

Hawthorn Hill
Oakwood
Dayton, Ohio

October 31, 1924

Dear Harry:

Your letter yesterday made me feel very happy. I can see that Ollie not only “means well” but can do what you need. I am so glad you can get some use of your house. It would be a shame to keep up the house and then have some cranky person there who couldn’t adapt herself to your requirements. And it was very nice that your dinner went off so well. I can imagine how Mr. Kirkwood would eat eight biscuits. I’ll bet the poor man never gets them at home! I’ll never forget the time Harold McCormick and John McCutcheon were at our house, on Hawthorn Street. Mr. McCormick ate and ate biscuits, apologizing that he hadn’t had one for ages! I don’t suppose “Edith” or “Ganna” knew how to make them.

That was a good story about Medill McCormick being mistaken for Harold McCormick and the jeweler’s “come back.”

We roared over Henry’s letter. Mrs. [Anne] McCormick was here at luncheon yesterday noon when I opened your letter so I read Henry’s out loud. We would all see that family as Henry pictured it. It was an awfully good letter. I am enclosing it in this.

No, sir, I haven’t had one word in reply to my inquiries about St. Joan. There is some jinx on it. Mr. McGuire, the Customs man at Penetang has always been the soul of courtesy and reliability—but he hasn’t answered my letter—the one time he has ever failed to do so! It is too ridiculous.

As always

Katharine