

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

June 15, 1925

Dear Harry:

I found your telegram when I came in from Commencement exercises. I had already made up my mind to cut the Alumni Luncheon, finding things too much for me, and then this telegram! Harry, dear, you will break my heart. I am so tired and worn out I can't write anything sensible. I can't tell you how I do feel and what I do think. I actually haven't had more than three or four hours sleep any night but one—then I had about five.

Now, I shall not stop to give up to my feelings. The next thing is to get home and I feel as if I never could get there. It is so blistering hot and I am sick at heart as well as tired to death. But I'll get home and get rested, in our quiet house and in my own room.

Harry, how can I tell you where affection leaves off and love begins? I haven't thought of your loving me or my loving you until you overwhelm[ed] me. Give me a little chance, please, and let me talk to you. I don't know you, as you are now. I don't see that I could ever leave Orv but let me talk to you. I just breaks my heart to have you send such a telegram. "It's all right. Please don't worry" etc. Of course it isn't all right and, of course, I will worry. So I have sent you an answer and asked you to come—but I don't know myself to what I have asked you to come. Don't come if you will be more upset that way. Please, Harry—don't care so much—and please do!

What have I been doing to make us so unhappy? I meant it all so differently and thought we could be so much to each other always. You don't know how it hurts me. I don't see any way out but it can't be worse if you come, can it? I can't change my feeling suddenly, not after I have schooled myself so long to what was right. Can't you see? I can't write. I just can't. But now I want to see you.

Katharine

P.S. I did wish you could have heard Mr. Harroun and Florence Jenny Hall sing the Benediction this morning. It was so lovely. It comforted me and I felt as if you would be quieted by its beauty. How is it, Harry, that "realistic" agnosticism never inspires any of the noblest music? It certainly doesn't. At Mr. Deeds' the other night—maybe I wrote about this—the Westminster choir, a very fine chorus, sang "Jesus, lover of my soul," and when we all joined in for the second stanza (out of doors in a beautiful setting) there was a strange peace and quiet over everybody. You would have felt it. And why do you say you are hard-boiled and realistic when you are so tender and so idealistic? You couldn't have thought of the things you wrote to me if you hadn't been. I know [I] will feel better if we can talk. I am sure of it now. But maybe not for you. Oh, Harry!

Katharine