

Hawthorn Hill

Sunday night, Sept. 19, 1926

I haven't written to you today, dear. I have been trying all day to talk to Orv but I didn't do it. What worries me so awfully now is that I know I must do it, ought to do it and that I can't. It isn't right, dear, to you, not to do something so that I can end your suspense and tell you when I am coming. I know it isn't right, dear, and I am sick with worry about it. I am doing nothing day after day—because I can't go ahead as long as things are as they are between Orv and me. It is my fault mostly. I have never been able to talk to him about being married. I have started four times but I can't get anywhere when I see that look on his face. It is what I always call his "little boy look." It nearly breaks my heart.

But this had to be, dear. There wasn't any way out of it. I knew it would be just about as hard as it is and I won't worry you with it any more than I can help, dear. Only I couldn't write today. I'll try to get this down to the station for the early train so you will have a letter in your box Tuesday. Oh, Harry, dear. But I don't want to talk about it. The letter won't be any good—worse than nothing I'm afraid. I want to come out in about two weeks, dear. I'm not sure that I will but that's what I want to do.

Dear, I can't have a "wedding," I'm afraid. I'm afraid I couldn't get through it. So we'll have to be just "married," I guess. I'm so ashamed of myself, so sorry to spoil your little bit of happiness, dear, by acting this way. I'll try to arrange to come out and we can make a few selections and do what ought to be done. It will be better to do that beforehand. It would hardly do to have the house all torn up, so drastically torn up for several weeks after I come. Your friends would think I was queer, sure enough, and a very poor manager. That wouldn't be a very good start, dear, and I'll need all the start I can get, I fear.

Now, I'm calm again, dear. It is so hard to hurt either you or Orv and I am worrying you now by not worrying him. But I'll get through it, dear.

I wonder what you have been doing today. When will Henry go to Baltimore? And thank you for Anne's article. Did you know what she was talking about? We didn't! That's the worst of hers I've seen. Words, words, words! I think Frank must have supplied some of them.

I'm enclosing one of Mr. [Arthur] Morgan's Antioch Notes. He doesn't often write them but this is signed and anyway sounds like him. He is a fine man—if he is a Unitarian!

I went to bed but couldn't sleep, dear. I was thinking about how hard it was for you to have Henry go so far away. You have always been so brave, dear. You have gone through so many hard things. I want to make all that up to you, dear.

I must go back to bed. I am very tired. Goodnight, dear, and a sweet kiss.

Monday morning. I'm going down early this morning, dear, to mail this so you will get it tomorrow. I'm all right, dear—only inevitably upset over leaving Orv alone. But you are alone, too, dear. That isn't so vivid to me, you see, because I haven't been there. I believe I'll buy a few things this morning. I love you, Harry dear. I do love you.

Your

Katharine