

1963

Thursday, December 19th

A blur of fatigue is rather setting in with me, in which I go around putting one foot in front of another and doing what the day calls for as well as I can.

At 10 this morning there was an appointment with Ruth Montgomery at which she made probing inquiries and I gave less than brilliant answers. It was rather too bad, because I might have done rather well by her under different circumstances. But she's writing a book on me, she's got a deadline, she's got a publisher, she wants to get it out. It was now or never and Liz is a pretty persuasive woman.

Then there was a lot of desk work. . . Christmas list. . . Bess, Liz, Ashton, each with their different offices, questions, and needs.

Tonight at dinner some publishers, newspaper people -- Arthur Laroe, Mr. Hockstein, Carson Lyman, who I remember from the days of long ago in the 1930's, Mr. Carter, Jim Mathis, Isabelle's husband, and the Valentis.

But my intake of life and my reaction to life is slow when my vitality is low, and it's within the last three days it's got to the point where it's -- a reaction has set in.