

Hawthorn Hill
Oakwood
Dayton . . Ohio

Thursday evening, Sept. 24, 1925

I wonder, dear, if you have the queer feeling I have, a feeling while I am with people and talking of other things of something in the background so comfortable and “warming”—if you know what I mean! It is your love, dear, that is around me all the time and keeps drifting into my consciousness. So this evening when Milton and Anne and their two little boys were here I kept having that feeling and now that they have gone I have come up to write to you. You see I’ll never get the Powers-Archer correspondence read if I spend all my time writing to you.

Before I go on with this I must tell you that I did read that editorial in the Star about the Society for the Prevention of War, with its fifteen vice presidents, fifteen secretaries of various subjects and so on—which appealed to you, “Dear Friend” to urge Congress to join the World Court but to which you had to reply, No, Dear Friends, if you with all that letterhead and the rubber stamp signature of the executive secretary can’t stop war the world will have to fight it out. That certainly is one of the best whacks at those everlasting societies I’ve ever seen. I read the editorial aloud to Orv when I could control my mirth and he roared, too. If that was Pink’s tell him it was a straight shot.

And before I forget this, too, did you get any of the election stuff for Grove Patterson? Orv got a lot of it, some, at least, pretending to be [a] 1910 reunion report, with this Patterson stuff run in on the side. I think it is all right to work for this candidate or that but I don’t like George Vradenburg, of Toledo, and I am sorry Grove Patterson is letting him run a campaign for him. It makes me wary of Grove Patterson. I must say I don’t much blame the younger alumni for wanting some representatives on the Board of Trustees. If you could see that line-up around the table, half of them old men, the other half as old or older than me, and all just rubber stamping what is laid out beforehand by the Administration. This circular urging Grove Patterson’s election says there is only one man on the Board of a class later than ’98—Joel Hayden, of course. Well, I think Joel Hayden is a good man on the Board, if he did beat me by four votes! But what amuses me about this younger bunch (Vradenburg and Vrooman. It seems to run to V’s!) is that they don’t consider a woman from the “younger generation.” Not at all. I hope Mary Millikan will be elected because she is a woman and has good sense. But it wouldn’t have been a bad idea to put up a younger woman. I think the Board will elect Mrs. Millikan if she is not elected by the Alumni. There is Dr. Warner’s place to be filled, you know. And I haven’t said anything about Whiting Williams, though I was interested in your idea of having him at your house. He has grown into a very attractive man, I think. I like him though I am beginning to feel now that his chief interest is in talking and writing, not in the thing itself, of which he talks and writes. He has become “professional” in his interest in the problems of the laborer it seems to me. But he makes a fine talk, I think, and I like him genuinely. I am glad you will see him and talk to him. Maybe he can tell you more of what Dr. Powers is going to do about the Bureau. Frannie writes that she and Louis had a

rather difficult time together but that they do not blame Dr. Powers and I think she said he was not too unreasonable. They feel that he has a real grievance.

And now, dear, having disposed of a few of the things I wanted to tell you, I'll come back to our really interesting subject. I'd kiss you just to make a good start, if I could. This afternoon I read over all your letters, from the one where you said that "what with Henry wondering about Wichita and Katharine wondering about other things" you were reduced to a wreck and that it was only by God's mercy that there was any editorial in the paper at all. Then you signed "With love, Harry" and below begged me not to be cross with you for you hadn't slept for a week and couldn't stand it. I read all, down to the time I went to the Bay. Oh, Harry, dear, my darling, darling boy. I can't keep the tears back when I read those dear letters, so like you. All the things in you that I love so and admire so much come out in those letters but they are heart-breaking to me. You were so appealing but you didn't want to urge me into anything that might make me unhappy. It was so sweet, dear, so unselfish and I felt that you were so desperate, almost, in your love for me. I didn't deserve so much love. But your dear way of wanting me to love you so much and still your willingness to do without it though that hurt you so. Oh, Harry, dear. No woman ever could be loved in a finer way than you love me. It does just break my heart to think of those days for you. If you had been less unselfish and more self-asserting I could stand it better, dear. I can see that that is what drove me nearly wild, at the time. I wanted to comfort you and I had to be sure of what I felt. There was no time to be quiet and calm. And you kept coming on with those dear letters and I felt as if I couldn't leave you "comfortless" but I hadn't thought of our loving each other. It was a wild time for me, dear. There was so much for me to think about—besides how I felt about you, which alone would have upset me enough. You were so dear to me and I had thought so much of you for so long and had wanted so much to get between you and what troubled and hurt you. And here you were so upset and I was doing nothing but make it worse for you. Oh, my dearest, dearest love, I can't ever tell you how I longed to be free to tell you and be sure I could tell you that I loved you. I don't know what that feeling was but it seemed to me it was the same feeling I had been having of wanting to comfort you when I hadn't any thought of your loving me. I was so afraid it was just sympathy. Well, dearest, I won't go over that any more now. It disturbs me so and I am so sure now I love you that we won't worry over anything else now. You love me so exquisitely, dear. I want to tell you how deeply satisfied I am but I can't. It is some way beyond words. I can't ever be up to you, dear, not in any way. You are so good. You are. You are. And I am so proud of your ability as well as of your character. I noticed a little thing that I am sure you never thought of, the night William Allen White and Mr. Stout were at your house. Mr. White said something about the Parthenon or Pantheon and wasn't sure which was in Athens. Both he and Mr. Stout looked at you as if you were the one who could be sure to know about things like that. Of course, you know about so simple a thing as that but it didn't seem so simple to them. I saw all that, dear. It struck me as a little pathetic, too. But their deference to you was so genuine and quick. One thing makes our whole situation so much less hard for me than it could be. Orv has about the same opinion of your character and ability that I have. There never could be any question of disapproval of you, in any way, dear—Orv has perfect confidence in you. I couldn't say that of many people, honestly. He is very critical but so quick to see genuineness and fine traits. Oh, my dear, I

don't know why I want so very much tonight to tell you all the dear, lovely thoughts I have of you but I am just possessed to pour out on you all the love that makes my heart so warm and happy. If we could only be together once in a while, all alone, dear, as we were at the Bay when Orv was off on a fishing bee. I want you with me tonight and I want to love you and have you love me and I want to tell you about it and have you tell me about it. Silly, am I not? We'll love each other enough now to make up for everything, won't we? Maybe, some day, Orv could live with us and then I'd not have a trouble in the world. He won't want to now but if he shouldn't be well, I could take care of him.

Fred Kelly had some nice, appreciative stuff in the Tribune-Herald, or whatever it is. Earl Findlay sent it. I believe Orv intends to get to work on the book. We have been talking about it. How do you suppose it happens, dear, that I should have the luck to be so close to two such men as you and Orv? Life has been interesting to me and it has been happy, in spite of much grief and many hard things to bear. I have never been bored. I chose a lucky family for my own, didn't I? And we chose a lucky college to go to, didn't we? Mr. Stetson said something that I didn't understand at the time but I believe I do now. When we were talking this June he said he thought you were attached to him perhaps mainly because he represented the old Oberlin to you. I believe now he meant to include me in that, in a way. That was the morning, dear, when your Unsent Letter (having been "sent") was in my pocketbook! I can be calm as a summer sea when I get stirred up enough! It has to be a good deal to produce that effect. Your sister was there for a while, too. One might have thought she knew of your feeling about me. She was so specially friendly and nice to me. It was dear of Henry to be in for coming to Emporia if Orv and I were there. But I feel sure Orv oughtn't to come, dear. Traveling is so unsafe for him and maybe we can get started on the book if we don't get other things started. I want to see you so much—never wanted that very thing so much as I do now—but I'll never have a chance to see you alone for a moment, without arousing curiosity and we don't want that now, not until we tell Orv. Things must be favorable for Orv if he is to get that done and it simply must be done now. I don't want Lou or the Suttons, especially, to have any reason to think there is any thing special between us, different from what it has been. We can always be alone some when you come here. I can manage that. I must stop and to go bed. I'm just wound up tonight. I love you, dear. Maybe I can slip this in Special for Saturday night. The sweetest kiss, dear.

Your

Katharine