

isolating myself in this way on an Alberta ranch. Followed days and days---
no! weeks---three long, unending weeks, in which I never left the house once.
We were enclosed in a vast storm--a storm that never ceased---that shut us in
from all the world. I would look from my window and all sides of me I saw
nothing but snow, snow, snow. A world of it. ~~Rice~~ Mounds and mounds,
and unending sweeps of it---and great towering ghostly hills, white as the
dead, all shrouded in the garment of snow. *run!*

My children at school. My husband unable to get to me--because of
the impassible roads. He himself was "snowed in" on the other ranch. Even my
cook ~~was~~ stolid daughter of Scandinavia developed a case of nerves. I found her
rocking in the kitchen and moan ng: "Tis the end of the world!"

Anna was homesick. I too was homesick. I was worse than homesick.
I was starving. You may ask why then did I not write? Write? What?
sat in a great ranchouse living room and written little ~~fair~~ fairylike romances
of far Japan! No one could have done that in my place.

I went up and down ^{the} stairs, and around the house and in and out
to that room and that room. I piled logs of wood in the great wood stoves
that sent out a tremendous heap. I sat in the kitchen with Anna, and I made bread
and I churned butter and worked it, and I put down pork and I cut up venison
and I took from her a lot of the home tasks which she rather reluctantly relinqyish
ed. I tried to read, but could'nt concentrate. We had a great living room
wty 25000 books on the shelves, and fine Navaho rugs and walls of polished
cedar and animal heads and a big player piano and everything possible
to make life cosy, but I kept thinking of tea in N.Y. studios, and pretty
vluttery things, and people who had wild aspirations and wanted to do things,
and long haired poets who dreamed and sang or cooned their poems and of
girls with ideals and ~~girls~~ Follies girls, kicking around with their pretty
toes and myself in a taxicab and I thought of Jean Webstern constantly, constantly.
She had been the best friend I had ever had. New York was never the same to me
after she died. And I thought of her while shut in in the Alberta storm.