

“S’prise!”

Lambert Island
Tuesday night, Sept. 8, 1925

It was an inspiration, dear, to send that letter when you did for it came out with Wilf tonight and I was so glad to get it. Orv was not so well after we got here and has been getting rather worse so today he is very low, almost helpless. I have had everything to do and have been worried besides. But there is no use to worry. He may not be better for a week or two or even more but I can get along all right. I wouldn't mind anything if he were comfortable. It took him an hour this morning to get his clothes on. Tonight, a few minutes ago, I carried out the smaller oil stove, from the kitchen to his room, by myself! It was so cold for him this morning. George France is to come every day to see that we are all right and to do all the things that need to be done. Don't worry about us. Orv doesn't suffer much but is helpless and so uncomfortable for that reason.

I have to smile over your reading my letters again and again. I have about worn out the one that came yesterday, mailed Monday or Tuesday. It was at Penetang Saturday all right but Wilf forgot to give us our mail and didn't send it over until yesterday. Wasn't it awful the length of time letters were on the way to and from Marshall Lake? You see Herman Sells only went to Tashota for the mail when the Indian was ready to start up to camp. That was why my letter which got to Ombabika on the 19th wasn't postmarked until the 22nd at Tashota. Well, that's over now anyway.

You do more idealizing than I do, dear. As far as not caring for material things goes, I don't want more credit than I ought to have. I just don't care, not in comparison to some other things. Oh my dear, dear Harry, if there were nothing to worry over but exchanging our house for your house, my worries would be nothing. How about you? Why don't you choose the rich widow? The library is all ready for you. And I have only a couple of thousand a year! You are certainly not looking out for the main chance. What you can give me is just what I want, dear. I shall live putting what we have together and planning what we shall do with it. The only trouble is that I'm not very clever about making money go a long way. I can't sew and make things the way a lot of women can. I never could. It was always much easier for me to make money teaching and hire someone to make the gimcracks that worry me so! No, dear, the money doesn't worry me. Only I don't want to be too stupid and not have things nice for you. You'll find, dear, that the women who can't talk much about politics and such can often beat those who can, when it comes to practical things around a house. But I can get breakfast and wash dishes and sweep up the hearth. You see I'm trying to disillusion you as far as I can! Your house is so nice, too, as much as I have seen of it. We'll make a lovely home if we ever get a chance. Ivonette and "Scribbs" (her husband) bought a nice little house last year. Scribbs said he couldn't feel richer if he were a millionaire or be better satisfied! So it is, dear. We'll collect everything fine that we each can contribute, out of ourselves, and see what we can make, aside from all material things which will be sufficient. I was thinking the other day that I'd want to be getting some things together, not quite as a girl would do, for, of course, I haven't quite the interest in such things that a girl would have but I'll

want some things and it will be fun to have some nice things to bring with me. You know all the linen at home is marked K.W. Somehow, when I think of that it seems too terrible to be planning to go away. It is just a symbol, that's all. Well, well, dear, dear, dear Harry. We must love each other more than most people do; we must, dear, and we do, don't we? It is hard being separated when we want to be together so much. You are so dear and so considerate and unselfish with me. Yes, you are, dear, and I know it. Who else ever could understand my feeling about Orv? I am so sure you will always want me to be all I can to him. I couldn't go off and leave him now and you understand it. You are so good, dear, and I don't know how to tell you how I feel about it. I'll have to resort to shaking my head, too!

It must have been a pretty wedding, the Stout wedding. And I was so interested in the present you gave and the funny time you had because Martha and her mother headed off your intentions to be so frank and open. And what always pleases one so much is the way you all hang together, your people on the paper. I certainly want to meet that circle. I loved your sympathy with Mr. Stout and your saying he was "so fine." It was hard for him, of course. Yes, dear, young people have quite a different problem from ours. Ours is only one of taking care of other obligations. We know just what we are, now, and we won't be different in the future. And we love each other more because of our years. I am sure of that. I love you, for all you have been as well as for what you are. I have been thinking of what September must bring back to you, dear. And I love you for that, too. I love you for all the loyalty and devotion and for all the heartaches and all the loneliness and all that you wanted of me. I told Stef once that one reason why we (you and I) were such devoted friends was that we sometimes needed each other, whereas he could never need me for anything. He could never need any one. I love to think that you have been really loving me for a long time. I love that, dear. I guess we were made for each other, dear, Harry. I love you for every thing!

It's just too comical, dear, about Miss Farmer not liking Mrs. Lincoln. I got that "hunch" just the way I did the one last Spring, on nothing at all but a hunch. Do you suppose, dear, that Miss Farmer feels that things are not going her way as she had planned and she is wondering who has put a crimp in her, shall I say scheme? Well, we'll see. The plot thickens. —I am so happy to have you say you are not so restless any more and that knowing that I love you makes you comfortable and satisfied. If our love just does that for you now I can be so much easier while I am trying to find a way to be with you. I was not restless, dear, but I just as comfortable and satisfied as you are and I want you just as much as you want me. Oh, if I could only feel your arms around me now, dear. You are so sweet to me, so gentle and so full of fine feeling. You are my ideal, dear. When are we ever going to be together again? I want you so, so much tonight. It's half past eleven and I must go to bed. Goodnight and God bless my Harry. I am sure your party was nice, dear, and I'd say more about it and Emmy Lou's performance and your Notes and so on if I ever could stop telling you about how much I love you and why and wherefore! Goodnight, again, and a very sweet kiss.

Wednesday afternoon. An unexpected chance to get a letter off. Wilf is going to town tomorrow (he does not go every day now) and George will give it to him. George is here

getting wood for us. Orv is just about the same, can just barely get dressed and over to this house. He is lying down now. I don't know when we can go home. I hope before too long!

The milk began coming regularly today. One of the children's uncles brings it and I am glad to have it again. The children are still at their grandmother's but will be going back to the Christian Island before long, with their mother. The whole outfit was at the dock yesterday morning when George took me down in his boat.

That editorial on Babe Ruth was a corker. Did Henry write that? It sounds too "old" for him! It was very, very well written and so sensible. I am sorry you have to have those days when Pink is "off" and Latty cantankerous and you yourself a "bust"! It was funny to read about your troubles but I know the day wasn't much fun for you, dear. But you just think hard about how we love each other, "and everything", when those contrary days come.

You are hard on my other correspondence, dear. You never saw such we have such a stack of unanswered letters [sic]. So Doctor Dick is almost in the notion of being peeved? Well, well. He'll have to get over that. I'll tease him a little and ask him if you delivered my message. But we'll have to be careful with Doctor Dick or he'll be telling Goodness knows what!

My envelopes have given out and this is almost the last of my paper. But I'll find something to scratch on. Goodbye, dear, goodbye, goodbye and the sweetest kiss I can muster. You have been writing such dear, dear letters. Mine are pretty poor, in comparison, I know it. One more sweet kiss, dear.

Your

Katharine