

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

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

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>

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

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)

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.

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.

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.

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>

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.

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.

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
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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