

## Lilian Swann Saarinen's Diary, 1935-1936 October

Extracted on Mar-29-2024 06:13:20

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[[strikethrough]] FRIDAY, JANUARY 10, 1936 [[/strikethrough]] 10th Day 356 Days to come

smaller things but they are signs of big things. He is balanced & steady & mature & capable, & interested in people. He isn't creative or [[strikethrough]] fascinating [[/strikethrough]] full of charm or flashy [[strikethrough]] looking [[/strikethrough]] - but [[strikethrough]] vane looking [[/strikethrough]] looks dutch or german, & full of humour - [[strikethrough]] & quite [[/strikethrough]] which has its subtle moments - He is stimulating [[strikethrough]] somehow [[/strikethrough]] in a quiet way - & very shy under his savoir faire. He is more like Virn than anyone I can think of, in his [[strikethrough]] quiet [[/strikethrough]] mature intelligence, but is not as nice I don't think, though he attracts me more.

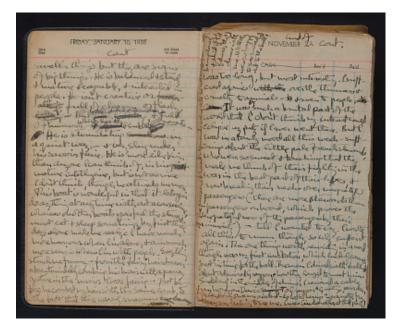
This boat is wonderful in that it lets you do anything at any time with out a conscience, whereas on other boats you feel the stewards must eat & sleep sometime. My first three days alone made me realize I have much more humour when I'm alone, & am much more serious when I'm with people. Everything struck me funny - from the "fairy" hairdresser absentmindedly combing his hair with a pansy gesture in the mirror I was facing - just before he combed my hair with the same comb, to the fact that there was only a masseur [[strikethough]] two masseurs on board. [[/strikethrough]]

end of 22 cont.

NOVEMBER

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was too long, but most interesting. I suffered agonies [[strikethrough]] with the [[/strikethrough]] over the thinness & cruelty to animals -[[strikethrough]] to [[/strikethrough]] & even to people. [[strikethrough]] We came [[/strikethrough]] It was such a brutal part of the world that I don't think my interest could eclipse my pity if I ever went there. But I was in a touchy mood all this week - suffering about the little pale French stewards, who were so sweet & touching that they made me think of their fighting in the war in the best part of their lives, & now breaking their necks over ungrateful passengers (there are more stewards than passengers on board, which proves the ungratefulness of the passengers by their minority)- till I wanted to cry. [[left margin and top of page]] The pursers & head stewards were all so worried about me being lonely, & said if I'd dress, they'd dance with me. Well they were so happy to see me asked out to the ball! [[/left margin and top of page]] I wrote all this to mum, though, so why suffer it again. The one thing worth rewriting in a word though was my first invitation, which luckily came just in time for the ball. The men I dined with talked about Admiral Grayson & how they longed to meet him. Suddenly in the middle of dinner I recieved a cable from Norman Davis [[strikethrough]] saying [[/strikethrough]] To Grayson "Greetings, our dear friend Lily Swann on board - do look her up" - & a note from Grayson asking to see me. I was Cinderella at that party!



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