

8-12-1924

Letter, August 12, 1924, Katharine Wright to Harry [Henry J. Haskell]

Katharine Wright Haskell

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[12 AUG 1924 1/1A]

Lambert Island

Peabury Ontario, August 12, 1924.

Dear Harry;

I haven't half answered any of your letters lately. I never thought of so many things to say to you and I never was lazier about getting them down!

About your friend Col. Logan. I certainly have been noticing what an important part he has been playing in the Reparations Conference and I had thought how pleased you would be. We owe him something, too, for he has helped to send up the price of "pounds sterling" and we were still hanging on to our money from England in the hope that a pound would be worth more than $\frac{76}{4} \frac{30}{100}$ which is what it was when the money came.

It was $\frac{76}{4} \frac{30}{100}$ in Toronto last Friday and nearly

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as high in New York. Of course, we can't get within five or six cents of that. The bank has some remarkable ideas about ^{its} ~~their~~ rights to poach on every cent that goes through it, though they have had one commissin already.

I read your editorial on Col. Logan - also the Kansas City Traveler

I have observed myself that the old ^{and} things that have given the human race happiness and satisfaction in the past still are the things that give happiness and satisfaction to us. I do not expect any thing else - except in degree and in modified form perhaps. All these brand new discoveries of our intellectuals don't make much impressin on me. Some conventins are silly and some unimportant - but many are just the crystalizing of ages of experience and my opinion is that in no place is this more true than in the sensible conventins in the relations between men

the article on Dr. Richardson which I thought might be yours - though it didn't sound just like you -

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and women. The general conduct of our clever
"intellectuals" seem to point that way to me. I don't
want to live in their kind of a world. I know that.
I've always lived with people who feel some obligation
to keep their word and I prefer to trust such people.
I don't care much for such as can't make up their
minds to anything that will stand against a passing
whim. I'm getting a little vague maybe but you
"know what I mean". It just seems to me that
that a good deal of the rebellion against convention-
alities along that line is just a desire to be
perfectly selfish at any expense to others. I was
very much interested in Dorothy Canfield's little
comment on "Marriage" in your last Sunday's
paper. She always hits the nail on the head. She
is your substantial kind who is broad-minded,
it seems to me, but has some good principles.
I didn't know you were brewing

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up some kind of a mixture on my "seeb," you
will have a chance to see what kind of ideas
you've got. I hope they're not much like
Mencken's.

It is hard time to find enough
hours in the day to do all I want to do up
here. I never take a nap here - a thing which
I must do at home or be a wreck the rest
of the day and evening. I don't get tired in the
same way up here. Today has been a busy
day. Arose at eight - or rather sat down to
breakfast at eight. After breakfast put my
room and Orvi in order. Went with Orv for
the milk - which takes about half an hour.
Put my laundry through the last rinse water
and hung it up, the rest of the work having
been done yesterday. Helped Orv make a landing
net and then went fishing with him until

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Dinner time, about one o'clock. After dinner, wrote a letter to Lou Warner, (enclosing that ridiculous thing ^{from [?]}) started this letter and then was summoned for an exploring trip to Ship Island for blue berries. No luck.

Came home, got our fishing outfit and went out again, O.N. fishing, K.N. steering the boat into the good fishing hole. Got the best bass of the summer, 15+ inches. Fished until five-thirty.

Came in tired as a dog. Freshened up a bit before supper. After supper, went out to see a glorious sunset after a storm and then settled down to finish up this letter.

It rains nearly every day but I don't mind it. I like any kind of weather but hot weather and we haven't had any uncomfortable heat this whole summer. After the rains the air is so clear and the sky so blue it almost hurts! You would like it here for a

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while, I am sure, and you must plan to come whenever you want to.

I am so glad you and Henry are having a comfortable summer together. I hope you party with "Pink" and the women who smoked went off well and that Ollie wasn't too much shocked. Does Henry smoke? Did you have anything to liven up "Pink"? No "sporty" thing you could do could surprise me now!

Edwards is having so much fun with the camera we gave him for his birthday. He has a good picture of the houses on Lambert but we haven't any prints now. I'll send one soon. This print I am sending shows us at Francis'. The old man is nearly eighty-three years old and has built this house all by himself in the last three or four years. They had a fire

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five or six years ago and almost nothing was saved. Mrs. France had had heart trouble before but was a complete invalid afterwards and died three years ago. George France, the son, is the one pointing out some flowers to us. He is our caretaker, looks after the boats and meets us and takes us to Pen-tang. The old man is a character. He is a Yorkshireman, full of sentiment and natural refinement and imagine his spirit! Building a big house all by himself at eighty years of age and more. Just wait till we get the pictures of the children where we go for milk! They are the nicest children. There is one little girl of nine who is my favorite - unless the twins are. They are four and too comical for words.

I am sure you will get on after Henry goes. Your book will be absorbing and you can have friends in when you want them. I am

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sure I'd rather try it alone unless I were
very sure of a companion. I can give an
awful lot of advice, n'est ce pas?

As always -

Katharine

