

Hawthorn Hill
Oakwood
Dayton . . Ohio

October 2, 1925

Yes, dear, please get some flowers for me to send to Mrs. Sutton. And I'm going to write to her today. I have no idea whether flowers cost more or less in K.C. than in Dayton. I'd like a very nice small basket of choice flowers. Roses are always nice but if dahlias are choice or chrysanthemums, the small ones, they would be nice. Or if you have a florist who is an artist (like our Mr. Horlacher) let him say what shall go in. I am enclosing a check for ten dollars. If you can't get something nice for that let me know. I'd just as soon not have a large basket, but make it nice, dear, for me. I've had lots of experience with flowers in a sick room and I have been grateful for small things, when they are very nice. I had a letter from Doctor Dick this morning. I wrote to him—a little note—when I heard about the operation to be performed. Now I'll write to "Mother."

I saw Cesare's article on Foulois. I understand that Curtiss allusion. It is because of the fast Curtiss racing machines. They do build the best racing machines, I think. That didn't bother me.

And I have told you we are both going to the [New York] Air Races [at Mitchell Field, Long Island]. We declined the invitation to stay at the Davison house but we are going there to dinner on Thursday night. Orv declined that invitation because there is a meeting of the Contest Committee called for that night and he is chairman. But this noon, he brought home a letter from Harry P. Davison, saying the dinner would be "no success, at all" without Orv and begging him to reconsider and come. He says he can get Orv back for his committee meeting by ten o'clock and so we are going, after all. This young Davison writes charming, unconventional letters. We will be at the Pennsylvania Hotel and you must write to there at least once. Save up several letters as you did at the Bay. I love your letters so, dear. We'll leave here Tuesday afternoon (I could get a letter Tuesday morning, you know!) and arrive home on Monday morning (and I wouldn't mind finding one here when I get back. That's a part of the comfortable feeling, dear—always a lovely letter waiting for me.) The Pennsylvania is the headquarters. That's why we are going there.

Oh, about your glasses, dear. I am sorry you have to wear them all the time. It is an awful nuisance when you have to have the two different lenses. I'll have to come to bifocals I suppose but I dread it so. Dr. Jameson thinks one should not wear bifocals in nose glasses. It is very hard to keep them just straight and I think that makes a great difference with bifocals, more than the ordinary lens, and I find it bad when mine aren't on straight. I spend my time now running around looking for my reading glasses. It is a grand nuisance—anyway you do, I think. I never minded wearing spectacles at all, until this second complication came in. Yes, I do sympathize with you, dear, and I'd kiss you to make up for your trouble, if I could.

I wouldn't be too meek about not minding me on voting for Alumni Trustee. It's a bad idea to let me get the notion I know so much! You know as much as I do or more about what we want on that Board of Trustees. But Mary Millikan would make a good trustee, I think. My only objection to her is her extreme sentimentalism. She is really a beautiful woman in every way—a very accomplished speaker, too.

I'll finish this tonight (after we get home from the dinner) or tomorrow morning. Then you will get it Monday morning. I haven't got the picture yet. Miss Reece is enough to drive anyone crazy. She has no business at all about her.

Friday night. We are home from the dinner—almost half past eleven. It takes more than half an hour to drive in from the Field. It is to be called Wright Field now. We had a pleasant evening with Major and Mrs. Robbins and Col. and Mrs. Walton. Col Walton is moving McCook Field to Wright Field. He expects to be nearly four years doing it. That means moving and building the new field. Col Walton looks like a competent man. Longworth, Fear and some other "Honorable" are to be here next Tuesday for a luncheon the Chamber of Commerce is giving. Orv will go to the luncheon and then come to the train.

About the Universe, dear. The reassuring thing is how human ideals do persist and how much happiness there is in letting material benefits go by for the sake of sticking to the ideals. Maybe the Universe "harmonizes" as well with selfishness as with unselfishness. But we have a chance to choose—to some extent—from the things life offers and there is an amazing amount of good choices that give happiness, too. Maybe I'm thinking now about you more than the Universe and thinking how idealistic you are and how good! Even if you do fib a bit now and then. That is done, now and then, by the best of men. But you certainly do run down quickly if you can't get to Cleveland or Oberlin or Dayton on some plausible excuse! I am surprised that once is the extent of your resources. I am, indeed. But I'm afraid, dear, you aren't a very gifted liar! Well, everyone has some weak spots. That's surely one of yours.

Yes, dear, you may think of me as thinking of you "sometimes"—a good many times, I should say. I'm glad you like to know I love you, too, for I do love you, dear, very very much—oh, so much. I can't get you loved enough, if you know what I mean.

Louis Lord's book came this afternoon—his Aristophanes. The inscription looks as if it had been written by an illiterate and a schoolboy combined. It is so perfectly "jay." I'll have to take Louis in hand and teach him how to write a decent hand before I make him President of Oberlin!! I really can't see any excuse for such writing. I suppose I must read the book. And I have forgotten all about Aristophanes, too. The book looks instructive.

I saw your editorial on T.R. and his opinion of Wanamaker so joyously expressed.

I had a very nice letter from Lou Warner today. He expects to be at the Trustee Meeting and proposes that we stay over for the foot-ball game next day. He says, "Don't promise

to go with anyone else.” You’d better come yourself if you don’t want me to go to the game with someone else! Only there isn’t any game, dear, the day after Trustee Meeting. The team plays Miami at Oxford that day. Sad. Orv and I are going up for a game some time this fall. Goodnight, my darling boy. I’d kiss you if I could and I’d put my arms around you and I’d keep everything from hurting you. And I’d want you to kiss me and put your arms around me and keep everything from hurting me! I love you a good deal. I’m sure it’s “a good deal.” Goodnight, dear. I’ll have a look at your picture and then I’ll go to sleep. Oh dear, you look so grand and imposing. I’m almost scared to be proposing to kiss you. Awful scared, truly.

Saturday morning. Your letters of Wednesday night and Thursday morning have just come. We saw that Frank Walsh editorial and I read it aloud to Orv. He was just convulsed and wasn’t it funny about the Aldous Huxley review? Now I have to run and do a lot of errands—get your picture for one thing! If I can find a frame to suit me, I’ll put the picture in. Otherwise I’ll let you pull the hatted one out of the dull gold frame and put this hazy one in! Goodbye dearest. You probably won’t get a letter Tuesday morning. I can’t get a chance to mail a letter on Sunday usually. A very sweet kiss, my darling boy.

Your

Katharine

So glad Mrs. Sutton is coming on all right. Spend more than the ten for flowers if you see what you want and it is more.