

Lambert Island  
Friday morning, July 10, 1925

Harry, dear,

I have been sitting alone on the porch for nearly an hour, resting and thinking about you. It is absolutely quiet. The only sounds I hear are birds, occasionally, or a little motor boat chugging away. One ought to rest in such a place. But it would be a hard place to stay if one's thoughts were unhappy. Mine aren't. For one thing I am off on a holiday—physical, mental, moral (!) and I don't propose to worry about any thing.

We arrived at the island about four o'clock yesterday. We have George France, who lives here all the time, meet us at Penetang when we come. Afterwards we go in our boat to town for mail, groceries, etc. It is awfully hard the first day but Orv loves it. We have to open the house, sweep up, clean things enough to get started and Orv has to get the trunks and duffle and groceries up. Then he has to get the engine started to pump water up to the tank and he has to bring up ice. Today, Orv is working on the boat. He has brought some new contraption and it doesn't fit. But that doesn't daunt him. He just sings and works! (Tuesday. The boat has been perfect in its behavior.)

I was awfully cross this morning! I feel it is my duty to tell you the dark side of my character! But I soon got started and was all right. I really got very tired but Orv never gets cross when he is tired. I mean to lie down after awhile and get a little nap. It is now half past three.

You never saw, dear, lovelier weather or more beautiful water than we are enjoying today. Now the thermometer shows about 76° with the sun shining on the edge of the porch. I do so wish you were here. I feel symptoms of silliness coming on! We will sit on the porch by the hour and talk and talk. Orv is always out doing something. I believe it will be a great rest for you and I hope you will be coming before long. I do hate to think of you in that hot weather. Maybe it is cool with you now, too. I hope so, dear. I always think of our young people in the heat in Kansas. The heat is worse than in Ohio, isn't it, and Ohio is bad enough.

It is sad to see how being in love reduces you to a state of credulity—difficult to believe. You, the realistic hard-boiled, etc. etc.! Of all the extravagant things you say and believe (when others say them) about me—and I like it, awfully much. That shows how reduced I am, too, doesn't it? It's funny about how people say nice things about me to you. They do the same way with me about you. I fear, as far as the Lords and Mr. Stetson are concerned, that there has been a thought or two rather ahead of time! But then Mr. Stetson had some inkling of your situation. I actually thought of saying something to him about my fears in K.C. and then decided it wouldn't do to "gossip" about you even to him. Oh, Harry, what a lot you did let me run on. It served me right, too, for I was certainly "meddling" with something that I should have let alone.

When Doctor Dick was at our house this spring he did a good deal of talking about you. It rather amused me to have him telling me how good you were. He said something about like this, "I've seen a good deal of sickness, you know, and I tell you, honey, (!! ) that I never have seen a man so good and so strong as Henry Haskell has been. He's a good man!" Doctor Dick has faults, awfully glaring ones, too, but he surely is an admirer of yours. And some way, out of a clear sky, he said something about he couldn't see why on earth you didn't "camp on the trail" and I knew he was referring to me but I paid no attention to what he said. Some way I never felt a bit self conscious about you, in spite of a thing like that, now and then. What I thought was that most people could never have such a friendship as we had had and couldn't understand ours. Well, we must make sure we aren't losing something that has been so precious to us both, I know.

That was such a dear, dear letter, the last one I had, on Wednesday morning. But it really scares me to have you love me so. I never doubt it when you say it. And when you are so dear to me about all my problems, and my misgivings, that makes me want so much to give back to you all you are giving to me. Oh, Harry, how can I ever do it? I am too old and have been settled too long. I surely have an obligation to Orv that we can't talk away. But maybe we can manage it some way, some time. I am not afraid of you. I am an Old Maid, with capital letters, a typical one, too, and have enjoyed being one, what's more! But I am not afraid you wouldn't be more than gentle and considerate of my "old maid" notions and I'd really try to get over them as fast as I could.

Mrs. McCormick's sister is to be married tomorrow morning. I think there is grave doubt about the wisdom of her marriage. She has put it off and put it off. I have thought that she liked having Captain McCally in love with her but that she really dreaded marrying him. But she is a fine woman and I think she feels now that she must keep her part of the obligation. Mrs. McCormick naturally feels rather anxious about the whole thing. The sister must be thirty-two or three years old. The trouble is partly that she is too old to plunge in without thinking of possible regrets ahead. The girls always laughed at me because I was always so enthusiastic about other people getting married but was always so thankful in each individual case that I was not the one involved. But now it looks different to me! It wouldn't take me one second to know what to do if it weren't for Orv. I'd run the risk of finding that I had affection instead of love (if any one knows what love really is) for you. I believe one could live on the kind of feeling I've got for you. And I have often thought lately of what my friend Mrs. McFadden of Berlin used to say to me. She said that she married the man who loved her most, though at the time she wasn't sure she loved him most. It was a particularly happy marriage. She said it wasn't hard to love her husband because he loved her so much. I don't deserve at all to be loved as you love me, dear. I know that. I would try to give you all you want.

Sunday evening—Such a blessed rest as I am having, Harry dear. I can't worry about any thing! I was thinking about you a long long time today and yesterday too, but I was too lazy to get up and get paper and pencil. I am getting anxious for you to come—for various reasons, the most "reasonable" being that it is so cool and pleasant here. You would get a good rest and I know you need it.

I am getting silly, dear, and want to see you very, very much. It hardly seems real to me yet that you feel so different about me from what I thought. I was paralyzed at first. It was a queer thing to have such a painful time over, wasn't it? Well, dear, my very, very dear, I hope I can be to you what you want me to be—some time and I want to see you this very minute to tell you how I do love you and how sweet it is to have you love me so. But that's silly, again!

You may find it more convenient to come by Cleveland (rotogravures, etc. you know!) and Buffalo. We come by Detroit, because, after the "season" is over the trains between Penetang and Toronto change time and we can't make the Cleveland train which leaves early in the evening. But you can, because the train will get to Toronto by five o'clock, or sooner, when we go on August 15<sup>th</sup>. I wish now we didn't have that Deeds trip to make, if it makes you go earlier than you would otherwise. No matter what your R.R. agent tells you, there is a train from Toronto to Penetang at ten o'clock in the morning. It is on only for the "season"—July and August. And there is a chair car to Midland. You will have to change to a day coach about nine miles from Penetang. There is a later train from Toronto but it gets in late—about ten o'clock at night, I think. And it doesn't come all the way through, without change. I feel sure you can get the morning train, known as the "Flyer." It makes a hundred miles in four hours!

Be sure to bring some old clothes with you. You ought to see us! And I think you will be glad to have some shoes with rubber soles, as well as rubber heels. The rocks are hard, all the time, and very slippery when wet. We can't do much in the way of laundry work. You see we are off here all by ourselves. And the laundry work at Penetang leaves much to be desired.

Please do plan to come as soon as you can so the visit can be as long as possible. We go to Toronto on August 15<sup>th</sup>. That is on Saturday. It will be three weeks—September 4<sup>th</sup>—when we get back to Toronto. I am wondering how we will do without letters all that time!

The water is very low this year, so low we can hardly use our boat-house. Chicago uses the water, you know. It is a shame. The blueberries are thick and are just beginning to turn blue. They will be ripe by the time you come and we'll have blueberry pies. I can make pies but that is about the extent of my accomplishments. I hope you'll like the "simple life" for we are real "simple lifers"—not Stef's kind. He chooses the most luxurious living when he has half a chance. I had a nice letter from Stef a few days before I came away. Stef is an appealing sort of person but I'd hate to have to depend on him for anything.

Tuesday morning. This writing with a pencil drives me nearly crazy. My thoughts get duller and duller with the pencil point! You remember Dame Van Winkle's tongue got sharper and sharper with use—the only edged tool that did!

I am getting to be a regular lotus eater—no cares and responsibilities! And the less my conscience troubles me the more I like to think about you and all the dear things that are the bond between us! You seem to be a kind of Tempter.

We are going to town today—late enough to get today's mail—which is distributed about three o'clock. I expect a letter from you and I hope it will tell me when to expect you. A telegram will be brought out any day but if by any chance, we don't get word and shouldn't be at Penetang (most unlikely) you can come right to our dock with Wilf France, whose boat is at Penetang every day but Sunday. No train from Toronto on Sunday. I almost forgot to mention that. The McCormicks came on Sunday and had to wait over in Toronto until Monday. Of course, the agent should know that when he sells the ticket but at home this year the agent told us there was no ten o'clock train to Penetang and no chair car to Midland. The Penetang and Midland train are one and the same. The main part of the train now goes to Midland but we always go to Penetang where we do all our shopping. So no matter what your agent says there is a ten o'clock "Flyer" (25 miles an hour!) and a chair car to Midland. You leave the chair car nine miles from Midland and go into a day coach the rest of the way.

We are having beautiful weather—a little cool but we don't mind anything but heat. The blueberries are getting ripe now. I could get enough for a pie any time now but they will be in their prime when you are here, I hope. Last year it was so cool we had them all summer and took a large pailful home about the 20<sup>th</sup> of September.

Are you telling Doctor Dick you are coming? I think I'll send him a line today but I shall say nothing about it. I am getting self conscious about you now. Isn't it curious?

It has been a long time, dear, since you have had a letter. I am sorry to have that happen. I am sorry to have that happen but I can't help it, you know. I wonder if you went to Atchison Sunday. Poor man! To have to get out of town "or something" every Sunday or be "invited." You ought to be thankful to have so many interested friends. I predict an explosion when your wily deeds become known!! If ever. I am so blind about the future, only enjoying the present. Goodbye, dear. I want to see you very much and I want you to hold me close and kiss me and tell me you "love me so." It won't be long.

Your

Katharine