

Wednesday afternoon  
Sept. 16, 1925

I have come to my room where Orv won't come bursting in on me unawares! This is such a perfect day, dear. If you were only here and I didn't have an uneasy feeling about Orv, I would be as happy as the gods intend any mortal should be. Orv is better every day. Just now I think he is out in the boat. I have been pretty busy and besides I wanted a chance to write to my boy, so I declined an invitation to go along. We have been over dismantling and closing up your little house. It was much more fun getting it ready for you to come! Orv has taken down all the window screens except in my room and in the kitchen. It is so cool now we can't need them any more—except when it might be raining and we wouldn't have the door open. I do wish you were here today, dear, for your sake as well as mine. It would rest you and soothe you after the terrible heat you have been having. I always think a vacation at the very end of the summer is best but I don't know.

I was absurdly interested in the new Colonial davenport and in what you told me about "our" rooms. Oh, Harry, dear. I do want to come and be with you but how can I, and when? Anyway, I shall be collecting some nice linens and things of that sort, right away. I love nice towels and table linens and bed things of all sorts and I like lots of 'em! But I wouldn't do anything that takes time if I could be with you now. I want that so much more than anything else. But I'll help pass the time by getting some things together. I'll like any arrangement of rooms that you like, dear. I hope we can stay at home a good deal and we'll live in your study. I don't want to be going out to dinners and having people in all the time, though, of course, I'll try to do what "should be done"! We can't be quite so independent as Orv and I have been I suspect. No one would understand it and it would be more complicated than doing a certain amount of conforming. At home, every one understands that we don't want to be in things and we can stay out when we wish and give in when we wish. It is pretty nearly ideal.

I was struck with remorse when Orv came around in our little bay and I decided to go out with him. We went down the Inland Channel to Honey Harbor. There are lots of cottages still open on the way down there. It is protected and warm in there and people evidently stay later. The hunters are around here in October, they say.

I was thinking, dear, how unselfish you are and always have been. You are the same way with me now. It makes me want to have everything the way you want it now. I can't tell you what a lovely picture comes to me when I think of you. There isn't a thing to spoil it. Did I ever tell you what Professor Martin said last spring when he was at our house? We were speaking of you. I really think he brought up the subject and said, with that funny little chuckle of delight that he has "Isn't Mr. Haskell nice?" He uses much the same tone when he says the same thing about Anne McCormick. He admires her extravagantly. But of course, your reputation at Oberlin is, well, rather passable! But it isn't that side of you, dear, that I think of so much nowadays, though I am glad you've got brains and sense. It makes a good combination with your traits of character and your temperament. No one could be loved in a more exquisite way than I am and it does make me happy, though I know I don't deserve it.

I found myself getting to love your quick way of starting off when you thought of doing something. No one else does that way. You have such an energetic air!

I want to hear more about the house, dear. Draw me a little rough plan of the two floors, very rough, just to give me an idea. I like to think about it and plan a little. I remember the garage and the porch and the general arrangement downstairs but I'm hazy about it. And I have no idea of the upstairs except the front room where I was twice to see Isabel. I take that to be the study.

I wonder if my housekeeping will please you and make you comfortable. I want to make you very happy, dear. I'm sure I won't worry you about money for nothing bothers me as much as not having some money in reserve so I'll stay well within my "allowance." I want you to help decide lots of things if it won't bother you. I don't want to run everything in the house my way. I'd like to talk lots of things over with you. But I'll try not to let the household things ever be the least burden to you. I'm only afraid I won't get as much out of what we spend as I ought to and would, if I were one of these clever women who can make everything and can dress on nothing. We'll do everything together, won't we, dear? I've got a little income, a couple of thousand a year and a little more, and we'll plan everything together.

Wednesday night. We have just been out to see another beautiful aurora and Orv has gone on to bed. There are several things I must tell you about before I forget. I meant to speak of your picture first thing. I was so glad to get it and I didn't have to explain anything to Orv for he never saw it at all! I almost believe you're trying to get me in a place where I'll have to tell Bubbie. No, I don't think that, dear. Well, I'm awfully pleased to have you give me the picture anyway. It's pretty good, a little too "ironed out." I remember more lines in that dear face. I love the "smiley" ones around your eyes.

Next thing, about the maple buds. The last ones were eaten tonight. They were very good. I like Page and Shaw candy. It is all good, I believe. We bought some of my kind of chocolates in Toronto, to take to the Deeds and they were good.

Tomorrow is the seventeenth anniversary of Orv's accident at Fort Myer. That was the last day I taught school. After getting word of the accident, I went to Washington that night, staid seven weeks, was home four or five weeks and then went with Orv to Europe. That was a long, long time ago, dear. It seems like a dream now. Will was there and met us at one o'clock in the morning in Paris. A small crowd was at the station and the inevitable bouquet was given to me and a picture of the presentation was in the Paris papers next day. Arnold Fordyce was giving me the flowers and bowing gracefully but I was looking at Will and forgot about the flowers! As a matter of fact, they had been presented once and I had thanked him. Dear Little Brother! He was so badly hurt. I never did anything much harder than walking into his room at the Hospital and smiling as if nothing much was the matter. He said afterward he thought it couldn't be so bad or I wouldn't have acted as I did. And still I nearly fainted the other day at Ombabika when I thought of his having sciatica again. That's the way I do. Most people do, I suppose, just

that way. The doctors had dreaded my coming and were so relieved when I wasn't hysterical. They were soon glad to have me take charge at night, which I did for the seven weeks. It was a military hospital and not another woman around the place. Well, that is far in the past now but the 17<sup>th</sup> of September brings it back.

Weren't you glad Commander Rodgers and his companions were found? We were so concerned about his disappearance and tried to keep up with the news about him. Finally, yesterday, five days after the rescue, Orv opened our Dayton paper and gave a yell like a Comanche Indian. He was so glad they had been found. We liked Rodgers and we used to have him at our house a good deal when he was learning to fly. Last fall, he sent me a nice letter, introducing two friends of his who came for the Air Races. I wrote to him in reply and then had a lovely letter, inviting Orv and me to come to Honolulu for the Navy Maneuvers this last May. He was very droll but very friendly always. He was a bachelor, too! I believe that story about his telling the men to cheer up, that they weren't nearly as badly off as the man who had nothing but a log under him for fifteen days! It sounds just like John Rodgers. Orv has a letter from the head of the Engineering School of New York University (where Professor Klemin is) asking him if he can't stop in New York on his way home and talk with them about the new "Daniel Guggenheim School of Aeronautics," I believe it is. I hope he can go on for the Air Races in October. Griff is coming then, I think.

Oh, dearest. I wish we could be together. So much I want to talk to you about all the time and so much loving to be done! It is foolish how interested I have got in the house, now that you have told some about it. But I hope, dear, it won't have to be too far off, my coming. I thought you said, dear, that Mr. Stetson advised you to ask me how I felt instead of just stewing! But he also told you he thought I couldn't leave Orv, didn't he? I don't care what any one else thinks about my leaving him, except Orv. I care an awful lot about that, dear. He has been so good to me and shared everything with me. It seems almost too much for me to leave him now, at our age. He can't live alone in that big house. It does seem almost like desertion. I am sure that most wives and husbands are not more attached to each other than we are. But I love you, dear, so much, and I feel so much obligation to you now. Yes, dear, we'll both remember this 1925 Commencement at Oberlin as long as we live. You certainly did resemble an avalanche, coming down on me. I didn't know what to do. But you were so dear and I had such a tender feeling about you and still I had to be careful not to say anything I couldn't stand by later. There was Orv, and there was you, and I wasn't sure at all I loved you and yet I wanted to tell you I loved you, if I did. Until we said we would take account only of the present, I couldn't get enough peace of mind to be myself at all. And still I knew I couldn't do anything just "for the present" but it helped me get a little quiet and peace. Well, dear, I have tried to be honest and straightforward and I have tried to do the right thing as well as what I wanted to do. I wonder if I am being very selfish and if I shouldn't have gone so far in our friendship when I felt about Orv as I did. But I really thought everything had been settled back in Oberlin days. I did, dear, and I thought we could always be as good friends as we wanted to be. Now I love you so but I didn't before and I didn't dream of any "hazard" for you. It has been such a beautiful friendship and now it is such a wonderfully exquisite love. It must come out all right, dear. We haven't either of us done

anything that isn't right. I want to be with you now but I don't think we have anything to complain about if we wait a reasonable time. I think it is better on your account, as well as mine. I do love you so much, my darling, darling, Harry, so much for what you have been and are and so much for all you have loved me. It is so sweet, your love. I love all that goes into it and has gone into it. I can't love you enough. That's the only trouble! But I'd try and see how much I could love you if you were close to me and I could put my arms around you and kiss you. I'd do my best, dear. I'm glad you had such a good time with Henry and so much good talk. I hope Henry will like me. I'll try to make him like me and I won't insist on too much at first.

Aren't we just like a boy and girl, in some ways? You treat me as if I were a girl, "in some ways" and I love it. I love all the ways you treat me, dear. We'll love each other every way, won't we? Goodnight, dear, dear Harry. God bless us both.

What a long letter this is. I may not add more but will send it first chance I get. We leave Monday afternoon. I'll think of you specially on that day, dear.

Your

Katharine

Thursday afternoon. Another beautiful day. Busy as a bee. Washed my hair and did a lot of cleaning. Orv is better all the time. He has just pumped water for the last time and is now dismantling the engine and closing the pump house. Much, much love to my Harry. We leave here Monday, as I told you. I'll mail a letter then, dear.

Your

Katharine

Lambert Island

Friday afternoon, Sept. 18, 1925

I closed the other letter yesterday, dear, and we went up to Franceville to give the letters and an order for Thompson to Wilf but alas! Wilf went to Toronto yesterday and may not be back to go to Penetang tomorrow. Still he may and we will go up again this evening to see what the prospect is. It is very windy today, too windy for us to go when it is not absolutely necessary. We have enough in the house to eat until Monday but if we have a chance to send for a few things we will.

I have a good deal of respect for "Mr. George's" sun dog. Last evening when we were up there he came in from fishing. He said he thought we were going to have some bad weather, that he had seen a "sun dog." I asked him just what a sun dog was and he said it

was a part way ring around the sun, sometimes the colors of the rainbow. Well, we hadn't been home long when it began to cloud up and it rained and blew all night. It is blowing very hard now (middle of the afternoon) but the sun is bright. Mr. George knows a sun dog when he sees one!

We went to make a call on old Mr. France. He will be eighty-five in October. We found him all alone at first, out working on his dock. Every body at both houses had gone fishing but him. He asked us up to the house and got out the flute we gave him five years ago. He had had two but had lost them in the fire when their house burned to the ground in 1916. So we sent him a birthday cake for his eightieth birthday and a flute. I didn't dream he would enjoy it as much as he would. Well, last evening he got out his flute and played for us for over half an hour. It was the sweetest thing to see him. He played airs from operas, Il Travator, Martha, etc. etc. and a lot of old songs and some waltzes and some marching tunes. He said he used to be in the band and they used to march eight or ten miles to such tunes as "The Girl I left behind me," etc. I am sure he was marching again, back in England (Yorkshire) when he was playing those old tunes. Imagine, almost eighty-five and so much spirit. He surely is "a very superior person"!

Orv is making a couch for the living room. It will go over in the northwest corner of the living room, by those shelves where the books were—where you used to sit on that funny rocking chair, which is so brave in appearance in front but has parts that look like toothpicks from the rear! We have had the lumber for it for seven or eight years. Orv took a notion this morning to make it and is hard at work in the kitchen. It always hurts his back to lean over much so he is working on the kitchen table!

It makes me so happy, dear, to see you so interested in your writing. I am sure you have many ideas that are worth putting out and I am so glad you are working on them. It seemed to me, from your summary of what different philosophers thought of the friendliness or moderate friendliness of the Universe, all came to so near the same thing that to an unphilosophical person like me (who has had only an Introduction to Philosophy) they couldn't be told apart. It is just a bit difficult to explain the "Problem of Evil" with the existence of an All-Powerful, Beneficent God. I wish we could spend another two weeks together and that you would let me see what you are doing! Please don't count too much on my coming West this fall. I'm pretty sure Orv can't come now since he has hurt his back. He will have to be very careful. He must go to the Advisory Committee meeting in October and maybe some other eastern trips. I can't see any satisfaction in coming as I would have to come alone—though, if the children are expecting me and want me to come this fall, I may come alone. I want to see you so much, dear, but I'm afraid of a lot of talk if we do have a chance to see each other much. Well, let's not worry over that now. I'll come if I find I can. Oh, the other day, Tuesday, my heart missed a beat or two when I didn't see any letter from you but a moment later I saw the larger envelope and I knew there was a letter inside. I have never missed getting a letter in any mail this summer. I shall be so glad to be where it isn't so hard to get letters off. This one won't go until we go to town Monday and there is another one here written day ago not off yet. We haven't been to town since Tuesday and no one else has

gone by whom we could send anything. We missed Wilf Thursday. But this will be the end of being so far from a post office.

This is Saturday afternoon. Orv is varnishing the kitchen floor. Everything is put away everywhere except in this house and Orv's. The boat-house, the tool-house, the pump-house, the ice-house, and your little house are all ready for leaving. The water is too rough to be out much, though we can still use the boat. George France will take it up to his place for the winter. The small boats are up in the boat-house, all wired up as neat as can be. We have the trunk, from the kitchen, in the passageway where the ice box is and the bigger oil stove is in the living room so the kitchen floor is clear for Orv to work. We'll have to stay out of there for tonight but can get breakfast in the morning. The varnish will be dry enough, Orv says.

Sunday afternoon. The curtains are all down; almost all the shutters are up; the trunks are almost packed. Orv is down pumping out the boat which has been pounding on bottom. The water is lower than ever. I don't know what we'll do if it goes down much more. There is no chance to write, dear, and I am awfully tired. It makes me "mad" to get so tired on doing so little. We'll be home Tuesday and I'll write Tuesday night. Goodbye, dear. A very sweet kiss because I love you so much, dear.

Your

Katharine