

Hawthorn Hill  
Oakwood  
Dayton . . Ohio

Monday morning [July 6, 1925]

Harry, dear,

The mail hasn't come yet. I know there will be a letter or two but I won't wait to write. I must go down town pretty soon to do some errands and I want to take this down to mail. The mail West is a nuisance. It goes either early in the morning or in the evening. The rest of the day is no good, except for special delivery letters and even they don't get off very promptly.

We are in the throes of getting ready to go to the Island. Both of us have been shiftless this year and haven't really got ready as we should. So now we'll just collect what we've got and go! And as usual it is blazing hot. But when I think of what you go through every summer I don't feel much like fussing. Oh, yes. I do feel like fussing but have the grace to be ashamed of it.

Such a busy time as we have been having with visitors at the last minute! Carrie has been trying to do a little sewing for me but she has had to do so much cooking that the sewing hasn't come on much. But now I will not ask another person for a meal—no matter who comes or what happens.

I suppose you and Henry had a fine time yesterday and I hope your fibs didn't find you out! I have to laugh at your troubles and still I do sympathize. What amuses me is the way everybody sets in to get a man "settled." No one ever was so concerned about me! And women are very different from men about being alone. I can see that very plainly.

I am never quite easy in my mind, Harry. Always back of everything is the thought of how impossible it is to leave Orv alone. I am under so much obligation to Orv. He has always made his plans to include me. But if it weren't for Orv I know exactly what I would do, dear, so quickly that you wouldn't have time to say "Jack Robinson"!

Your bunch of letters has just come and the enclosures of various sorts. I'll show the Roberts letter to Orv. It would be a good idea, wouldn't it, for you to write a letter occasionally that I could casually show to Orv. And that crazy idea of mine about not being able to invite you to the Bay is just the result of my supersensitiveness now and my guilty conscience! Of course you can be asked and please come! That's that, finally and in fine.

I'll write tonight dear or when I can get a minute alone. Carrie is here in my room, nagging me about my things for the Bay. If it weren't for Carrie's "nagging," I'd certainly have a hard time of it. She takes care of me when I don't take care of myself.

Harry, dearest, what is the matter with me that I blow around like a weather cock? I don't really change, of course, but sometimes it seems to me that I can manage about Orv and then I say what I want to say; at other times, it looks so absolutely impossible and I am overwhelmed with my selfishness and lack of wisdom and feel as if I can never find any way out of the "corner" I am in. Of course, I know I am not in a "corner." I know how generous you are with me and how absolutely safe I am with you. I am ashamed of not being able to do something to settle everything for us.

I was thinking how I would like to be with you for a drive on the hot nights when you are tired and go out for a rest. We could talk and talk, couldn't we? And we will talk and talk at the Bay. I can see lot of time there. Come and stay as long as you can. I really meant to give you the clear idea that I wanted you but I tried to tell you dear that I think you need some time with friends like Will Chamberlin. But come to the Bay, please.

Katharine

P.S. I always have this feeling of exhaustion just before we get away. When we get settled there and really get to playing, I shed my cares and really rest. You see I'm unloading my little worries on you, as well as the really big one. It's a queer way to do with one so dear as you are. But I am queer now, queerer than usual, dear, and that's saying a good deal.

I wonder if you did go with Mrs. Stout last evening. That was a sensible idea to get that over. Is Mrs. Stout interested in you or Miss Farmer or both? Or is she just innocent of any ulterior motives but the victim of circumstances? If all your friends are so active in the one direction, maybe they know better than I do (Ha! Ha!). Anyway, I can't help wishing I had kept still a little while longer. One can do such foolish things with such good intentions. I am surely making a mess of it, as it is. And I want so much to be close to you and comfort you. Goodbye. I want to talk, you see. Goodbye.

Your

Katharine

The Star is coming. I ordered it sent to the Bay beginning today or tomorrow.

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Monday night [July 6, 1925]

Harry, dear,

After a hot hectic day, a peaceful night has closed around me and I am sitting in my room writing to you before I go to sleep. We took a little bunch of people down to the Old Barn Club for dinner. Major and Mrs. [Thomas] Milling, Major and Mrs. [Barton] Yount, and Anne and Frank McCormick. It was very hot today but a cool breeze came up about six o'clock and we had a pleasant evening.

Whenever I am in a little group of intelligent, refined people nowadays I always think how well you would fit into it! I am always proud of Orv. And I would be proud of you. I do care a good deal for nice ways. I can't help it.

Couldn't we make a nice house together, dear? We would both be so willing to consider each other's tastes and we would help each other in all kinds of nice little ways. But I don't dare get started thinking about it. Maybe some day it will come out so we can be free to be all we can be to each other!

You don't know how it comforted me to have you say—in one of the letters that came today—that there is more ahead than this summer. I know it, of course, but I some way can't help having a feeling that I must not stand around in your way. I am not teasing you about any one, dear. I won't do that again. But mixed up with all my love for you is my old affection and that part of me is so concerned about getting you as comfortable as may be. That idea is not new or unnatural to me. I had been rolling that over and over in my mind for a long time. Don't you remember how I used to say I wished I could be a fairy godmother and by waving a wand bring about all the good things I wanted you to have? That idea is so strong with me that I can't have any peace of mind thinking that I am in the way of whatever you could have, if I were definitely out of the way. But you can't understand that now. You are so silly, dear, that you don't want to understand anything but one thing.

Oh yes, that reminds me that if we're going to be critical I could tell you that you have been misspelling (I'm stuck on that myself!) words at a wonderful rate of late and as for your sequence of tenses, you'd be at the foot of the class if I were the teacher—as I used to be! I only speak of this as an illustration of how one, even so brilliant as you, can be reduced to the common level by the common experience! I'd hate to have you take up my compositions too critically. But I was thinking how shocked Mella would be to see these trifling slips. She imagines you conversing only in lofty terms upon lofty subjects, such as calculus, "Mike" and so on. In fact she even looks on me with a little awe because I have the temerity to converse with you. Oh, Harry, Harry. If she only knew what was going on.

I meant to say something before this about Mr. Stetson and his helping those boys. There is a kind of nobility about Mr. Stetson. I feel too that he can be trusted—as you feel so strongly, of course. I have the hope that we can be something together—all friends. One can't make too much of such a friendship as yours and his has been. Maybe we can make even more of it together. It is a nobly idealistic thing to do to give ambitious boys a chance. Sometimes the boys are not worth it and do not appreciate it but it is so fine in Mr. Stetson to trust the boys and the result. No, he can't really afford it, as most people would look at it. I am glad you have such a friend. I won't want to be in on everything. I don't mean that.

It is nearly midnight and I ought to go to bed but I am reluctant to go. Sometimes it does take a good deal of time to say Goodnight, doesn't it, dear? It is such a happy suggestion, Harry, that we can just enjoy the present and not worry. I want so much to do that. It tires me so to try to divide this and that and make sure I am doing nothing wrong in telling you I love you and want to be with you. Then that black spectre begins to walk and I fear everything! You are too good to me, dear, but it isn't any of it lost on me. I appreciate every dear sweet thing you do and say. "Appreciate" is a poor word. I drink in everything lovely and it is balm to me. Now my figure is getting mixed but never mind! I don't believe you drink in balm. But any way, you know what I mean. We did have a time getting started to find each other, didn't we? Well, you're a blessed boy anyway, to love me so much and be so sure of it and so patient and gentle with me. Let's not worry, dear. I wish I could be with you some of these evenings, if nothing more. But we will soon be together at the Bay. I was funny about thinking I couldn't invite you. It was my guilty conscience, you see.

If it's hot you'll want a bathing suit. I used to go in practically every day, warm or cool, but since I have the trouble with rheumatism I have to be a little more careful. You know we have none of the "comforts of home"! And still I love it. I hope you'll enjoy the freedom as we do. Goodnight, dear. I must go to bed. I'll not be able to write much after tonight until we are on the Island. Come as soon as you can and stay for your whole vacation if you care to. Goodbye, goodbye and God bless you dear.

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Tuesday morning,

There wasn't any letter this morning and I missed it very much! But I knew there wouldn't be any and so was not disappointed. I have to run and do errands. I hate them. Goodbye once more, dear.

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Wednesday a.m. [8 July 1925]

No time to write today, dear. I had your letter written Monday morning this morning. You are too good to me Harry. I'll be looking for letters at the Bay and will love them, as I do you. I may not be able to get a letter to you for a week. Don't worry. And be sure to come and stay as long as you can.

The Wilbur Wright lecture was sent yesterday I think. My picture isn't ordered yet! I can't help it. If it hadn't been for Orv and Carrie we would never have got off. I walk around in a circle and do nothing. You will have a few surprises when you see me in action—or inaction—and awful old clothes! Goodbye dear. I love you “or something”!!

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