

Park Hotel
Oberlin, Ohio
Oberlin College Owners
P. E. Nielsen, Mgr.

Thursday evening, 11:30 pm
[June 11, 1925]

Dear Harry:

I found your letter of Wednesday in my box when I got back a few minutes ago from a silly, vulgar play given by the Oberlin Dramatic Association! Louis, Agnes Mastick and I went together, Frannie being in Cleveland you know. She is better and Louis talked to her tonight over the telephone. She is sleeping better and is really coming on all right. It has made them very anxious about the summer for she was going with Louis—and will too, I think, now that she is better.

Harry, what did I do to upset you so—as I see now I must have done something. I thought at first I had touched something deeper than I had intended on the Kansas City situation and that that was what had helped make a wreck of you, as you said! But I see now that it is something else and I don't know how to talk to you! Where is all your "hard-boiledness" and your "realisticness"? And what has happened to make you feel so differently? I wish you wouldn't (I want to call you "dear" because I want to get my feeling to you. A very dear friendship entitles one to some such privilege.) Can't we go on as we have been going on?

The very last thing I ever would have thought of in talking to you as I did was this sort of an outcome. Maybe I did very wrong. I didn't mean it as it has seemed to turn out. But Harry, you are always safe with me. Only, aren't you a little more overwrought than usual, what with having Henry home and then having him go away again and, added to that, my talking about so intimate a thing to you? That was what I was really referring to when I said I wouldn't write any more "upsetting" letters. I didn't mean that you couldn't talk to me. I'm not going back on you at this stage of the game, you may be sure of that. We have helped each other over too many rough places not to see it through. We can always talk "things" over but it must be very trying to you to get a letter that stirs up your feelings right in the midst of a morning's work. I didn't mean to cut you off—but don't tell me more than you want me to know! Remember, though, that you are safe with me. Don't be afraid of me, but consider that you will feel differently again when this strain is over.

You have had so much to disturb you and "discomfort" you, if you can use the word that way. I want so much to give you comfort and peace of mind. I have wanted to get you through this hard place so you could go on again. There is so much ahead for you. I never thought there was any danger of a change in feeling on either side but we both know the "hazards of friendship," as you call it. You know I told you I couldn't misunderstand

your wanting sympathy and companionship. Well, I meant it and never thought of its being any more than that. We have been such dear friends so long.

Oh Harry, it disturbs me so that I talked about what might have been a good thing for you. If I made you feel the least bit different about that, I'll have myself to settle with and it won't be an easy settlement. Please tell me I didn't, if you can. I am so anxious about your future—so determined that you shall have what you deserve. It made me unwise, perhaps. For so long, I have wanted to stand by and be as good a friend as I could. You have deserved that but I suppose I have got much more out of our friendship than you have.

Yes, the letters I haven't sent would make a formidable array if piled up together. It does relieve one's feelings and it is such a safe way of doing it. But we can have confidence in each other. You are such a good man. You haven't failed in any of your obligations, but have gone so far beyond what other people consider obligations. Any one could trust you absolutely. And I have, always—even from college days. I want now to comfort you and be all to you that I can.

If your idea of “upsetting” letters is that such letters just express what is down deep in your heart, surely we won't put a ban on them. Suppose you put a letter which threatens to be upsetting in your pocket and read it when you get home. I might be company for an otherwise unoccupied and lonely evening. Bright idea!! I wouldn't want to be responsible for wrecking that editorial page in the Star! That would be something to answer for—sure enough.

Now it's twenty minutes after one and I'm due for trustee meeting for about eight hours tomorrow. You don't want me to disgrace my sect by being any more stupid than I naturally am. So I must go to bed and sleep. Goodnight. I saw your sister this afternoon on the street and had a nice little talk with her. I shall go over to see her. Goodbye, once more. Like Lincoln I “am loath to stop (leave?)” or whatever it was. That isn't quite it. Anyway, I am

As always

Katharine

Don't let me hurt you. I never mean to. I wrote you Wednesday night about the photograph. I hope Orv didn't forget to mail the letter yesterday! This is Friday morning, you see, that I am writing this postscript. I didn't get much sleep, what with thinking and all the noise there is on this hotel corner. But I'll make up for it tonight. You have been so generous with me, always making the best of me. Did I ever tell you what I have told other people that your praise was the sweetest of all when I won that prize on the Monroe Doctrine? It was. KW