

Lambert Island
Penetang, Ontario, August 21, 1922

Dear Harry:

The letter came in our birthday mail and was much enjoyed. It was awfully nice of you to remember us. The book hasn't come yet; i.e. we haven't had mail since Monday's. What came to us on Tuesday, for instance, is what came into Penetang on Monday. When we go to town ourselves, we often plan to go late enough to get the day's mail which comes in at two o'clock but we can't get until after three. Likewise, the outgoing mail is "temperamental". If we go to town on Saturday late enough to get the Saturday's mail, then the letters we take in don't get out of Penetang until Monday morning! The last mail on Saturday, out, is twelve-thirty noon. And no Sunday trains either way at Penetang! But your letter was here on Monday all right so it came out in our Tuesday's mail.

I shall like the book, of course. Have I been a little "sharp" about Mencken, that you should have to be careful what you send for fear I might be bored or critical? I am sorry if I have been. I have liked all the books you have sent, so much. I don't like plays very well, chiefly, I suppose, because I haven't gumption enough to see what is going on. I know that the trouble is in me—not in the style of literature. But I want to read "Saint Joan". I cut out the review from the Star to read after I have read the play. So many, many thanks, in advance, for the book.

Ed Howe does interest me. He is simply insufferable, at times, incredibly so. I wonder if I am actually awake and reading such stuff. He is surely the worst old standpatter I ever saw, and I don't agree with him half the time but he has some such sensible ideas and is so out-and-out that I like to see what he will say next. I have read the travel book Isabel sent me twice—not all of it twice but most of it.

I have enjoyed "Pink's" political articles so much. The one on the necessity of Shaver's showing up what he could do as National Chairman and not letting the Republicans get all the best of the breaks, such as prosperity and so on, was one of the very best. It was ridiculousness, carried to the limit and he didn't fall down once with it. Also, thanks to the fellow who wrote the editorial on Percy Marks. Occasionally I recognize something I am sure is yours and I enjoy that.

I am enclosing a few snapshots that Edwards took. I told him I was going to call his view of the buildings—not all, by [but] four!—"Lambert Island at its best" for they don't look as well as they appear in his picture. The little house to the right is on the edge of a cliff sixty feet high. That was Griff's and Stef's house when they were here. Orv has a room in the place next to the water tank and I have the room next to the enclosed porch in the main house—not the one where you see the window but on the corner nearest the "cliff house". The window where the curtain is tied back is in the living room. It goes clear across the house and is very pleasant—13 ft x 26 ft. We have three doors—a double one [and] a single one opening on to the porch. The other little shack, connected with the main house, is the kitchen. You can't see Edward's house, down the hill, nor the pump-house, nor the tool-house, nor the ice-house, nor the boat house!

Edwards took the picture of us in the boat, from the back seat, when we didn't know of it. It just occurs to me that it was a much pleasanter thing for the occupant of the back seat to do than to hit one or both of us over the head with the paddle or one of the bumpers. He might have done that, if he had been an intellectual young college student in search of sensations! Lucky for us.

The third picture was taken up at France's. The old man in the background is eight-three years old and built, without help, that house you see. I must tell you about him sometime. He is so unusual—a Yorkshireman who came over years ago. They live here all the year 'round.

As always,

Katharine