

QUEEN OF THE AIR DIARY OF MONICA GIRARD TRANSCRIBED BY L. CORREA

< > *Guessed the word/letters or no guess. Illegible.*

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| Opposite Title page | <p>Nettie Bryant From Monica Girard Apr 5 - 1904</p> <p>(note: there is a ghost of an erased inscription under this inscription. Can make out "Christmas 189?" and signed "George")</p> |
| Opposite Preface | <p>A diary for you Nettie. I could not write a letter in my little waits between so I kept this little book. Think of me sometime when you look at it.</p> <p style="text-align: right;">Lovingly, Mona.</p> |

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| Preface | Aug 1, 1903 Atlantic City. Lonely day. Tired. Thinking of you |
| 3 | Aug 2. Rehearsing Tired |
| 5 | Aug 3. Rehearsing |
| 7 | Aug 4. A day off. Am seeing the sights. Lots of things to see. I wish you were here to go sight seeing with me. What times we would have. eh, dear? |
| 9 | Aug 5. I was looking over this little book. It is one that was given me when I was a little girl and I have cherished it |
| 11 | Aug 6. I wonder if you will ever forget |
| | Monica |
| 13 | Aug 7. Lonely & tired |
| 15 | Aug 8. Very busy now |
| 17 | Aug 9. I am down to work in earnest these days so have not much time, but can always take a minute at bedtime to jot down a line |

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| 19 | Aug 10. I am so often very tired & weary that I cannot think of anything to say |
| 21 | Aug 11. I was thinking of the odd way we became acquainted and how we grew to love each other and wondering if we would ever meet. I wish I could have a nice long talk with you right now. What a lot we could say to one another, dear. |
| 23 | Aug 12. Hot & dusty, tired and lonesome. I wonder what you are doing. |
| 25 | Aug 13. The days are long where the world is young. (Corner was crimped and is missing) |
| 27 | Aug 14. To-day I heard of the death of a dear friend. |
| 29 | Aug 15. "Yes my heart is young Because I love you" (I didn't notice the corner was crimped and it broke off as I read the book. I'll attempt a repair) |
| 31 | Aug 16. I hope you do not think me silly for doing this |
| 33-32 | Aug 17. You see I have lots of books but they are in the way where I am traveling and no place to have them so I thought of writing this way,. It preserves the book worth keeping for friendships sake. I shall write another by and by if you like. Monica |
| 35 | Aug 18. I have some letters to write but have not the time |
| 37 | Aug 19. I usually use a blue pencil but I can't find it to-night (Note: all writing looks black now, not blue) |
| 39 | Aug 20. Ink for a change. I am still thinking of you. |
| 41 | Aug 21. This is a blue day. I dreamed of you last night. I thought I saw you sitting in a rustic garden chair. Everything was green and beautiful but you looked sad. I wonder if you are gone home yet dear one. Oh you don't know how often I think of you and wonder and wonder. I am so lonesome to-night. Everything seems to remind me of something sad. Lovingly Mona (written straight down the page in fountain pen, disregarding printed page) |

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| 43 | Aug 22. Have signed < > a new engagement for 8 days at Baltimore. (could be 7 as 7 and 8 is written on top of each other; back to pencil) |
| 45 | Aug 23. Am packing up to <start> on early train |
| 47 | Aug 24. Nothing. |
| 49 | Aug 25. Baltimore. Smell Ocean air. Dear blue sky. It is lovely to-day and I think I shall like it here. |
| 51 | Aug 26. Doing the <train> Am tired of gazing around. |
| 53 | Aug 27. Rehearsing |
| 55 | Aug 28. Still loving you. My engagement begins this eve. |
| 56 | Aug 29. Fine Audience. Great encore, lovely music. Everything going fine |
| 59 | Aug 30. Same as last eve. |
| 61 | Aug 31. Very tired to-night. |
| 63 | Sept. 1. Have a headache |
| 65 | Sept. 2. Great encore. Tired |
| 67 | Sept. 3. Raining Slightly |
| 69 | Sept. 4. Love & kisses. |
| 71 | Sept. 5. Packing up. |
| 73 | Sept. 6. Going "by-bye." |
| 75 | Sept. 7. Birmingham Ala. Tired & sleepy. |
| 76 | Sept. 8. Don't like it here. |
| 79 | Sept. 9. Am watching the people pass. |
| 81 | Sept. 10. Plenty of hideous looking negros. |
| 83 | Sept. 11. Rehearsal |
| 85 | Sept. 12. Horrid theatre. I know I shall hate this place although the people received me very kindly. |
| 87 | Sept. 13. I am just a little homesick. I have not forgotten you Nettie, dear and will love you always. |

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| 89 | Sept. 14. This is a jolly town but it is something I am not used to and it doesn't suit. |
| 91 | Sept. 15. I wish I was with you to-night in California. I believe I am lonesome to see you, Nettie dear. |
| 93 | Sept. 16. Someday I have lots to tell you if I ever have the good luck & the pleasure of seeing you. |
| 95 | Sept. 17. This is a funny diary is it not dearest. but then you can keep it and no one would ever think of looking among these pages for a diary |
| 97 | Sept. 18. Can you read this scribbling dear one? |
| 99 | Sept. 19. I hope you are happy Nettie dear. |
| 101 | Sept. 20. I shall never read these pages over for they must read odd. I write down my first thought every time I open this book. |
| 103 | Sept. 21. Of course this is a funny diary but it is just for you and I, honeysuckle. |
| 105 | Sept. 22. I am lonesome to-day. |
| 107 | Sept. 23. Still remembering you. |
| 109 | Sept. 24. "Home ain't nothin' like this." |
| 111 | Sept. 25. "I wonder where you are tonight, my love, <_> all alone I sit & dream, I wonder if your heart's with me to-night, and if the same stars for you gleam." |
| 113 | Sept. 26. I have the blues to-day. Perhaps it is the weather. |
| 115 | Sept. 27. I still feel blue. I wonder if you will like this dear little book. I like mythology but every one is not like me. |
| 117 | Sept. 28. Somebody's happy in this hotel to-night. I hear distant music & laughter. |
| 119 | Sept. 29. Nearly ever man lifts his hat to me and the ladies stare delightfully and I don't know any one here except the landlord my manager and the people at the theater so I must be getting popular. |

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| 121 | Sept. 30. I am looking for another engagement this town is mopping me <to> death. It is fierce. |
| 123 | October 1. Dear changing opalescent month. |
| 125 | Oct. 2. All packed. Going to St. Louis. |
| 127 | Oct. 3. Will leave to-night. Am not at all sorry. |
| 129 | Oct. 4. Just arrived and it is 12:15 so I am very sleepy. |
| 131 | Oct. 5. Went to theatre but did not rehearse as I know the orchestra here. |
| 133 | Oct. 6. Am booked here with until the 25 th . Have been here before but things look different on account of the fair to be held next summer. |
| 135 | Oct. 7. Town is full of all kinds of people. All shades of all colors and every nationality is represented by a begger [sic] on the streets. |
| 137 | Oct. 8. This is like livin' There's nothin' to it. |
| 139 | Oct. 9. A whole round of pleasure. The world is gay. |
| 141 | Oct. 10. The weather is perfect and everything is glorious. |
| 143 | Oct. 11. Talk about music! The place it just full of grind organs. I hear "Hiawatha" 16 times a day with as many "Sweet by & byes" and a few "Good old summertimes" thrown in. |
| 145 | Oct. 12. My favorite day. I wish you were here. |

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| 147 - 148 | <p>Oct. 13. (date in pencil, entry starts in pen) I met the most beautiful woman I ever saw to-day. Dark-eyed at least here eyes looked dark. Those changing passionate eyes <which ---- > they are at once fond loving and deadly. She was voluptuous with deep golden-bronze hair, a round red mouth a genuine roman face, not like the Jews but the dear old Italian beauty. Every one turned to gaze after her. (changed to pencil) I found out her name. It was Mrs. Carlisle a niece of the late Senator. over (continues on next page) I wish you could have seen her for she was really lovely. My manager said she would pass for a sister to me but it is not so, dear. Only the dark eyes and light hair. Her features were grand and her complexion was perfection, all pink and white like a rose bud and a cupid-bow mouth and big doll eyes. I even dreamt of her so you know she must certainly have been lovely to make such an impression. Mona.</p> |
| 149 | <p>Oct. 14. I started that other page on the 13th and finished it this evening.</p> |
| 151 | <p>Oct. 15. It's a long lane that has no turning.</p> |
| 153 | <p>Oct. 16. I had my fortune <--- > told to-day.</p> |
| 155 | <p>Oct. 17. Coming events cast their shadows before.</p> |
| 157 | <p>Oct. 18. Can you read between the lines, dear.</p> |
| 159 | <p>Oct. 19. This is a delightful little book and I hope you will like it darling.</p> |
| 161 | <p>Oct. 20. "Time and tide wait for no man."</p> |
| 163 | <p>Oct. 21. Do not forget me dear one.</p> |
| 165 | <p>Oct. 22. Friends are few acquaintances many.</p> |
| 167 | <p>Oct. 23. After the day has sung its song of sorrow.</p> |
| 169 | <p>Oct. 24. I am homesick for some one I know but friends are scarce [sic] here.</p> |
| 171 | <p>Oct. 25. Riches have wings.</p> |

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| 173 | Oct. 26. On my way to Chicago |
| 175 | Oct. 27. Chicago Ill. |
| 177 | Oct. 28. Here's to you, love. |
| 179 | Oct. 29. A golden cover does not make a golden book. |
| 181 | Oct. 30. An empty vessel makes the loudest sound. |
| 183 | Oct. 31. Hallowe'en. Home this evening brings up the past where I was so happy and now ah dear if you but knew. This life is not always a bed of roses. |
| 185 | Nov. 1. All Saints Day, Seven years ago to-day! How time flies! Seven years ago I would have laughed if some one had predicted any future like this. Time works wonders, though. |
| 187 | Nov. 2 "Out in the world Friendless alone Dear dost those wonder I long for a home. |
| 189 | Nov. 8. Indianapolis. Niggers and Hoosiers. (first time Mona has missed daily entries) |
| 191 | Nov. 19. "Where the Goldenrod is waning. On the winding rivers shore, Neath the crooning pines above me I'm awaiting you, Lenore." |
| 193 | Novem, 20. [sic] "Where the flowers of summer wither and the days are dark and drear I will love you just as fondly as where first I met you dear." |
| 195 | Nov. 23. In the vally [sic] of Kentucky where the grass is allways [sic] <---> and the birds are singing sweetly all the day. |

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| 197 - 196 | <p>Nov. 26. I dreamed of you last night. I saw you making a bargain with a dark woman and a light tall young man. An <---> man who seemed to be a relative was pointing out something to the young man and you was showing a square card to the lady but I could not see what it was. The man handed a folded paper to the lady but just then I awoke but some how that scene is impressed upon my mind altho' I know it is only a dream and cannot concern either of us but somehow my dreams usually come true. Don't think I am foolish dearest for telling you this nonsense.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Lovingly, Monica (written across both pages)</p> |
| 199 | Nov. 28. Southbend, Ind. This is sort of a berg. |
| 201 | Nov. 31. Snow and ice and cold. I am almost stiff with the cold. |
| 203 | Dec. 1. I have company this eve. They picked up this book but I gently took it and locked it up out of sight of prying eyes. |
| 205 | Dec. 2. Cold and disagreeable. |
| 207 | Dec. 8. Elkhart Ind. Another hoosier berg. |
| 209 | Dec. 11. Cold and icy. How I long for the green of the Palms. |
| 211 | Dec. 22. My birthday and I am unhappy to-day. |
| 213 | Dec, 24. Xmas eve or rather morning for it is 1:10 at present. |
| 215 | Dec. 25. Lots of letters and some very sweet presents but I cannot take time to name them all and maybe it would not interest you anyway, |
| 217 | Dec. 26. Working hard as usual. |
| 219 | Jan. 1. New Years day. Another year gone by. What does the future hold? |
| 221 | Jan. 2. I wonder if you ever think of me, now. |
| 223 | Jan. 8. Every cloud has a silver lining. |

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| 225 | Jan. 11. I wish I knew you personally but perhaps you would not like me then. |
| 227 | Jan. 20. "Always, always, I will love you always." |
| 229 | Feb. 1. Cincinnati, Ohio. Nasty day. |
| 231 | Feb. 10. Columbus, O. Worse than ever. |
| 233 | Feb. 28. Cleveland, O. Little better. Better theatre. |
| 235 | Feb. 29. The extra day. |
| 237 | Mar. 1. Unhappy to-day. I'm lonesome or something. |
| 239 | Mar. 10. Buffalo, N.Y. Been here before. Like it. |
| 241 | Mar. 19, Green, Green, Green. |
| 243 | Mar. 26. Syracuse N.Y. Feel better and brighter to-day. |
| 245 | Mar. 31. Pittsburg Pa. Dirt & smoke. Cannot keep clean. |
| 247 | Apr. 1. Alls fool's day. End of the book |

Back
flyleaf (4
pages)

Easter Sunday. Apr. 3, 1904,

This book is for you alone, dear and you must not let prying eyes read your Monica's foolish little sentences. I have been good to-day and this being my home city I went to the services at my own church this morning.

The children here make me homesick when they appeared with their colored eggs,

I suppose you are having a grand time to-day. The weather is nice now but it won't last long. I am turning this page into quite a letter but you will not care will you dear. I have been quite successful in my engagements so far but of course one cannot expect to be a star the first season. I am satisfied as it is though. I wrote a diary when I was sixteen but it is not like this one. I consider this quite original but it may not be. Perhaps I am behind the times.

Hoping I still have your love and that you have not forgotten me I will close with love, good wishes and fondest regards,

Your True friend,

Monica

April

I am leaving to-morrow morning. Where I can I will give you an address to write to me for I do want to hear from you dearest.

Lovingly,

Monica