

Sunday Morning
[undated #3 Probably July 25, 1926]

I can't work up here as I can at home where I have my desk in my own room, dear. I am not used to writing with other people around as you are and some way I don't get much chance to be along except when I am busy with the work. I am sorry, dear, that you get so few letters and such poor ones at that. I found two letters at the P.O. Friday and they were such good ones. I am always so happy when you have been having an interesting time, as you do have with Roy Roberts. You are quite gay with dinner parties, dear.

Yesterday, every look at Orv was a stab for some reason or other. But I'll be better after we really make the break. It seems so terrible to leave him alone, dear. I won't talk about it now or I can't write.

This is a beautiful Sunday. Orv washed the dishes while I did the bed rooms and the other necessary daily work. When you come this year, your bed is going to be made for you ever day, too. After the work was done we went down to get the milk and there were the whole outfit of kids – eight of them. I have toys for all of them – not as nice as I would like but I had so little room in my wardrobe trunk. Orv has to fix up the automobile and then we will go back and take the toys. They are such nice children. The twins have grown a lot. The little “bullet head”, as I always called him, is at an orphanage at Peterborough.

We went fishing yesterday afternoon. The fish are pretty scarce and small. We got three, just about the limit to keep. They are alive. We'll have them tomorrow.

I thought if I got a letter ready I might have a chance to mail it at Whalen's, if we go up past there today. There is a P.O. there. I never thought of it before.

Sunday afternoon – I was interrupted there, dear. We went down to take the toys to the children. Then I made the cottage cheese and got dinner (with Orv helping). We had boiled meat, noodle soup and apple sauce. I was pretty tired by the time I got the dishes washed, so I lay down for a while. I guess I had a little nap but not long. Then I got up and wrote two lines on this page when Orv came to see if I was going swimming. I was, and I just got dressed. I think we will go for a long boat ride. It is a beautiful evening. I wish you were here, dear, to go with us. Didn't we have lovely rides when you were here last year? We never went out so much – Orv seemed determined to show you the Bay! I do with you were here, dear. I wish it every day. We can talk ever thing over when you come. Oh – I wish it were all over and I was (were?) with you, dear. Goodbye. I'll try to mail this at Whalen's. A very special kiss.

Your
Katharine