

Home

Monday afternoon [undated #45; probably
8 Nov 1926]

You didn't say anything in your letter that called for any "contriteness" on your part, dear. I got the telegram an hour or so before the letter and I dreaded to get the letter because I thought maybe you had got to the end of your endurance and patience and had said some plain things that are true but would be hard to hear from you, dear. xxx

What you say is true, dear, and I recognize it—that what was right a year ago isn't right now. Oh, I do know that, dear. I told you I couldn't fail now and endure myself. I know that my obligations have been modified, dear. We must go on, for every reason. The only thing is how to do it. I am so afraid I will break down. I am so proud, dear, I don't want any one to know how I feel. I can't see myself carrying off any thing without Orv. Oh, Harry, dear, the years and years and everything together so long, dear. But I mustn't think of that now. What hurts me, dear, is the thought of Orv's desolate feeling that I am responsible for. I have seemed to collect more responsibility than I can carry, dear. xxx

I won't come now, dear. It will be better later. I couldn't come now. But I will try to get my feelings under better control and then I'll come. If Lou goes back home before very long, couldn't she come with me to your house, dear? We wouldn't be there long and it would be so much better than staying with strangers. Lou would be busy in Kansas City and we could go our own way. She is nice that way. You didn't write any thing that hurt me, dear. I was expecting something sharp and stern and was so relieved when the letter came. You are so good to me, dear. I don't deserve it. I have been pretty poor in the pinch and I know it. I am so ashamed and so sick over it. This is a queer way to get married, isn't it? Well, it is mostly because I am too old. It really was too late for me, dear. I have such a terrible feeling of leaving you to the hard things all by yourself. I can't tell you, dear, but it is so different from what I want to do for you. xxx

How stupid of me to address Winifred's letter wrong! I am losing my mind I guess. Goodbye, dear. I do love you.

Your

Katharine