Excerpted, several pages of uninteresting miscellaneous writings before this part.

11/16/1959

 Before my marriage I knew renowned scientists from all over the world. I exchanged my publications with scientists in all countries – some 200. I led an international life, intellectually. On one of the university hiking trips, which lasted several weeks, we had along post graduate scientists from Japan and Germany. I knew a number of German Ph.D.s who had come to this country to increase their knowledge. My life was fascinating, full. Now, at home, I’m nothing but the laundress, cook, cleaner, etc. In the twenties, the Chinese Government recommended me for a high post in Peking. I had ample recommendations from this government. The job was virtually assured. A professorship at the University of Peking. I turned it down and recommended that it be given to my scientist. It was. He took it. He went. So far as I know, he died there in 1946. I have retained only one of his letters. I destroyed all the others. He wrote from Peking in 1925 or 1926, shortly before my marriage. He urged me to come to Peking and accept a scientific post. He described his life at the crossroads of the world. His contacts with scientists from everywhere. Anyone who was anyone went to Peking. He had a house, servants, prestige, an international reputation. Even then, I could have shared it. That was the sort of thing I was made for. My scientific record was brilliant. And just look what I settled for! Nothing!

 Do you know what really bothers me these days? Not my punk finances. Just my confoundedly broken heart. How could a human being be so stupid? I broke my engagement for one reason only – the scientist I loved had lied in a narrow field. I couldn’t forgive. I didn’t think I could ever trust or feel sure. Yet we were perfectly matched intellectually, physically, socially. We knew how to have a balanced life. Our contacts were at a high level – international scientists, officials, professors. The world I wanted was at my feet. And I spurned it, on a matter of principle. Five years later I married a man of small achievement, small potentials, and little education. He was truthful. He never told me a lie. But, through silence, he lied. And I, in turn, have lived a lie – covering up, excusing, wriggling out of things.

 I only hope that sometime before I die I’ll be able to have a taste of the life I knew some 40 years ago. Of course, it is probably a vain hope. All that B. wanted from me was financial security, a good cook, someone to wash, iron, scrub, clean, sew on buttons, etc. I’ve done all that and added nursing services besides, I’ve earned more than he ever dreamed of and spent it on him and his ex-wife.

 How can an intelligent, education (sic) woman be such a damned fool? Oh me! And I told you I wasn’t wound up. I was just an awful little liar. Forgive, forgive, forgive! Bye now! Tax hearings in the morning for all little sinners like me.