardo and spent the rest of the evening singing and playing the guitar.

July 6

Berta and I were up early of sleepiness to go and phone to find out if they had decided to operate on Ione. There was a letter for Ione saying her friends from New York had arrived, so I went down to find out what had happened to them. They weren't registered at the hotel they had specified, but after having lunch at Sandbournes we came back and sat in the patio and waited for results.

When a woman came in some hours later and called her husband by the proper first name I grabbed her and found she was the right person. She was terribly shocked to hear about Ione, but we invited her to make the house her own just the same. They rode out with us to see it and then took us to dinner. they really are very nice and interesting people.

I weakened and ~~kissed~~^{had} the libre stop at Charlot's house, but he wasn't home.

July 7

Ione feels she must leave Mexico. I don't know what I will do if she ~~does~~ dashes off somewhere. I only know I don't want to go home and I intend to stay away. The day after I wrote the letters for her she wanted to do a favor in return so she wrote a letter to Charlot asking him as a favor to her to help me find some paints--and she really meant the note to be a nice gesture.

Pablo Orospe, Enrique, Eduardo and Dan and Berta and I all piled in Pablo's little Ford and drove up on the mountain on the way to Cuernavacca.

I felt very happy although I almost froze to death riding on the top of the car. We stopped at cantinas, rode through the red light district, went to a ~~low~~^{low} dance hall, and then had food at a nice restaurant. Ran into that awful Del Torre person and also saw one of the men I saw here on Enrique's birthday.

Incidentally I weakened and kissed Pablo--what will Charlot say when I tell him but he had a swell technique.

July 8

Spent the whole day at the hospital with Ione. We talked much of going to Europe and I rubbed her and wheeled her about the garden. We had lunch out under a tree.

Carelton took Berta out so I settled down for a long evening alone, although I rather expected Pablo H. and Charlot. However the two girls from the Art Students League arrived in great style, and the attractive and gushy blond informed me she plans to ~~annex~~^{annex} and meet and annex Carelton and Charlot, which added to the evenings pleasantries.

Later Mr. Gibler and his wife came over to bring / show us his manuscript. After they had gone I sat down and read about half of it and was about dropping asleep when Enrique and Pablo O. arrived to say goodbye.

July 9, 1931

Coming from the hospital, Berta and I went over to Charlot's to get Ione's skirts the woman there was making. Charlot had got back from the Hacienda the night before and it seemed nicer than I expected to see him. He had been out in the morning to see me but of course I was with Ione.

Berta had an appointment with Carleton so she left and while Charlot was trying to read a manuscript and hold my hand at the same time the Martha person arrived and said she had a car and was going to Cuernavaca and to come along so we did. We had dinner at a German pension where she was going to stay but I got a room in the same hotel with Charlot. We spent the evening in the Plaza watching the crowds dancing and listening to the music.

July 10

Took a walk half way down a canyon and sat on a rock in the sun.

Met Marti and wandered through the market. I bought flowers and a money belt, and was very unhappy because they made it too small for me.

Sat on a porch and had orange crush to drink and though Martha wants us to come back and have lunch with her I didn't because I am sure she had to pay for it, but Charlot thought I wouldn't go because I wanted to show my power over him?

So we had had lunch in a little Mexican place and then took a walk down through the outskirts of the town. Sitting on a rock in a street watching some chickens picking in a pool of dirty water we decided to marry each other. I am going to find him a wife with domestic instincts and he is going to find me a husband the beauty of Julip, the practicibility of Eisenstein and his lovingness.

Home, many people over.

Although Berta had been busy most of the day preparing the house and borrowing a bed and covers for the Bernsteins they didn't arrive.

July 11

Charlot and I went to the hospital ~~where~~ early and found Ione lying on the bed fully dressed but groaning and groaning. Almost her first words were asking if I and Berta would go off somewhere for ten days or two weeks for she was coming home and felt too sick and nervous to have so many people about and that the Bernsteins were coming and she wanted them to come because she wanted to get some money from them and that she would do the same for me under the circumstance. Her idea of absconding is certainly hard on my finances, but of course I said we would go immediately and we did that very night although if Ione had been the slightest bit considerate she would have suggested we start the next morning for the B. wouldn't have ~~come~~ out that night if she hadn't phoned them. Also I dashed about finding a place for the woman with the crazy boy to stay for she is going to take care of Ione, who is still very sick and may still have to have an operation. It is a nasty situation for me for even with Ione being so terribly inconsiderate I can't very well chop her head open with an axe when she is sick.

Berta's affair with Carleton is getting rather complicated and Charlot is being very interested and considerate but not very warm.

We both had dinner with respective men and then spent the night in hotel which I am sure together in the night and besides the San Antonio baseball team kept calling us on the phone.

mother?
North American
writing notes
writing

[Creditor...]

been out/

Sunday, July 12, 1931

The San Antonio baseball team seemed a bit subdued this morning.

Spent most of the morning in the hotel because Frances Toor left her telephone no. for me to call. When I finally got her she said it was a mistake, but as she mentioned that she had been out to see Ione the day before she must have called out of curiosity or Ione had said something to her. It is all so disgusting, why can't Ione be fair.

We had a bus ride to Cuernavacca, and Berta likes the town but we both feel lonely and hurt. We went to a picture show in the evening, imagine having to resort to such means for entertainment.

July 13

We got up to go swimming and then I couldn't go swimming because I was sick. But Berta went in and we spent the morning and most of the afternoon at the Swastika Berta swam and I sketched.

Berta got terribly sunburned. So as we were both miserable we stayed in the hotel room and suffered.

There wasn't a picture show so we couldn't go to the theatre.

July 14

Berta was in terrible pain. She spent most of the day standing in the middle of the floor naked and I spent all my time wondering when Charlot was going to arrive. I sat for awhile in the Plaza, took some long walks and ~~watched~~ wished to hell I was somebody else.

July 15

This day was fun, but then any day would be in comparison to yesterday. We took long walks down through the tropical lanes and spent the afternoon sitting in the ~~of~~ of the Borda Gardens. The view was beautiful across the valley, with all the bright green shrubbery, church towers and blue mountains. However we spent as much time with our eyes on the street where a man was making a fascinating mixture of cement. Also two Americans, who said they understood Mexico and wanted to express something--they weren't certain whether music or art was the best way-- added to the landscape for awhile.

We found a place to buy divine chocolates.

In the evening we went to picture show and saw twenty reels of ~~a~~ ^a serial. It took four hours and a half and a good deal of energy.

July 16

Charlot came today. Berta jumps in his arms and I shook hands with him., and we sat out on the roof. It is a swell roof with purple vines growing about on it and banana trees in the patio below and a few over the red tile roofs of the town. We decided to stay one more ~~day~~ night in Cuernavacca, and Charlot and I walked about the town and then he and Berta went in swimming, and then we had ~~—~~ to drink and took a nap.

In the evening we went to the picture show and and it was pretty terrible but enjoyable.

~~July 17~~

July 17, 1931

Charlot woke us up by appearing at the window. We breakfasted and packed and got on bus bound for Taxco.

While we were waiting I drew in Charlot's sketch book and a soldier came up and asked me to draw his picture and give it to him, so I did making him very handsome.

Our bus was packed with men, and were and Berta and I were the only girls. Many of them were drunk and one Indian insisted on sleeping on my shoulder. About half way they put 7 sacks of beans on the roof of the car and frightened us to death because three boards on the ceiling broke and the car swayed dangerously on every curve. Then a part of the car burned out and we had to wait on the ~~road~~ road while they fixed it, and just as we entered Taxco my suitcase fell off on the road and broke the locks. But the town is beautiful and the scenery along the way was lovely. We took a room at a pension and are finding our fellow guests interesting.

Spent the evening walking about the town streets. The rumour has spread that Berta and Charlot are engaged???

July 18

We have a most beautiful view from our balcony this is a lucious town.

Charlot came over with a woodblock of Siqueiros's with an invitation below it to the children's exhibit of ~~water-watercolors~~ water-colors to be held at his house. We went over to Mr. Spratling's house and it was beautiful but he was terribly indifferent towards us--practically rude. Walk about the town, & though I would like to Met Saenz and saw his paintings. hold Charlot's hand I am down with him for ** The Siqueiros are charming. when

I wore my white dress and black rebozo to the exhibit and afterwards we went to the cathedral Charlot lost me because I faded so into the background. It shocks me terribly to see Cahrlot such a devout Catholic. I almost wept and had to run outside and look at the mountains and the green slopes and make a little prayer that I am glad to be free.

We had supper with Sequeiros and I drank enough Habanero to feel ~~—~~ although I kept insisting that I didn't want to be a bad example. Charlot promised me before I drank that he wouldn't try and kiss me so even though I tried to make him he didn't, but we both got a little dizzy.

** everything. Besides he says my nose is too thick, and my mouth too big and my ears are too flat.

Sunday, July 19, 1931

Up early to look at the sunrise but went back to bed. Spent a boring morning at the house of Saenz listening to long stories in Spanish. We all took a long walk down the mountain and went swimming in a river. Some Spanish diplomats were over for tea--in fact they ~~can~~ came over before the shopping was done so we left them sitting while we dashed about the market. We decided to stay at the house of Siqueiros so we could stay another day. Charlot and I went for a walk and while we were sitting on ~~axrock~~ an old stone bridge watching the lightening in the night this is what he told me: that he didn't love me; that he had sort of an affection for me; that he needed someone to rub and kiss and smell; that it was fair enough that I should be satisfied with this because in turn I needed a man, and help to straighten out my new emotions, and besides he says he will be good to me if I fall in love with him. I think the situation might be very interesting if there was no danger of my liking him, but he certainly isn't a person I would like to be serious about, and I am certainly

Sunday, July 19, 1931 cont.

not all my ^(under 2.) I am liable to fall in love with anyone who is kind to me.

I spent the evening reading a book.

July 20

Charlot and I are being terribly ^{polite} polite to each other.

We all went on a long horseback trip across the mountains. Long miles of winding cobblestone roads. We ate lunch at a house in a little tropical Indian village. Took naps on a bamboo bed. Charlot ~~is~~ angry because I wouldn't let him put his arm around me, but he is out of my life. He dropped his rosary and I picked it up and put it about my neck, and afterwards when Berta and I went swimming in a river it looked quite startling against my bare skin. Sequeiros and Blanca Luz started fighting because he said she left him on the road to die because she was riding ahead when he got a cramp in the stomach.

In the evening musicians came over and sang and played while everyone sat about with glum faces or in tears.

I drew.

To bed late and all the rest of the night they fought and Blanca Luz had tantrums and hysterics.

Berta actually suffered in listening to her but it was too awful to listen to so I put my fingers in my ears and went to sleep.

July 21

Up to more wild scenes.

Berta ~~excepts~~ accepts some papers, a stolen manuscript, from Blanca Luz.

She got us out of the house with it and Charlot and I mailed it. What a day.

Charlot and I walked down to the cemetery and talked over life again, he is angry with me because I won't do all the things he wants me to--

but he is certainly right in saying I need someone to give me affection.

Missed our bus we talked so long. Hired a couch and called by for Sequeiros and Blanca Luz.

No one at home, the house all changed about--it looks better--and most of my things dumped into my chest.

If Ione is well enough to be dashing about we can certainly come home. But anything I do will be wrong for as Ione thinks she is perfect; even, as Charlot says, has a worship for herself, anything but her way would be wrong.

But Berta and I have paid practically all the expenses for this month and I am stone broke.

Dinner at fish place and spent the night at a beautiful old Spanish hotel just off Madera (Hotel del Bazar) has a funny bathtub.

⁵ of Sequeiros character and the different elements are too long to put down. It is impossible for me to fall in love with Charlot.

July 22, 1931

Had unhappy dreams all night about Ione.

Breakfast at Sandbournes; saw Mr. Villasenor--how could I have thought he was fine and noble--and Mr. Cosio Villegas, who seemed very happy to see Berta.

Home to find everyone gone to Pueblo and a very curt note from Ione saying she wanted to see me about some matters.

Also there was a terribly sweet letter from my father--incidentally he offered to help Ione

I hope with all my heart I don't have any trouble with her, but she is so unfair and so 'righteous'.

Carleton is very nice but not much help and he seems to have managed to exist without Berta.

Dad says the family is in Canada, and the letter I wrote mother was returned after many travels. I guess she hasn't heard from me since N. Y., and I haven't heard from her.

We spent a dreary night for I was sick.

Ione had better be darned tactful for otherwise I won't budge from this house until the time I have paid for it up--and then what shall I do, I guess I will get on a ~~boat~~ cattle boat for a month.

July 23

I slept until noon and awake still feeling ill. However I got up and dressed to go to town with Berta to get some money changed.

Mrs. Brown came over and said she hadn't seen Ione at all and that she hadn't been giving her treatments which is rather crazy because we went away so that Ione would have a chance to get treatments and care.

Tried to find Charlot but he was at S. lecture.

Spent hours wandering about the streets and having pictures taken.

Tried to see Charlot again but he wasn't home so we came home and read a magazine and worried.

Berta called Dan who was very mean.

Beales

Charlot and ~~Berta~~ were here before we were through breakfast.

I dressed.

Ione dashed in with a tragic air and announced that she was moving into Mexico without a word of explanation to me. I took the news very nonchalantly, and almost laughed for all the reasons she began giving to Beales for moving were the same ones ~~she~~ as she had had before for staying in Coyacan.

I took Charlot off and we wandered through the Vievanus and talked. We went to his place for lunch.

I will of course have to make entirely new plans--I will get someone to live with me and stay on in Mexico and be glad to live a quiet life without Ione.

We had coffee and cake and I discovered that Charlot doesn't believe in birthcontrol. It is too funny, and besides I am angry because he is in love with somebody ~~else~~ so I said all the mean things I could think of and then ran home.

Help Ione pack, she is moving tomorrow to one of the landmarks of her ~~xx~~ love for Joe.

July 25, 1931

Ione and the Bernsteins left.

Lost my wristwatch. To jail to see about. . . .

Lunch at Lady Baltimore.

Went to Charlot's. Met a nice boy who directs a museum somewhere and saw the terrible Mrs. again.

Shop for boxes--got a beautiful red and blue one.

Came home and had dinner and then Berta drank eight glasses of scotch and got very very drunk. She talked for hours and hours about life and her unhappiness and her disappointments. However most of it was extremely amusing, almost amusing enough to make up for the time wasted outside of Charlot's arms.

Sunday, July 26, 1931

Berta had some hangover and had to stay on or near the bed all day.

The Bernsteins and Ione over to get a teakettle.

Berta did go over to Carleton's and found him with a girl, she feels better about it. Mrs. Brown came over and told our fortunes. She says I am ~~ixx~~ not as lucky as Berta, and that my life is all mixed up and unsettled and that there is going to be a big change in it. She says I have one man interested in me and that he may propose but that I wouldn't be happy with him. She says rather I will be called home because of money matters and that later I will marry a young and healthy boy who is probably in some business with his father--Ugh.

Ione and the Bernsteins out again to get the flit.

Charlot and I into town for dinner at the Regis Cafe. Berta was feeling so blue that she didn't come, so we returned back to her.

Charlot says I am a nice little girl and that I treat men like they were my father.

To mass with Charlot. Came home and found a woman here who wants to stay in this house. She seems intelligent and rather hardboiled. However Mrs. Porter and Emily recommend her.

July 27 woke

Charlot ~~walked~~ me early sweet dear kisses on my hand and then he left because he said he didn't want to see the Bernsteins, but of course he had to get home to work.

Berta and I took a sunbath and then went into lunch.

Saw Ione from a distance.

Shopped through the ~~market~~ Mexican market and visited the glass factory.

Dan over and he says he thought we had deserted Ione in her hour of need and that even when he asked she didn't make any explanation.

Berta and I spent the evening admiring our purchases, writing in diary and eating tomatoes and cucumbers.

Jean over with Emily and they frightened me with ghost stories, but Jean always can do the right thing. He finished the evening by telling a funny ghost story that made them free and cosy.

July 28

Jean said he was angry because I didn't go in and talk with him--however ~~he was~~

Emily a

July 28, 1931 cont.

he was Emily Berta and I took sunbaths and Charlot went over to see Carolina Smith. Mrs. Bloom and her boy were over for lunch and she told our fortunes again and mine wasn't much improved. But she did tell Charlot an interesting one: he is going to be very famous of course until he is going to have lots of luck and he is very disappointed in women and he is thinking of ~~marriage~~ marrying a dark haired girl. I

He and Emily finally went and Mrs. Bloom said she thought ~~he~~ was in love him but I am not I am not I am not I am not and she said he is in love with me but I am sure he isn't. Really I don't think I am in love although I am certainly terribly fond of him.

Decide to go to Pueblo, so pack a bag and went to bed.

July 29, 1931

Money is going into all sorts of contortions. It is driving me crazy. Started for Pueblo, called by at Jean's to tell him I was going. He came down with us and waited with us for the car to start. I clung to his hand, and felt as if I was going away for years and years and years--but really I am not in love with him.

We had a nice trip ~~at~~ there was a sweet boy sitting next to Berta and he told us stories about the famous places of interest, and when we got to Puebla he recommended to us the ...nte Hotel (which proved very attractive) and helped us choose pottery at the factory. After getting through the market (and I bought another hat) he said goodbye and Berta and I spent the evening looking for a place to buy waraches and walking through the Plaza and looking at the wonders made from onyx. We finally came back to the hotel and took long baths and lay on the bed eating fruit and candy and Berty didn't let me talk about Charlot only every other five minutes.

July 30

Took more long baths and then went around looking at churches and more onyx wonders. Had a curious experience at the eglisia de San Francisco: we were looking at the corpse of San Sabastion which

July 30, 1931 cont.

We were looking at the corpse of San Sabastion | a worker in the church had very kindly lighted up with electricity, when we were through he pulled back the curtain and turned off the light, and a woman standing there praying for someone grabbed back the curtain with an absolute furious look and said something in Spanish about being as good as we were. It was rather awful to think how much more impressive the American reputation for having dollars was than a woman's faith.

We went back to the hotel and had more bathes and then ate and came home.

Money is doing such wild things that there is no telling how high the exchange may go with the contry using a silver bases for currency.

We were home early but Charlot didn't come and didn't come and when he finally did I was sick from waiting and he was furious because I was indifferent to the fact he was soaking wet from walking in the rain. The sweet thing had been looking for a place for me to stay.) →

July 31

To town to see about money. I am worried for fear it won't go down and Berta is worried for fear it will because all her money is in pesos.

Met Storm and he helped me get the people in the bank to put aside dollars for me; and then ^{we} ran into Mr. O'Connell and he fell for Berta and he took us to get sodas.

Inter?
We went up to see ~~Yney~~ ^{Yney}, and rode down with her to the Zocolo where she was to meet Pablo who was going to help her buy canvas. It was raining and we didn't wait ~~for her~~ and either did she and then, unfortunately, Charlot came with Pablo.

Ione was very sociable, she is a funny girl.

Dan and Isadora in the evening and we had a party which caused all going into Mexico to a very poor cabaret and having a goodtime dancing and then driving at a terrific speed through the night and rain home.

Berta spent the evening arguing with Dan as to whether she was happy or not and I spent it trying to be gay and then wondering how much I was missing Jean.

August 1

Went into town and got my American dollars and Berta had a brilliant idea of sending her money order back to the States to be cancelled. Fortunately we met ~~a boy~~ the boy from Pueblo on the street and he came along with us and translated.

O'Connell is rushing Berta, she had lunch with him and then spent the evening with him dancing at the Regis.

Home alone writing each long letters to Sallie and Prudence while Berta "went out with Mr. O'Connell"

Sunday, Aug. 2, 1931

Jean didn't come and he didn't come and he didn't come. Damn.
had

Berta and I went down ~~and~~ had a luscious bath.

We dressed and were waiting for Mr. O'Connell when the door knocker sounded and it was Jean. Of course I didn't go with the others to the country club. I didn't want to but Jean seemed to feel quite bitter about keeping me away. He said he had decided not to kiss me anymore, so we aren't going to. We were just going out to dinner so we wouldn't be alone when Berta arrived back. She had been brought home because she wasn't hot enough stuff. I think the situation is Berta's virtue gets ~~it~~. So we took her with us and had the misfortune to run into Beales, but finally had a nice dinner at Pache's.

It hurts me to have Jean so poor, and then he wa^sn't going to bring us home which hurt me even though I suggested that he didn't.

Aug. 3

We all went into town and I bought a rebosa at the pawn shop. Jean left us and we went up to get money changed--nice boy helped me to get a better rate.

We took the wrong bus and got down into a ~~distri~~ dreadful part of town but finally arrive up into a part of the market that we knew. Bought another pitcher and dolls and took a cab over to Jean's

We slept for awhile and then Jean and I went down to ~~get~~ meet Mrs. Hip Hip and she was with the Druchers. We went to see the frescoes at the Preparatorio and Jean's is marvelous beautiful best

I met Eli Ford who was being taken about by Frances Toors.

We got back to find Berta playing chess with Emily. Jean and I went out and bought music and ate dinner but when we got back we couldn't get the player to play.

Read, talked and home.

Charlot came with us; and life is perfect but I never will get enough sleep.

Wednesday, Aug. 4, 1931

Went shopping in the market for things for Mrs. Blum to cook. She and her boy and a stupid girl she is taking care of came over.

Soon after eating Berta and I dashed into town and had a good time shopping for leather goods and material for blouses. ~~W~~I bought Jean a little balloon girl and took it over and put it in his bed. But he said he was busy and said he had other friends besides us. Gosh, I am not going to see him again, I have even asked Berta not to let me.

When we got home we had to get Mrs. Blum to ~~show~~ shoo off the police because we refused to pay the Libre driver extra money.

We went over to see what was at the show but decided not to go and stayed home and sewed until very late.

Aug. 5, 1931

Got up and sewed and ~~talked~~ took a sunbath and then sewed.

Beales came over and it was awful. Everybody made remarks with double meanings, and I tried to keep the conversation normal made remarks with about five meanings.

Berta finished her blouse before I was even finished the collar of mine.

We dressed and went to Mixcone. Peggy Crawley and Mrs. Porter were sitting on the porch and we sat down on a pattati and talked and had a drink of hot Miss Crawley says she would like to take part of the house but couldn't do so until after the 22nd. What am I going to do until then is still a dark mystery.

Berta went out with old Father Williams and I sat down to read and sew. I had almost given up hoping when Jean finally came. The only time I am happy and contented anymore is when he is ~~xxxx~~ holding my hand.

Berta came home with a box of candy and with the news that old Father Will was *in 9*

Riding on the merry-go-round.

Jean stayed all night.

Beals 1:33

Aug. 6, 1931

I don't mind Charlot making me dizzy when he is around but when ~~he~~ I started being dizzy all the time I certainly shouldn't see him again.

And this morning he said getting a hair cut was too drastic a thing for him to do for me.

I went this afternoon to see ~~the~~ his friend Carolina Smith. She is a very kind person and although I like her our conversation was rather stiff. She gave me a nice tea of the mango jam that Jean likes and showed me a gorgeous Spanish shawl she has and then we walked back to my house. Went to the show but left early because we were causing such a stir by being at a theatre at night alone.

Came home to supper which was prepared and left on the table.

I wonder if Jean had a nice trip to Cuernavacca?

August 7

Into town and through the markets. Bout me Guadalupes--it amuses Berta to think of using a bottle for bootleg gin.

We walked so far through the market that we were both worn out; then Berta made me furious because ~~she~~ he didn't want to go right up and see Jean. I could have slit her throat, and I know she wanted to slit mine. However, we went to the postoffice instead and then to find out about trains (Berta is going this week if her money comes) and then I finally paid the light bill, and then we had lunch and ran into Beals and "the girl". Then at last we went over to see Jean and took a nap and then he took us home. He is so sweet it makes me weak to think about it--I would trust that ~~xxxx~~ that man with anything or any situation (not counting telephone calls and recognizing friends in streets).

August 8, 1931

In to town and to take Berta to see frescoes at the Preparatoria. Left Jean and met old Father Williams for lunch at the Lady Baltimore. He is nice and jolly person to talk to; besides he bought us another big box of candy. Businessmen certainly have their good qualities and some of them are qualities I miss in Jean. That is sad if he wasn't such a complete and perfect unity just as he is.

Berta went out to dance and for dinner with Mr. Cossio. He is such a charming man. It was funny, the first thing he said to me was that I was in love (and I really am not) and wanted to know if I was going to be married in Mexico and have little babies.

This is practically the first evening Jean and I had alone and I got close and was so sleepy and went to sleep and we didn't get to visit at all.

Sunday, Aug. 9

Up late. Jean went to mass and Berta and I lay in the sun. As soon as he got back we left for San Angel. We got our pictures taken sitting on a park bench and Jean and I went riding on the ferris wheel where I would try and kiss him when we reached the top; and then we went riding on the merry-go-round, visited the excavations in the Petrogal and saw the corpses still in the original positions they took when they ~~got buried in the lava~~ were caught by the lava flow many thousands of years ago.

Visited an Indian village and as usual the poverty of such places shocked me, but Jean insisted they are quite comfortable and even added that we could get one and buy a patate to sleep on. But ^{he} said that I ^{he} would also have to have a studio because he wouldn't like to be bothered with girls when he was working.

Berta took bus home but Jean and I started walking and were caught in the rain. We stood in a shallow doorway until the worst of it passed over and talked about the strange sex relationships people have.

In the evening to the picture show and then Jean started home but Berta got him to go with her to Beales and they had drinks and it was too late to go home a little

I really truthfully want to be a good person and I doubt if I have is strong emotion as Jean says I have, but I try for thrills in away that shocks me.

Jean is so understanding and I really think he has a beautiful affection for me. Se sat on the floor many hours talking.

August 10

Xochimilco. Boating on the canals. Bought a toy cow and horse and had fun bargaining for many bunches of flowers and getting them home on the bus by distributing them about on people's laps.

They decorated the house beautifully.

Had tea at Carolin's. Her two nephews were there--they are very beautiful boys, but after being with Jean I can't understand being with such raw unformed people.

Jean came over later and then we all went to her house.

The nephews danced and danced with us in the studio. They are very good dancers. But I was furious because that Carolina person ~~had~~ did take Jean aside and talked about generations and then patted me on the head. Jean left with her at 9:00 and we had to sit until midnight listening to one of the boys tell the story of their lives

Monday, Aug. 10, 1931 continued

(certainly had wickedly exciting details that rather shocked my generation). But I made use of the time to sew on my blouse. I absolutely will not have that woman come here and leave and take Jean's time when there is such a little bit of it left for me.

August 11, 1931

Berta to Pyramids with Mr. Cossio. I rode into town with them because I wanted to see Emily and ask her if she knew someone who would stay with me. I hoped and hoped that Jean wouldn't be there and then he wasn't and although I waited he didn't come. So I went over to a market and bought a big wooden plate and walked miles and miles crying slow big tears.

Finally/I got almost to the place to take my bus but weakened dreadfully and went back to see Jean, but fortunately or not he wasn't there.

Home and was eating lunch when Ione came with Pugibet and took me into town. She has many new plans (God, I hope she doesn't think of coming back here) and she read me her diary and then we got a little tight and ~~anxious~~ as she had to go and see someone and went down to see Jean and was supposed to come back and have coffee with her and some other people but Jean made me lie quietly on Emilie's bed and we got back too late. He had a dinner engagement but as Berta was going out with Old Father Williams he made me go back to Emily's until he could come and take me home.

There was an extremely nice woman at Emily's named Natalie Scott. After she left Emily and I talked for a long time about war. She says the powers are planning one for next year to crush Russia. Home with Jean, it made me feel safe again to be with him.

August 12

Washed Jean's hair but he wiggled and I couldn't get it clean. After breakfast he left immediately because he had many engagements.

Berta and I went into town for a spree for Berta had just six pesos and decided to spend them like a prince to see what it was like to be broke in a foreign country.

I settled my money matters with Ione (I am stony myself) and then we had a royal visit to Sandbournes.

Rode up to Chapultepec and had a picture taken and then took a taxi back to Ione's.

I pase the floor while she and Berta talk.

Exchange some clothes.

To the Regis ~~ca~~ with a Mexican architect. Met Father Williams and Enrique and then some of us went to a coffee shop and met another nice boy who has a swell car and likes Berta. And then I was let down and so lonesome and I told everybody I was in love (and absolutely I am really not).

They drove us home and Berta and I wrote until late.

Aug. 13

Art and Rudy Nagel came over early in the morning and took pictures of the house.

I wanted terribly to go over and see Jean but I managed not to.

Aug. 13, 1931 cont.

came

Rudy and Carolina over and brought us some darling dolls that had reminded Rudy of the story we had told him about the Carlone. . os. Then Art came over then Beales came.

Beales took us both into town and bought us dinner at a German restaurant. We had some good wine and all felt a little gay and very very sad. I felt sad because I wasn't in love and Beals felt sad because he said he wasn't, and Berta felt sad because she wasn't. Then we all got confidential and I had admitted that my love life had because of men wanting to be my uncle and Beales broke down and told us all the details of his last love affair and why he wasn't marrying the girl. When we got home she was there waiting for him.

Aug. 14

Berta's money it seems her mother got the money order cancelled ~~how ever~~ after all and now she hasn't enough money. Personally I am frightened, my rent is unpaid, my light bills, my servant and I have keep coming for a week.

Called at the embassy and were invited back "to meet the folks", and a reception for the press congress. Saw Jean is the first time in 98 hours it was marvelous, I adore that man.

Saw Ione for a minute, and the Druckers and said goodbye to them for the millionth time.

To the reception. Had a very nice time dancing.

Forgot to mention I met Miquel T. . on the street and he asked me out and then later I saw him at the Embassy and he drove us down to Ione's and asked me out for that evening.

Back to get Jean, and then came home.

Jean makes me so happy and contented, and so unhappy when he is away.

Aug. 15

Got 1:00 and before 3:00 and incidentally we are out of pesos and as we cant get into the money changes it looks as if we would have to starve. Ran into Old Father Will in Sandbournes and he and a new friend took us to lunch.

Saw Yoney and the Druckers--starting on their way to Vera Cruz.

While I went over to Jean's, Berta went home to get dinner started.

Jean was asleep in Emily's room so I went to sleep also then we wake up and had rum punch and then Jean drew the last picture for the book he was illustrating and then copied for me one of the pictures.

He and I and Mr. Hatch walked over and ate eclairs in a pastry shop and bought bread and then fruit and came home to find Berta bewailing the fact that Tushka had eaten the salmon. Jean and I went down ~~to buy~~ to buy more but came home with eels much to Berta's horror. Rudy and Art came and asked us to dinner at their house. Jean was unhappy, and then of course I was but we had a fairly good time eating and playing billiards, seeing their garden and then dancing.

Wow, Jean's kisses thrill me to my toes.

Sunday, Aug. 16, 1931

Jean went to mass, Berta took sunbath, and I went over and had a little visit with Mrs. Blum.

Went in to see the bull fight (I had forgotten to say that old Father William had given me money to see the bullfight, and had given me quite a reason at lunch yesterday). First we had lunch at a nice Spanish restaurant across the street from the ring. We had beef-steak, but, of course being before the fight it wasn't bull-steak

I enjoyed very much some of the gestures and movements of the bull-fight also some cowboy riding was very beautiful.

Went to Jean's and rested awhile and then he took us to dinner at Prendis and then we had coffee at "the Flor de Mexico" and some delicious pasty.

This is the last night Jean and I will be able to have time alone together at night for Berta is leaving Tuesday and I have dates for tomorrow night. I want very very much to sleep the night with him and wake up in the morning on his arm but he got excited and I got excited so we made little jokes and then I went to bed with Berta.

Jean is the sweetest nicest man in the whole world. He is my father, my ^{AC} my uncle, my mother and I only wish he was my lover.

My love for him is very good and wonderful. I would love him just as much even if he was one of the above listed relations for it is true and real and almost unmixed with physical sensations.

Aug. 17

Jean into town right after breakfast.

Berta and I took a bath and then went over to Mrs. Blum's who told our fortunes. They make me so unhappy though because she always reminds me that Jean is going away and leave me.

Into Lagoniya market and then to get Berta's Pullman ticket (Jean offered to pay her way back to the States and give her a present if she would stay another week) and then up to the Embassy.

Louisi. and her cousin showed us about the embassy, it is very nice, and then Reuben Jr. and the girls and Miss Lewis and I had chocolate and cake.

They took us home in their car, driving about first to deliver invitations to all the Ambassadors. We got home and started dressing for Enrique had said he was coming over and I was expecting to go out with Miquel Teus. Neither of them came-- what an inopportune time for such a thing to happen, Berta's last night in Mexico.

Especially aggravating too ~~because I wanted to~~ because I wanted to spend with Jean, ~~but~~ but ~~hated~~ thought of Berta going away when I made the engagement, and if nothing else we could have gone to the party Father Williams wanted to give us. But what hurt most, is having to tell Jean.

Aug. 18, 1931

It is exactly two months since Berta arrived and now she is leaving worse luck. It seems impossible even with all her grips packed. And as three times is a charm and just to finish off her visit with a flourish Old Father Williams missed his lunch engagement with us.

I bought an antique painted and it made Berta furious because I owe so much money.

We went after Jean, did a bit of shopping and then came out to Coyoacan.

Beales, Reuben, Mrs. Blum, Ione and some nice Mexcan boys came over and we all sat about looking glum ~~and~~ and waiting for the time to start for the train.

We all met at Pache and sat about waiting for our dinner and then gulped down our food in a grand rush so as to make the train.

Jean held me up to the window and I kissed Berta goodbye through the glass just as the train pulled out.

Ione made a good play for Reluben and I got angry and after we had had coffee at the "Flor de Mexico" Jean and I walked through the Alemadea and he was furious at me for not making at least a try at competition.

Then I was angry and kept him out walking for hours when he was so sleepy he could hardly see.

Stayed all night with Yoney.

Aug. 18

Incidentally, Luis Henri Jean Charlot Goupil is not the slightest bit in love with me although he has a lot of affection for me and I think we will be good friends always.

I got up and went over to Jean's early and watched him paint. The picture he has made of me is really swell, he has painted me just as I must look when I wish I could go in a convent, or die, or be somebody else.

We came out to Coyoacan in the evening and had supper. Beales came over and let us read several chapters of his new book--the chapters with Anita Brenner as the chief character --and the name of the hero is ~~---~~ From Carleton's point-of-view all the incidents were quite raw. Jean felt terrible. How he must still love that woman. It is certain that just the thought of her gets more action out of him than my whole body does.

We went back to town together on the streetcar and I stayed the night with Emily.

Aug. 20

Jean came and called me to breakfast. While he painted I read several chapters of a Proust novel I adore the way he describes the reasons for each action.

After lunch I read Jean's letters, he receives most affectionate ones from a woman named Blanché (I think Jean needs a woman friend with him I think that is why he has been so attentive to me). But it makes me furious, and anyway I can't be so dependent on Jean and he is going so soon and I have no one to stay with me and I have no money so I had better stop being such a baby so I said goodbye and went home.

Of course, Jean came over for me later. In the meantime I had stopped at Yoney's and she asked me as a favor to stay with her (I think she wants protection from her general). Jean came because he thought I would be frightened

Aug. 20, 1931 cont.

or lonesome, not because he wanted to.

After dinner, that is sometime after dinner, we went back to Ione's and as it was 10:30 we couldn't get in but had to get a policeman to make the man let me pass. But what was frightening was Jean's anger at the matter I have never seen him angry in a way before.

Aug. 21

Amero, the head of the Academy, came over for Ione early and Jean for me a few minutes afterwards so we all went together to an exposition from the outdoor students in the Secreteria. Jean was terribly cocky this morning, he wore his hat on the side of his head and chewed gum and made funny noises

Ione wanted to buy some books, so we went through many volumes helping her choose.

Over to Bravo's, the photographer to get Jean's picture of me that was being photographed. Met Tamayo, Sequeiros and Blanca Luz in and many other people. I fell asleep on the couch waiting for the picture, because Jean had to leave and see about his 500 pesos. Met him for lunch.

Saw Siqueiros's brother again and he spent several hours telling me how beautiful he thinks I am.

I think Jean is going to give me my picture how I will adore having it, but he says I must send it back as soon as I am not willing to have it hanging on my walls.

Spent afternoon at Tauiba (sp) visiting one of Jean's best friends, a sculpture named Pintao. He does beautiful work Jean says he is really genius. We sat in a funny little bedroom stuffy with brass beds, and awful religious pictures, while Pinturo brought out his beautiful bas-reliefs in wood for us to see.

I left Jean at Ione's corner and as she wasn't there I went to sleep. Forgot my appointment with her and the general but met him when they came home. He is beautiful, gentle mannered and

Aug. 22

Yoney got up early ~~as~~, and went out with Topy. Jean came soon after and we walked down to the San Carlos.

Saw the architect teacher again.

While Jean was seeing people and looking up material I sat in the library and read Anita Brenner's book -- it is really very good book but then all Jean's for to be otherwise (?).

Jean had a long list of people he had to see so he started with a priest on the outskirts of town. I rode out with him and then came back to his house and painted until he came. Had lunch, Jean painted a sketch of my head.

Painted a sketch of my head
People to see Emily and we all had rum punches.

We went out to Coyoacan and I found Pugibet had brought

Saturday, August 22 1931 continued

me a little police puppy; it is very frightened. Also there was a letter from Dad reassuring me that I didn't have to come home, and also a letter from Prudence and one from Howard full of pictures (Priscilla has grown so, and Mother looks rather tired).

To the farewell dinner of Rudy and Art I was right though they hadn't intended to invite me, and Caroline dashed off with Jean, and I had a sorry time inspite of the good dinner.

Sunday, Aug. 23, 1931

Ione got up and went riding with Mr. Pugebet and then dressed to go out with her general, Jaime, to the Hacienda of the Charros.

Evidently even Ione isn't coming to live in Coyoacanⁿ and she is planning to spend next month in Taxco, if Blanca Luz doesn't shoot her before the month is up.

I went over to Jean's and he painted another picture of me and then I ~~feeling~~ felt sleepy and when I woke up he painted my face and we went out and bought pastry and came out to Coyoacan.

My puppy is sweet but so frightened.

Found a card from Reuben saying he had been trying to reach me.

Jean went to sleep and I wrote in my diary.

He says I frighten him ~~because~~; can it be that I am so terribly much in love with him?

When Jean awoke we went over to Diego's house. He says he likes to paint in the States because things aren't picturesque. Saw his antique collection and adored huge paper mache men he had standing in the corners of one room.

Paul rode into town with us, but Jean and I went alone to have dinner at the Regis quick-lunch.

Last time Jean was in my house in Coyoacan.

[This part crossed off maybe for former occasion] It was after 10:00 when we reached the apartment and the doors were locked and they would let us in. It is the first time I have ever seen J lose his temper and he was furious and pounded on the door and he frightened me. But he spoke very calmly and he did succeed in getting me in by calling a policeman.

Aug. 24, 1931

Jean drew another picture of me. It is almost profile and very cuit (diary spelling)

While we were still working on it Carrie came so I excused myself and went down across the street to that Veracruz fish cafe and ordered two servings of almond and egg desert.

I went over to Ione's and on an impulse put on a boy's white blouse, very boyish beret and red indian belt around my waist. It put me in a very gay mood and went back to Jean's pretending I was a French soldier. I acted carefree and made happy noises. I pulled his ears and sat on his lap and made him kiss me and we played fighting and I think for once he got worked worked up and really wanted me. He said as many times before, "Please stay quiet," and when I was he put his dear head on the table.

He hadn't got his money from the government so we ate at home here the food is much better anyway. Donna Futhio is areal cook.

Back to tell Ione I was going to stay at Emily's, for she had gone to the country to get a cow born.

Ione came in with Amero and Merida very sick. I went for her doctor friend Dr. Eller, and he called in another and there was plenty excitement with the general arriving and Ione groaning. Went back to Emily's and curled up on a zarape.

~~at 4:00~~
Mailed Jean's pictures for the Metropolitan Museum and ran into Old Father William Moming. rode out on the bus with Jean to the house of a priest and then came back to his house and tried to paing a picture.

Aug. 25

Got up very early, went to Jean's door and said goodbye (he looked so dear in his striped pajamas) and rushed over to Ione's to help her get off for the hospital.

Some of the people over took her away and I went with Topsy to try and see a girl who is looking for a place to live.

Jean was out so I went to Coyoacan leaving him word that I was going to Topsy's at 4:00

I got home, payed my rent (the landlady gave me some beautiful flowers) and went ~~at 4:00~~ to sleep. It was raining so hard and didn't try to go to Topsy's and when I got to Jean's they said he had gone there for me and I had to sit in anxiety until he returned. He finally did arrive and we went out to Coyoacan to visit an artist friend of his, Something de Leon, and looked over many prints and pictures. It was a long walk down the side street beyond the little church I see on the way to the baths and we had to go and come in the rain but as Jean said, "everything in Mexico seems like an adventure".

Jean gets so sleepy while I want to sit out and talk all night.

Wednesday, August 26, 1931

Jean came over for me early and we went to see if he could get his money from this government. Miraculously, he could so we stopped and got breakfast and then went to the Banco de Mexico (an elegant place of black marble - - Jean said, "It is funny how they build buildings to unify services and then when people get inside of them they all begin acting so differently").

We got Ione's books from Sachs, took the money home and then Jean left me to keep an appointment. I called for pictures several times they had taken yesterday and they were lousy. Went to Bravo's for pictures, try to buy frame for my picture and then dash up to the Valdes Sanatorium and had to kick my heels on the floor for 15 minutes before they would let me up to see her. She thinks she will go home for she is very sick.

I took a moment to go for Ione's coat for I was suffocating in my heavy black one and then I dashed for a roll of paper and my beret and then met Jean and watched him choose some suits.

Party for Tamayo at Maria Isquerda's and then with party to Paca Toors. Jean made me sit behind him we spent evening talking to a sophisticated past... who had lace dress. Walking home Jean said I was absolutely unlike her and that my body was untrained and that though intelligent I have no initiative. I was hurt because I know it is true and just to prove it I started to run and tripped on a wire and skinned my knee. Jean wanted to smooth me out before leaving me at Ione's so he took me to have coffee where he would stroke my hand.

Aug. 27

Jean and I went to the Academy. - - he is trying to get slides ready for a conference. I left him at 11:15 to try and get home and change my dress and meet him at Prendes at 12:30. I would only have been a few seconds left if I had not have got in a libre with a couple of crooks and been stopped by police and escorted by him to my destination at very slow rate of speed. Jean at least didn't chew off my head and instead I had Pichon and Jean looked adorable eating frogs legs.

Met Amero at the Academy - - I kissed Jean by giving him little pecks on the cheek.

To Amero's to see his work. He was one of the big commercial artists in New York - - this should prove me something I have been wondering about fame and art.

All went to hospital, Ione now thinks she will go to Michoacan and stay with friends of a lawyer she met named Gonzales. Some errands with Jean and I to see Amelia who wasn't home. As he had a dinner engagement he took me to the Reges to get something to eat and to take coffee at Teeka (Tuka) which was supposed to last me until I could get down to Emily's

Called back and talked to Ione for awhile and then went down to Emily's and read until she got home.

I dreamed about Jean all night and awoke kissing Emily on the neck.

August 28, 1931

Started packing, and Jean painted a picture.

I went over to Ione's and found her with all her things packed and ready to go. Left her with the arrangement that we would both sleep in Coyoacan and went back to a special mole lunch.

I was sitting by Jean's shoulder while he painted when Toppie's friends came to see about the one girl staying with me.

Wnt out making calls with Jean but nobody was at home and we kept getting on the wrong busses. Then he shopped for shaving brushes and things while made more calls.

I got back just at 6:00 to see Mr. Hale about pictures and dress and get to the Academy to the conference he hand not had time to prepare.

I sat with Mr. Romero whom I hadn't seen since that day long ago when I waited for Mr. Villasenor in the art gallery.

Jean gave a really beautiful speech. He has a splendid volume and tone of voice. Saw Carry for a minute but Jean said 'I have an appointment with Zohmah' and we went out and sat in a bus along time before it went and then had dinner at Pache--a marvelous dinner with many courses.

As Emily's husband was going to be there and Ione had sent word she wasn't in Coy. I went to the Regis to sleep.

I ran into Old Father Will. and we went into the bar and had a coca cola and an orange juice while he told me the story of his great ~~life~~ love. He says he is sure that he could have won her if she had only stayed another week.

Also saw Best and talked with him a few minutes about Ione.

Aug. 29

I woke up terribly early and took baths and washed my hair until it was a decent enough hour to go out. Had a leisurely breakfast in the hotel where Pablo had taken Berta and me.

Found that Jean had been up sometime and was furious I had wasted so much time. We went out to bank, to the Palace, to stores looking for presents, had pictures taken, had icecream at a Mexican sweet shop and then while he made a last minute visit I came home and finished packing.

Luz had brought chicken for lunch so we had another feast on moli.

I had a few minutes aon the roof alone with Jean, but very few. The only declarations made were were on the street and in Pache: I said I absolutely was ~~not~~ in love with him and he said that when I began figuring out ways to go to New York I mustn't worry about him not wanting me. And later sitting in Teeka he said that all his real passion was between him and ~~his~~ his work, but that he loved me very tenderly.

Pablo came with us while we did the grip checking at the station. The Drucker's package looks just like a lunch.

Went down and ate elaborate icecreams, had our pictures taken in the Alemada, went to bookstore, to church while Jean made a prayer, and then to get some more to eat at Sandbournes (first time Jean would ever come there) and ran into Ione and said goodbye and goodluck to her.

Then to Teeka to get coffee.

I walked almost to the station with him and then said goodbye and he gave me a little kiss and went on.

I ran home, stopped only at the first place at the time his train was go pull out, and then crawled into Emily's cot.

Sunday, Aug. 30, 1931

I got up acting very nonchalant. Emily and I discussed America's place in culture. I played the phonograph a few minutes and then getting my things together I came home and cried all day and all night. I wrote in my diary, looked at Jean's picture, and wrote him many ~~notes~~ short notes.

Toppie's friends came over for a few minutes but I couldn't think straight to give any definite answer about the place. I have no doubt what I am going to do and care less.

Concha slept here on her patate.

~~Wk~~ August 31

Wrote letters to Berta, my Dad, and Prudence.

and got letters from Ione written in Mexico City, Berta and Prudence.

Berta says my Dad is working very hard, that Priscilla is very grownup, that Howard has changed, and that Albert seems very happy and is getting heavier.

I moved my writing things out into the sun and took off my clothes and although I didn't mean to I wrote how crazy I was about Jean in several letters.

I am still in ~~doubt~~ undecided whether to send the one I wrote to my Dad, but it just might help me to get to New York, although I am not sure I want to go to New York but I don't want to go to Los Angeles only for a visit for I hear they now have silver Indians decorating all the streets.

Reuben came over and took me for a nice ride, I called for my pictures at Pablo's and took them to Bravo's.

Home, and had supper with Mrs. Blum and played cards here and her landlady for a little while and then came home  the letter to Jean.

Sept. 1

Went over and had lunch with Mrs. Blum, and then left for town. Tried to get Jean's errands finished but couldn't seem to reach anybody at home. Tried to ~~read~~ return Miss Fulda's book but she had moved so I guess she must be married. Back to Emily's we got talking, she told me all about the costumes she had made for the Province Town Balls, and it was so late that I slept all night in my little house.

I ~~love~~ going into Jean's room because it is all so changed it isn't very enjoyable.

Emily went out for awhile and I stayed and read.

I am thrilled to pieces because Emily wants me to help in their library.

It will make staying in Mexico very very very enjoyable. It is going to be a real institution built not only as a library but also as a meeting place and a lecture and exhibition hall.

Sept. 1

Up early and sat on Emily's bed and talked about people we like. Her friends came to get her to go to Cuernavaca so I dashed about to help her get ready.

Stopped again at the Washington Hotel to try and get Jean's picture, and arrived home to find a letter from Dad saying he wanted me to come home. He says he feels at last that he wants somebody to take care of him and that I am the only one he has to depend on. Of course I will go, though it is disappointing to give up the

library. However hard though I am going to try to make a real pleasant home for Dad.

It is going to be so inexpensive, and comfortable and gay yet peaceful.

Think I will go by way of that broken down Mexican boat.

Thursday, Sept. 3, 1931

Jean gets into New York today. I get actually sick worrying about a letter.

I went into town to see about trains and things, it is all very complicated, I don't know how I am going to buy my ticket after I get through buying the things I want.

Spent too much money for lunch at Lady Baltimore's. Ran into Mr. Storm, who had a few choice words to say about Ione.

Visited with Donna Defuthio for a few minutes and then came home to try and wait until tomorrow and Jean's letter.

Started him letter, and wrote one also to Berta, mother and Prudence.

Concha sat and looked at the pictures of "Alice in Wonderland", but her head began drooping so I went to bed so as she could. But what awful restless night I spent.

Returned book to Mr. Escobedo, he and Miss Fulda are married.

Sept. 4

Jean's letter came and the damn thing wasn't worth 22 cents. I finished the letter I was writing him very shortly and went out and lay in the sun until I was weak.

Went through my things and took some things into Emily, and some things to be copied by the dressmaker. Emily wasn't at home yet and I had a nice talk with Peggy Crowley. Dashed about getting money changed, mailing letters, getting my picture, and looking at materials.

Phoned Miss Simon and she wanted me to go over and go to dinner with her.

Went inspight of the basket I was carrying on my arm and had a very nice time.

It got so late that I had to stay all night. The best thing of all was a luscious hot bath.

Sept. 5

Had such amusing dreams about experiences crossing the border. Thought, for one thing, that huge flees would jump out of my hair and dress and the immigration official thinking I was throwing things at him would try and pick them up to throw back. Woke up giggling, and took another long hot bath.

~~Went to the San Ildefonso Blum's office~~ but couldn't find him. Tried to locate him through Weston's and found he had cashed a phony check there, took a taxi home and got number and dashed back to have him tell me to come back at 2:00.

Spent time with Emily, she is dear.

Dashed from the lunch table to be back in time and found him out. Sat in his office talking to some Mexican that began making love to me. Saw Blum and he had arranged to have the girls bring their costumes out Mar. and bring some other things out tonight.

Spent rest of afternoon with Carrie, she is a firm believer in marrying for love, and she very likely never will get married.

Had figs for dinner lying on the bed.

I miss Jean dreadfully today. Over to Blum's and nobody home *Werner*

Five girls over to see me but I can't imagine who they are.

A note from Reuben saying he had been over last night.

Sunday, Sept. 6, 1931

Out on picnic with Blums and the other family.

Shopping in San Angeles

Lunch on the rock; soldier's camp; cemetery home.

Sept. 7

Dinner with Peggy. Long talk over our dinner. I am terribly disappointed about the library.

✓ Jean's letter. *20 0*

Money from Dad and party

Sept 8

Home early in the morning to Coyoacan. Arrived in time to be there when Reuben came over with some nice boys to say goodbye.

Sept 9

Emily and I went out to get her things.

Spent morning digging plants. Lunch and decided to pack. Caroline over and we went to her house for tea. Moved all my things into town. Disguised ourselves as men to ride on the truck (I came to my house as an English bride and go out as a Mexican workman. "

Sept. 10

To Chipingo with Lola (Eduardo Limon).

Out to the house in the evening--with Pugibet to Casa Blanca. Home in time for dinner.

Fun sitting in loft, looking at *of 2 boxes*

Sept. 11

I went out very late to see about the house. Sold furniture. Mrs. Blum is a bum.

Emily came and we got everything moved out.

Sept. 12

Went out to Coyoacan to get coat. Traded it for antiques. Said goodbye to Concha, took bath, saw Carelton, left note for Fish and Laura Van Rogers.

Home to give *6* the school.

Missed lunch with Kitahoff.

In the evening out with Alfaro Siqueiros. fun.

Sept. 13

Emily and I fixed over hats. I had an appointment with Siqueiros but missed him.

Lebrado over and we planned a white indian suit.

Emily out with American girls and I stayed home and read.

Siqueiros over in the evening.

Monday, Sept. 14, 1931
Dashed to bank and *e?*

Sept. 15

Meet Peggy early went to Puertos, and then the Volador, Merced--
bought zarape. Home for lunch and spent afternoon with Emily.
To train and markets in the evening. Met Peggy. Stayed until late buying
birds and darling rag dolls.
Presents for Jean.

Sept 16

To Consul, bought belt, to Palace, saw Storm. Wore red jacket. Letter
from Ione, Prue, & Dad. Wrote letters, walked to post office.

16 Breakfast in bed, worked on house, shop in markets until late again.
Saw Mr. Villasenor.

Sept 17 cont.

Emily to friends for night.

Chased down to Bravos with *e* for picture. Siqueiros sick in bed, and
also Tamayo because they were in a discussion about art.

Bought a magazine with poems in by Jean.
to get the picture.

I have my ticket to tea with Kitachoff. Down to market for *e*...
weakened and bought the beads, they are worth staying up one night for.
To K's house and looked at pictures, to dinner couldn't eat I was so tired.

Waited for Ledesma.

Home and K didn't go. I thought I couldn't keep awake another minute
and then when he did go, Emily gave me a darling letter from Jean and then I
couldn't sleep stayed away for hours and woke up again before dawn.

Sept. 19

Up early over to Ledesma's. Cried because he wouldn't give me Jean's
paintings. Packed. Paid my last cent out for *q* baggage.
Letter from Jean. He *s* is lonesome. I hope part of it is because he misses me.