

Even when galloping along, over hills and across wide spreading pastures, ~~rearing~~ and into woods, where the long searchlights of the sun ¹/₂ pierced through to lighten the brightness of ~~rusty~~ red red flowers and the carpet of many colors--- Even laughing and picnicing with the new friends I had made ---all ranch folk like ourselves ---people who thought it nothing to run over and see us from forty miles off --- yes, even in what may have seemed my happiest moments, I began to be conscious of something breaking up within me---a hungry urge, a longing that could not be assuaged. ~~xxxx~~ I could not analyse it. I could not diagnose my trouble, ~~the~~ Might I call it the birthpangs of the artist within me that could not be stifled or die.

~~For be it known that~~ I had buried all of my past work. Literally buried. I had an old trunk into which I had dumped every last manuscript I possessed together, with every book I had written. I called that trunk my morgue, and I may say here for five years I never opened it.

~~The x x x x x~~

The summer and the long lovely fall passed away. The children were sent to boarding school in the city. I was alone on the ranch, with a housekeeper. Our men were riding daily on the fall round up. We were running a couple of thousand head of cattle and I don't know how many head of horse. I was frightfully restless and really didn't know what was the matter with myself. My husband was back and forth between the two ranches, and I used to sometimes make the long trips by motor with him, but as the days grew colder, he discouraged my accompanying him. Said it was too hard for a woman. Sometimes I would go as far as Calgary, and wait till he returned from the farm, picked me up in the City and we would return to the ranch.

I never told him of how I was feeling at this time. For that matter I scarcely knew myself that there was anything really the matter with me. Yet I daresay mine was a pathological condition. No doubt I was feeling the reaction. Anyway when the first great snowstorm caught me all alone in the house, except for my Swedish housekeeper I ~~xxxxxx~~ realized what I had done in cutting myself off ~~xxxx~~ from all my friends and old associates and