

At Home

Tuesday evening, Sept. 22, 1925

It is nearly eleven o'clock but I must write a letter to you, dear, before I go to bed. We got home a few minutes after three this afternoon. I thought I would come up to my room early tonight and get a nice letter written but Lorin and Netta came out and have just gone. Of course we wanted to see them but we were really too tired for so long a visit.

You can't imagine, dear, how I love to get back to my own room. The quiet of it and the peacefulness and the entire privacy of it. At the Bay, I really love my room but I can never be quite alone there. It seems as if every one is about to walk in! I do love the comfort of my room here too, the soft, fine towels for one thing. I think I can stand a good deal of comfort and luxury and I can get along without it, just about as well. All Sunday and Sunday night the wind howled, with increasing violence. I didn't sleep much Sunday night partly because wind always makes me uneasy and restless and partly because I was afraid we could never get to Penetang on Monday. It wouldn't make much difference but we always have our reservations made and it makes double trouble if we can't go when we plan. Monday morning I thought it was hopeless but Orv thought we could go so we went ahead and closed everything up ready to go. When George France came he said he thought it would be "lumpy" but that we could go if we wanted to do it. So we went by way of the Inland Channel and avoided some of the rough water that way but I have never been out in such a sea with a small boat before. The day we went down with you, the Bay was a mill pond in comparison. We went in George's boat which is really a dory, built for fishing on the Massachusetts coast. So it is wide and can stand much more roughness than our boat can. Well, all things come to an end finally and we arrived at Penetang just about ten minutes before time for the train to leave. I simply had to have your letters so I appealed to Mr. Roderick ("It is a lovely day, is it not?") and he hailed the express man, with a horse and wagon (not an automobile in sight at the moment) and I went galloping up the street in Penetang to the P.O., Mr. Roderick guaranteeing that the train would not go without me. It was a most ridiculous performance, I jumping out over the wheel, rushing in to get my armful of mail, out again, up over the wheel (my summer of climbing down into our boat and out again made me agile) and down the street we went dashing again, a sort of John Gilpin ride, Orv said. We nearly ran over the train! Well, I got your two letters all right, dear, and that was that. Every one had a good deal of fun out of it, the man who took me laughing as much as any one. He wouldn't take a cent, either. The Customs man, Mr. McGuire, came out to the door of the P.O. just in time to see me scrambling back into the wagon. The last I saw of him he was gazing in amused astonishment.

We had three hours in Toronto. We went down to the Queen's Hotel and had a nice old-fashioned English dinner at this nice old-fashioned English hotel. Then we got our trunks past the Customs and sat down to wait until our sleeper was ready. I was ready for the sleeper right away but we had to wait until nearly eleven. Orv was sleepy too. We both slept well, for us, and arrived in Detroit an hour and a quarter late with just time to catch our train.

And here we are, dear. Our summer vacation of eleven weeks is over and already we are assailed by dozens of things we don't want to do but must, at least some of them. I am glad to be home but dread the hauling and pulling mostly over nothing and for nothing. But it was heavenly to hear the Chinese gong calling us to the white shining table where Carrie served a delicious dinner, one which I had had nothing to do with. I can stand a certain amount of luxury, you see, something like Stef perhaps!

But, dear, you have such a wonderful income. I think we can have three good meals a day and quite a number of other things we can do, besides. But I think when we can be together we won't need to be spending money all the time to be happy and satisfied. I won't, I know that. I wouldn't have thought of your income being as much as it is. Money is important, in its place, but its place isn't above everything else. One year right after the war I got so provoked with the ridiculous prices that I nearly stopped buying. It was more fun to say "No, thank you. I think that's too much for the article." And I saved about fifteen hundred dollars from my allowance and income! The next year I spent five hundred of it for extra house expense which I couldn't avoid but I have a thousand dollar Liberty-bond tucked away which I shall feel free to spend when I want something badly enough to give up the bond. You see Will gave me fifty-thousand dollars and I had the house on Hawthorn Street which Father gave me about 1901 or 1902 (and which I am selling to Lottie) and Father left a farm in Indiana which we still hold together. Of course I never spend a cent of my capital. I have actually added to it, in a way, for I bought some Liberty bonds under par and so have a little extra that way. My stuff is what is supposed to be "safe" and so do not bring a large per cent. It will be lots of fun to "budget" our income and see what we can do. I'm not in favor of "keeping up" with any one. Let's do what we like best.

Your letters that I got after my wild rush up to the P.O. and the one I found when I got home yesterday afternoon were so sweet, dear. You mustn't love me quite so much, dear, dear Harry. What if something should happen to me? That scares me to think about. But love me a good deal, dearest. I want you to love me and I love to have you want me. You are so sweet with me, dear. I know how much you would have liked to be with me when I was worried about Orv and oh, how much I did want you, dear. And how much I do want you all the time. When I have to write everything, I forget so much I have wanted to tell you.

About letters, dear. It doesn't make any difference how many come here. I love them so. I was actually a little disappointed this morning because the little flag wasn't up! I haven't ever read over the May and June letters. I haven't felt equal to it, but I shall do it now. Maybe I will feel as you do, quieted and comforted by them, instead of stirred up again. Oh, my Harry. Well, I can't find words. But I love you so now and feel so close to you. I want to see you so much but am not sure now that I can go through a visit to K.C. under the circumstances. Please understand me about that, dear. I want to see you so much and I want you to hold me close to you again and tell me you love me. I know you do but I want to hear you say it and I want to feel you close to me. You are so sweet with me. I just keep saying that over and over! You have so much feeling and such fine feeling, dear. I know that you will want to be good to me but that you would be, on principle, if

your feeling should ever be different, for a moment. I am not a bit afraid of not being happy with you, dear, so very, very happy and if I were free, well, I couldn't wait very long.

Yes, dear, I remember the Powers-Archer correspondence. You sent a copy of some of it to me. I probably have it in my file. I'll be so glad to have it all. I remember that it was very interesting. Of course you see much more in all writing than I do because you understand so much of the technical side, which I do not. And you also understand and can judge the merit of the ideas much better than I do. I look fierce sometimes (when I have my picture taken with my hat on!) but I'm meek enough, at heart.

Stef tells some woman in New York that I am especially interested in what women are doing and I get a prospectus of a new woman's magazine and a letter and I am in for it! I can't suppress Stef on that, though I have tried.

Griff writes that he and Betty had a good trip to Norway but that both were sick all the way between ports. I wouldn't have enjoyed that much, I fear. He bought three polar bear skins in Bergen—one, the smallest, for me, one for Bee, and one, the largest, for himself. That's the way he tells it. The skin is on the way. Carrie says we'll have a menagerie, with Doctor Dick's leopard skin and this bear skin. I suppose both were bought, if the truth were out!

I found a letter from Doctor Dick in my mail yesterday. He says he can't stay mad at one very long! I didn't know I hadn't written for six weeks. I don't suppose it was that long but I don't know. I don't seem to have kept a very clear hold on my correspondence this summer! Goodbye, dear, dear Harry. Maybe I won't have to leave Orv if that woman knows you are to be in that library by Christmas. I had thought you might have some one in your library by this Christmas. How many letters can I send to the office? You must tell me if it gets embarrassing for you. I am glad Charlotte Lincoln has her little daughter. Goodbye, dear. I do want you so much.

Your

Katharine