

Hawthorn Hill  
Oakwood  
Dayton . . Ohio

Friday evening, July 3, 1925

Dear Harry:

I'm silly to start with tonight! I have been thinking about you so much today, thinking how I love your letters, how they are just like balm to my heart which has been so troubled—thinking how any one might prize what you give me (I do prize it!) and how few women ever have a chance to know such a man as you are. Oh, Harry, dear, my dearest, dearest one—I want to forget everything else tonight and just love you. You think such dear things of me. I could never be what you think I am now, but I love your dear fancies about me. Maybe some time I can be all you want me to be to you and all I want to be to you and you can be as much to me, and more, dear. But tonight I want you here to love me and hold me close to you. I am, in fact, silly!

I haven't written any kind of a letter since you were here. I don't even answer your letters! I thought of saying how pleased I was with Henry's letter, both because it was a good letter and because it showed he was making his way into a pleasant circle, which will make his time in Wichita happy. Of course, he will have many, many things open to him from the associations he has made at Harvard and from his experiences in France. I know how you want him to have every advantage and every chance for a full, rich life. And I want it too—perhaps mostly for your sake now but I'll be interested in Henry, and if I ever get a chance I'll be fond of him—if I ever do! I so often think now of my cousin Emma Zeller who married Professor Dennis of Earlham. She was so wise, so free from any jealousy, so generous, so devoted to Professor Dennis and to William and now that Professor Dennis is gone, she has William and his family all devoted to her. I'll never forget how she used to do when she was first married. William was in Harvard Law School and when he came home in the summer, Emma used to let him have all the time he wanted alone with his father. She was always ready to join them but always glad to let them have their times alone just as they had before she came into the house. William was in Washington when Orv was hurt. He arranged his vacation so he could come home with us to help me with Orv. When I protested that we didn't want to disarrange his plans, he said, "It will please Mother Emma. She has done so many things for me. I want to do this for her." I always thought it was an almost ideal relation that the three of them had together—none of them perfect, of course, but all three doing their very best to make the others happy. We could do that, if we ever got a chance, couldn't we, dear? I think of a good many things that I don't say much about.

And I didn't thank you for sending the Star. I have been so utterly helpless and incompetent that I don't get anything done except what pushes me. You are so sweet to me. I love all the things you do for me and I love you so much! You see I'm silly! It was so thoughtful of you to take care of the paper for me just now. Thank you, dear.

You never wrote me a dearer letter than the one you wrote Wednesday morning after you had read my letter. My letter was such a poor thing. I was so upset and so anxious about everything, worried about you and Orv both and then about myself. You are so lovingly tender with me. Oh, Harry, if I can, I'll make it all up to you. You are the one who ought to have all the comfort I can give you. Instead of that, I act like a baby and you comfort me. I am afraid and you are a blessed comforter and I love you for the way you try to reassure me. You do reassure me. Even if I knew what I could do about Orv, I'd have some bad moments over making the irrevocable plunge into marriage. But what you said to me about that was so sweet—so comforting. I know you'd always be good to me. I believe you'd understand even my unreasonable whims and moods—and I have them in that dark side of my character that I'm honestly trying to warn you against but which you won't take seriously. It would be so tragic to find oneself in a place when the old interests that were so dear and vivid and satisfying faded away and couldn't be held. Our friendship was so solid and secure I know there can be more in our love, if we find that as substantial and natural and enduring as our dear, dear friendship. It isn't quite natural to me yet to think of your loving me. As nearly as I can see, you aren't loving me for anything I say or do, for I certainly haven't said an interesting or even an intelligent thing or done a sensible thing since you told me you loved me. But we were friends because we enjoyed each other's ideas and talk and so on. That is something to build on. I guess we'll have to be friends and lovers all at once!

Tomorrow it will be thirty-six years since my mother died. I wasn't quite fifteen, you see. But Mother left a very strong impression on all of us. She was so interesting and original and indomitable. (How do you spell that word?)

I have to laugh at your troubles with your friends who are trying to keep you entertained (?). It is really rather disagreeable of you to be finding so many engagements for Sunday all of a sudden! Well, I don't see how you're going to get away with it (I mean avoiding engagements with your friends) and as far as I am concerned, you don't need to dodge any of the invitations. I think now just what I thought when I began that idiotic "warning." I don't know much now and I knew even less then but I have a very strong "hunch" that your friends were getting you about settled in their own minds. You see I can't understand that exactly, if they know you as I know you. Seriously, it wasn't jealousy, in the least, and you know it (Ha! Ha!) but I was so uneasy over the possibility of your becoming seriously interested in a certain person I could name but won't. I could just see the deadly effect on you, the, well, I won't go into that any more. I've already said pages and pages too much already, but what could those people have had in their heads? As a friend, I am sure I understood things much better. But old friends do know some things that later friends can't get, *n'est ce pas?* Well, you'll have to ease off on Mrs. Frick's invitations not too abruptly. You may be sure I like to have you doing whatever will give you pleasure. I don't believe I could ever be hateful enough not to want that! I'm afraid it's the Fricks I've got it in for more than any one else. (And I haven't really "got it in" for them, you know.) You really mustn't cut yourself off from any of your good friends. You can probably be casual enough to convey your idea to your match-making friends. You see, dear, I haven't a doubt in the world that you love me and I know that you do because you tell me so—as well as for other fairly obvious reasons. But

as long as I can't see my way out and can't say just what I'll do and when—well, you do just whatever you feel like doing. You will feel like doing exactly the right thing, I know that. And I feel like doing exactly the right thing, which is to have you hold me very, very close and kiss me once, anyway!

“As always” (Isn't that queer)

Katharine

P.S. Saturday morning

I almost forgot to tell you that we are starting for the Bay Wednesday afternoon. We leave here about two o'clock and arrive in Penetang at two the next afternoon. I'll have to send a notice for change of address to the paper. I'll mail that when I do this. Luckily Orv has gone over to the office this morning so I can take this down to the P.O. I want to make sure you get it Monday morning. The address at Penetang is as usual. Lambert Island, Penetang, Ontario. But telegrams have to be sent to Penetanguishene. The office is so listed and the operators always tell you there is no office at Penetang.

I haven't told you either that Commander Calderara has been here. He has been recalled and is very sad about it. He and “Emmy,” his lovely wife, like America so much. She is “charming”—I don't use that word very often. It has been cool here all the time until day before yesterday when it suddenly turned hot. But it has always been cool in the house. I see by the Star that it has been very hot in the West. I always dread heat so and I dread it for you. I suppose you (and Ollie!) are getting ready for Henry tomorrow. No, I forgot. You don't know yet that you are not going to Wichita! You don't look like such a gay deceiver.

Isn't this envelope a fooler? Next time I'll use the other type and, I hope, space better. I have never used the typewriter for addressing. For one thing, I like to address personal letters in my own hand. But this isn't exactly a “personal letter.” Oh, no. Goodbye, dear, and God bless you. K.