

HAWTHORN HILL
DAYTON, OHIO.

May 4, 1922.

Dear Harry:

A letter from Doctor Dick this morning, to Orv, makes me very uneasy. He says that Isabel had a bad night, Monday, I suppose. I WISH we could DO something besides sit here and worry about you and her. There is always this helpless feeling just when things are the very worst. I hope you realize how real and warm our sympathy is. Even Stef, who knows you mostly through us, wrote the other day, inquiring about Isabel particularly. He said "I often think of them" etc. Everybody is concerned but none of us can DO one thing for you.

Sometimes I think of when we were in college and of how you have become the kind of man I thought you would. I always thought you would be like a rock when it came to strength and dependability and you have been just that. But I didn't guess the affection and devotion that you have in you and it has been one of the best things about our friendship of these later years to see that side of you. I speak of this now to call up to you the things that must be your best comfort now. That won't get away from you ever and I hope the realization now of having been so fully what you could be to Isabel will ease the trouble that is with you all the time. I know all about it—about how it colors everything and can't be escaped for a minute. You have had such a hard thing come to you and you have both been so fine and brave. I like to think of it—how much there is in human nature to combat the (what seems sometimes) overwhelming force of inevitable doom.

You must read Stef's article in the OUTLOOK this week. It shows his sweet side—his delicate understanding without any critical attitude at all. It is all along the line of what I have been talking about. One doesn't need to have Conan Doyle's views to believe we don't lose the people who are dearest to us. Stef always says we talk of Will as if he were alive. I hadn't, of course, thought anything about it but there is something in his observation.

I wish I could say something to give you a little comfort and a little more endurance. I KNOW the strain and the need of rest and peace. Be sure that we would help if we could.

Sincerely

Katharine Wright