

Later:

Irvine telephones. (Lawyer).

Gave me an awful scolding. I should have kept in touch with him and O'Connor he says. Do I realize I've burned my bridge Have I taken any precautions to make sure that Frank's actions are not based on a desire to rid himself on judgments, ~~gaxxxx~~ and beat it from Calgary?

I resent his inferences. Tell him Frank and I are reconciled. I'm going to join him in a couple of weeks.

Irvine says:

"Fine. But meanwhile protect yourself. Write to O'Connor, and tell him not to let the judgment go until Frank has proven his good faith by sending for you".

I explain that Frank had to go back to retrieve certain properties. He replies sceptically:

"Oh ye-eh? Well lets see what we will see. Meanwhile write to O'Connor."

I am terribly restless and unhappy. Frank ought to write to me. I should not be exposed to such a test. He has uprooted me---unsettled my whole life.

I have a pain in my heart.

FRIDAY

A beautiful letter from my Frank. I am so happy that I cry.

He is ~~Spokane~~ at Spokane. ~~With~~ The letter is dated Tuesday, and he is to reach Calgary Thursday. So he is there now! I am terribly excited!

Then why does'nt he wire me? He promised to. Its Friday now-----well supposing something happened between Spokane and Calgary? If he's there, he would wired.



Saturday A.M.

Nervous. If Frank's been in Calgary for two days  
why has'nt he wired or written me? I wait in all morning,  
but not a word comes from him. I have all sorts of fears and  
apprehensions.

Saturday P.M.

Can't stand it. Wired Frank at Empress hotel  
to let me know if he had arrived safely.

No reply.

I wire Mr. Makay.

Late in P.M. I get a curious wire from Frank  
signed with his business name of F.Reeve. He has arrived  
safely and will write me that night.

I am bewildered. My heart sinks down in my boots.  
I'm terrible afraid of something---I don't know what.

Why did he sign: F. Reeve. That's what he signed  
to that formal letter he and she composed when he was trying  
to break with me.

In Calgary two days!

I've only had one letter from him since Sacramento,  
and now this queer wire.

Saturday Night

I get Frank on Long Distance---after considerable delay  
and refusal to accept call.

It is about ten o'clock here---11.30 there. His  
voice sounds strange. I am all agitation, trembling from  
head to foot.

I ask him if he still cares for me. He answers  
carelessly: "Sure".

His voice is guarded, strange.

"Anyone in your room?"

"No, but people can listen on the telephone".



"Did you get your bonds back".

"Oh yes".

"Are you seeing her still? "

"Yes".

This is a shock.

"You should'nt---you can't do that".

"Theres still some stocks to be attended to".

"Have you told her about me?" (You promised to)

"No".

I begin to sob---I am shaken and hysterical. I cry:

"I'll tell her then---I'll write her!"

"If you do you'll ruin everything".

"Now I understand---now I understand why you did'nt write--did'nt wire. You've been with her".

"Be careful---give me a little time---a few days".

"Why did'nt write to me?"

"Did'nt you get my wire?"

"The one signed F. Reeve---why did you sign it that?"

Laughing:

"Force of habit".

"Tomorrow's Sunday. You'll spend the week end with her".

He does'nt deny it. I am getting incoherent.

I say savagely:

"You can't resume intimate relations with her".

He answers swiftly:

"Nothing like that!"

I hang up. Just as if I did'nt know what heppens between a man and a woman, who have for a year or more been on intimate terms. Just as if I did'nt know! I'm nearly beside myself. And he was laughing---seemed happy even---thou queerly guarded in his talk. Whats he got to be afraid of? I'm not afraid for people to know that we are reconciled. Is he ashamed of me?



I send a long, wild wire.

He must tell her. Either he must sever~~all~~ all relations with her, or I am through.

After the wire goes I realize that he will have an excuse to be angry with me. I can just imagine what he will think --what say--what do. Oh he will punish me all right!  
I am always put in the wrong.

SUNDAY

I am frightened. I fear your wrath. I write a remorseful letter, begging you to forgive me.

MONDAY

Working. Typing all morning.

She's not working. Maybe she's riding around in my husband's car. He promised not to keep the car at her place. If he is seen public places with her, or she riding in his car, people will think they are together again---it will be humiliating for me to go up there afterwards. I suppose, even when she learns the truth, she will pretend he loves her, but that I would not set him free. That's all right by me. If it saves her face---its quite O.K. but she had better keep hands off now----or I'm going to do something that will just about slay her in that town.

He should tell her! He should tell her!

He has sent me no money. I don't think he will send me enough to go out there.

He said he would write and explain everything. I look for that letter by Wednesday.

TUESDAY

Signed contract with Theo Lightner. She promises big things for me at the studios. What do I care for studios.



I can't think of anything, but my husband and that woman!  
I visualize them: She is riding in his car, smuggled up  
against him, as I did.

Oh why did you ever come back into my life, only to  
hurt me so cruelly?

I re-read her letters. What a shallow, silly  
soul.' Yet she must have been clever and scheming, the way she  
manipulated you, poor dear. She made a sucker out of you!  
You gave her everything---or rather put all in her hands. And  
that will! Drawn carefully in a lawyer's office---leaving  
her everything but the income from a mean third to your wife!

And she financially independent---and I, without a  
cent, save what I earn.

Verily it is true---that To him that hath, shall be  
given!"

But Ah! it should not be given by the husband of  
another woman!

Well, darling, you did make another will in my  
favor. I won't forget that, even if Irvine, the lawyer, says  
it could'nt be probated and is improperly drawn. He advised me  
to tell you to make a new one. I told him you were going to  
ask Mackay to give you the one you made in her favor.  
What a mess!

She told you not to see me alone--I might  
poison you. What a mind she must have!

### WEDNESDAY

Your letter at last. A cold, cruel letter, without a  
word of love in it. Only resentment, injury--hurt.

I deserve it maybe. Maybe my telegram did things  
to you. Oh maybe! You may be I should have trusted  
you---trusted my husband with another woman! The irony of it  
all---what a sardonic jest of all the gods in heaven!

You have recovered your securities. Still you have  
not broken with her!

I still maintain she should be told. Lies and  
deceit are hateful things.

How could you change so quickly. A week ago I  
was all the world to you. Can a man blow hot and cold.  
Did you feel differently once you were back with her? You  
could not be so weak and base to deceive us both. If so,  
you are playing a dangerous game--for women are more deadly and  
inflammable than dynamite.



Wednesday P.M.

Its queer. but your letter makes me feel better.  
Its like a blow in the face---a dash of cold water that has broug  
brought me to my senses---wakened me out of my deluded  
trance.

I shall not write to you again.

I wonder what you'd say if I told you I feel sudden-  
ly as if I had been relieved of something---released even. I  
Its just as if I had become suddely sane again Now for you  
and for her, I am conscious of a sense of real disgust.

Disilusionment is creeping over me.

To hell with you and your paramour!

THURSDAY

Slept fine. Feel fine.

No letter from you---but neither did I write to you.

Later:

Out all day. Interested again in my work and  
people. Met some nice people in Theo's office. A Mr.  
Berliner--big Mining engineer. We had a great talk. He  
is a Columbia man. We compared notes. We had both taken cour-  
ses at Columbia at the same time. Before I knew it we  
wwre telling each other about our lives. I told him about  
my husband. He looked at me queerly and said:

"Going back to him?"

"I don't know".

"Don't. Your place is with someone who under-  
stands you".

"Its nice to have a husband".

"A woman like you can have any husband she wants".

A darned pretty compliment and followed by an in-  
vitation to dinner at the Ambassador. I don't accept, but  
I get a kick out of it anyway.



Did'nt write to F----and did'nt think about him much.  
 Am I falling out of love?            Might be a good idea.            If  
 I had gone on in the way I was going, I'd have been like *R*  
 worm.

My friends think well of me.    In Calgary, I'm just  
 one of the townies.    Damned if I want to live there.  
 Going over to McGuire's office.

Later

Saw McHire.    He's trying to swing a Fox contract for me.  
 I'm quite excited.

What will I do?    Suppose I get an offer of a contract---h  
 how can I sign it if I am to join Frank in Calgary?

I wonder now, about that month at Banff.    Might be  
 an idyll, but he'd have to go back to Calgary (and her ?)  
 and where would I be.

I'm not so sure I care about camping.    I loved being  
 with him of course, but camps are dusty, dirty places.    I like  
 baths and pretty clothes and decently set tables.

He's had all the fine and pretty things with her----  
 I've had to rough it always with him.

Perhaps I could'nt stand the altitude.

I wonder whether Mrs. Hill would be willing to do what  
 I would have done-----live simply on his income.    If so,  
 someone might test her out.    Perhaps she'd give up her fortune  
 and take him on with just what he has?    Like fun she would !  
 Life's certainly a grim joke.

I'll write O'Connor tomorrow.



Friday

Typed most of the day. No letter from Frank and did not write to him.

I'm rather thrilled by a story I am writing. Its about our own drama---Frank's and mine! It makes a corking story and I've got a new twist to it.

Asn I typed, I had a queer sort of thought. Is she with my husband now? Probably he took her and her sons on a trip somewhere---- I wonder what Calgary thinks of it all. Wonder what they think. His returning without a divorce. He can't marry her in any event!

When the first mail came and nothing from him---- I just went on typing, back of my mind a vague hope that I would hear from you in the afternoon mail. One minute I say to myself; "It does'nt matter. If he does'nt think enough of me to write to me even---why that is that and I will make the most of it".

Then a great longing surges over me. I stop work and stare about before me. I see you again, dearest! We are tramping along Tahoe beach----climbing the hill---- motoring---I am snuggled up against you---- we are bacm in the cabin. You are holding me closely..... All night long, I feel your dear arms around me! I lie beside you awake, a sort of ecstasy running over me----sensuous, longing---you are asleep beside me. You wake and drowsily call me by her name!

Christ is not the only one who was crucified. We all have our Calvary I suppose.

Maybe I deserve mine. Maybe. Was I wholly to blame? True I was gone so long---but I wanted to go back, begged you to let me come back----but you had developed other interests---another love! In the days of your success and affluence, you forgot the poor little wife you had taken out of New York and plumped down on the rough farm. I had the rough years---she the years of plenty.

Queer how she changed you. You say you did not really love her---that you realized that when you saw me again---that you had really always loved me! Yet she affected you so! How considerate you were of her! What sacrifices you made on her account.

I am obsessed by the fear that perhaps you have made a mistake---perhaps it is not really love you feel for me now. When with me, it is sure that you did love me---Away from me? You could you hurt me so? Could you be capable of such neglect? Could you punish me so cruelly?

Do you remember my reading you from Wilde:



Yet each man kills the thing he loves  
 By each let this be heard  
 Some do it with a bitter look,  
 Some with a flattering word,  
 The coward does it with a kiss----  
 The brave man with a sword!

I have stopped working. Can't work. An uneasy  
 feeling, a sense of unrest permeates me. I am intensely  
 sad. ~~and~~

Friday P.M.

The afternoon mail-----Nothing from you. I feel  
~~xxxxxxx~~ weak--sick. I thought I didn't care. I do.  
 I do. I can't stand it.

Theo Lightner telephones Mr. McGuire has a  
 check for \$100. for me. I will pick it up tomorrow.  
 Wonder if it will be N.G.

I am beginning to think over Kennedy's proposition.  
 I could get immediate cash from him and go directly to  
 Calgary----have a showdown.

I can't stand this suspense.

I wire Frank. "No letters. Worried sick. Is  
 anything the matter. Please wire".

I put in a request for a reply to this.

At intervals during the evening Western Union  
 calls me up with the sickening words:

"No reply to your telegram".

So you will not reply.

Maybe you know there is a letter on the way. If  
 I don't hear from you tomorrow I will wire to Mackay.  
 Could you have left the city.

Irvine suggested something pretty rotten.

You wouldn't do anything so base.  
 You could not come and make love to me and induce  
 me to sign away my rights----and then ~~get~~ scheme to deceive me.  
 If ever a man looked and acted honestly you did.

Yola and Sue come in the evening for Bridge.