

Hawthorn Hill
Oakwood
Dayton . . Ohio

10:30 Saturday night [July 4, 1925]

Dear Harry:

I don't believe I can write a very sensible letter. Do you suppose you could put up with a foolish one?

It was just too bad to waste all that time before your train went last night. But you did need the sleep, dear, more than I did for I got in a nap one day and you didn't. Only I wanted you near me again—very, very near, my very, very dear. I don't know why I couldn't talk to you more. So many many things I wanted to tell you and have you tell me. Now I wish I had a chance to talk! But it might be the same way again.

All the dear things you said to me and all I didn't say to you keep coming up again and again. I have been out to a very lovely dinner party at the Frank Canby's. They are the people who are going with us to the Deeds camp. They had Mr. and Mrs. Deeds and Dr. and Mrs. McCann, also. The McCanns will go for the first two weeks with the Deeds's. It was a very jolly party tonight and I had a very nice time but I had a hard time staying there. I was off somewhere else every little while! It is so sweet to have you love me so. And it is sweet to think you have been loving me all these years. I haven't realized that fully yet, dear. Please don't quit loving me for a while! And let me find myself and I won't ever "go back" on you. Just trust me for a little while. You will do that and not press me to promise anything now, won't you dear. Yet it nearly breaks my heart to have you say that whatever I do is all right. For I might do something very wrong of course though I must say that just this minute I'd like to be very close to you and forget all about "right" and "wrong"—just love you without worrying about it for the future.

You see dear I do worry about the future for I can't see anything ahead but confusion whatever I try to do. And I want to forget that and enjoy loving you and having you love me. It is so sweet to have your dear love for I know what it is as far as I can know you. I am proud of your love, dear, because it is a beautiful love, kept in your heart so many years, but not allowed to keep you from doing and being what you ought to do and be. It would have been a horrid, ugly thing if you had not treated it as you did. Any one could trust you forever. But I always thought that, even from Oberlin days, as I have said so many times. But knowing what I know now I honor and trust you more than ever. You don't know what that means to me and while I tease you by telling you you are "good" when you want me to tell you I love you still that is a fundamental part of all my feeling for you. It was because I saw you doing everything you ought to do always that I wanted to get in and help you. Of course I didn't know I was getting in quite so deep but never mind. You know all about that.

You know, dear, how interesting you have always been to me, so interesting that now and then a terrible fear comes over me that we might lose the dear interest we have had in each other if we tried to go too far. You will think that is foolish. Maybe it is. You'll have

to be patient and very gentle with me, dear. You will be, won't you? You are so good and so generous and unselfish with me. I am full of whims and moods and very, very sensitive just now, abnormally so. I realize it but can't help it and can only beg you to be specially gentle just now. I'll make it up to you some day if I can.

I ought to be going to bed for I see it is just twelve o'clock. I want to have you near me awfully much, dear. Can you understand it? I am afraid if Orv's eyes had been sharp, he would have seen in that expression on your face when you said Goodbye to me, something different from anything he'd seen before. I did and I knew how hard it was for you to go off in that way when I knew how much you wanted to do something very different. You wanted, just as I did, to have one more chance to hold each other very very close and forget everything else.

I don't seem to be able to say much anything so I'll stop and add a postscript in the morning if my intellect revives a little!

Sunday morning—I don't see that my intellect has improved much after all!

In reading over your letter that you brought with you, I at last get it through my thick head that the letter Carrie mailed on Saturday afternoon hadn't reached you by Monday night. I can't understand that. I never dreamed you wouldn't have it Monday morning. I didn't put a "special" stamp on it because I was afraid it might be a bit(!) conspicuous—all those blue stamps and one every day! I am sorry now that I didn't, if you had some worries because you didn't hear. You know you have promised now not to worry every time a letter fails to show up or when I do not say all you want to hear. It doesn't mean anything, except, perhaps, tired nerves.

3:30 Sunday afternoon

I have just been wondering how it feels to be on a train you are supposed to be on! I got fed up on fibs, didn't you? But, so far as I know I didn't get into any hole. Well, I was just thinking about your getting on the train at one today, at Elyria and thinking you were finally on a train from Cleveland to Kansas City! Did your sister or Mr. Stetson fall upon any embarrassing questions?

Some way your being here and the things that happened, the memories left with me and so on have rather cut off the past and even the future and I find myself a good deal in the circle we said we were in! I think I'd be a pretty stupid companion if I were like this very long. I can't get very far away from your arms, you see, dear.

Katharine

Monday morning. Your letter from Oberlin has just come. I love to have you say all the "silly" things you do about me but I'll have to tell you what Orv often says to me when I tell him something nice someone has said about him and Will, "I wouldn't take that too seriously. People say a good many pleasant things when they know it pleases the listener. It doesn't always mean much." So, I say about Mr. Stetson. He knows what you like to hear about me.

I had a sort of “black” time last night—woke up in the night and couldn’t sleep. Everything worried me—you and all your problems; Orv and all his problems; myself and all my problems. I didn’t sleep for hours. It seemed to me the Smithsonian business was hopeless, that anything I could do would be wrong and would make someone unhappy, that I was nothing but a trouble maker and should have thought what my dear friendship with you was leading up to and everything else that could worry me. But this morning it looks better. Please be patient with me, my very dear.

I wore your blue scarf Saturday night with my black lace gown. I love it because it is so pretty but most of all because you gave it to me. I’ll send this special because I couldn’t get it off yesterday. I do love you, dear. Let’s not worry now.

Your

Katharine