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Lilian Swann Saarinen's Diary, 1935-1936 October

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[[top margin]] Human relations are so fascinating - Warneke a great sculptor walks in & Ellen serves him unnoticed - & in a half hour she has been taken into their household with a future in art through his teaching. How damn little difference social conventions matter! [[/top margin]]

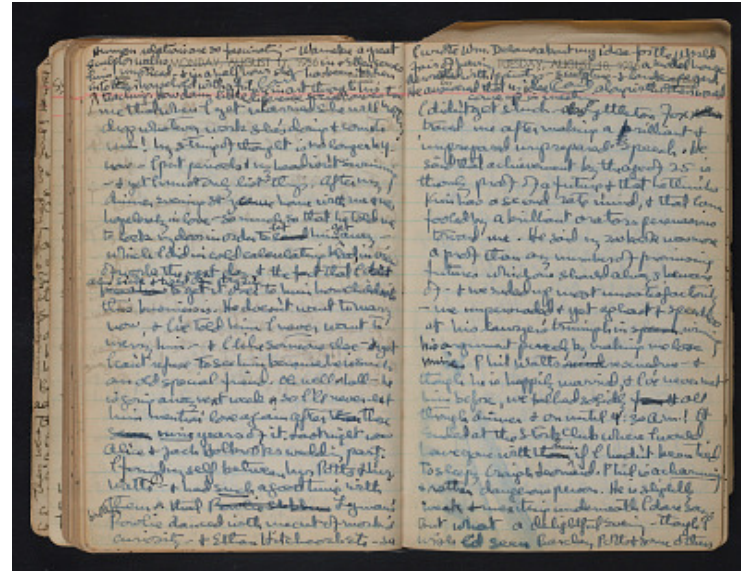
[[/strikethrough]] MONDAY, AUGUST 17, 1936 [[/strikethrough]]
230th Day 136 Days to come
cont

me that when I get married she will drop whatever work she's doing & come to me! My string of thought is no longer N.Y. now - I put periods & my head isn't swimming - & yet I must only list things. After my dinner evening st J. came home with me & was hopelessly in love - so much so that he told me to lock my door in order to get it over to him how childish this business is. He doesn't want to marry now, & I've told him I never want to marry him - & I like someone else - yet I can't refuse to see him because he is such an old special friend. Oh well - hell - he is going away next week so I'll never let him mention love again after [[/strikethrough]] then [[/strikethrough]] these [[/strikethrough]] seven [[/strikethrough]] nine years of it. Last night was Alice & Jack Holbrooks wedding party. I found myself between Mr Potts & Mr Watts (!) - & had such a good time with them that [[/strikethrough]] Rowlie Stebbins [[/strikethrough]] Lyman's brother Rowlie danced with me out of morbid curiosity - & Ethan Hitchcock etc - so

[[top margin]] I wrote Wm. Delano about my idea for the World Fair of having a model house decorated with paintings - sculpture - & landscape gard. He answered that my idea along with others would come up in meetings. [[/top margin]]

[[/strikethrough]] TUESDAY, AUGUST 18, 1936 [[/strikethrough]]
231st Day 135 Days to come

I didn't get stuck. Also Lytleton Fox traced me after making a brilliant & 'unprepared unprepared' speech. He said that achievement by the age of 25 is the only proof of a future & that he thinks Kim has a second rate mind, & that I am fooled by a brilliant orators persuasions toward me. He said my zoo book was more a proof than any number of promising futures which one should always beware of - & we ended up most unsatisfactorily - me unpersuaded & yet aghast & speechless at his lawyer's triumph in [[/strikethrough]] speech [[/strikethrough]] winning his argument purely by making me lose mine. Phil Watts [[/strikethrough]] reced [[/strikethrough]] rescued me - & though he is happily married & I've never met him before, we talked solidly [[/strikethrough]] from [[/strikethrough]] all through dinner & on until 4:30 a.m.! It ended at the Stork Club where I would have gone with [[/strikethrough]] them [[/strikethrough]] him if I hadn't been tied to sleepy Craig Leonard. Phil is a charming & rather dangerous person. He is slightly weak & unexciting [[unexciting]] underneath I dare say. But what a delightful evening - though I wish I'd seen Barclay Potts & some others



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