

Home

Tuesday night

Now I know, dear, one of the things I started to tell you this morning and then found I had forgotten it. It isn't much but I saw Mrs. Hemingway in Oberlin Sunday. She and her son were there and they had all the Hemingway connections at the table at the Hotel. So I was told. I didn't know any of them. I took Frannie and Priscilla to the Hotel for dinner. I told you, I think, that I couldn't have dinner at the Faculty Club. All the places were taken. And I couldn't get a room because there was no one in charge when I stopped there. So I staid with Frannie. I must say I don't get much for my membership there. I don't care especially, though. I have loaned them \$250.00 and I think I won't add any thing to that, though they are begging for more. They spent more than they expected to, of course. I could have told them they would, if they had asked me! I won't invest any more there.

What would you do, if you had to vote on Dr. Millikan for President? It puts a new face on the situation since we hear that he might accept. I think I'd vote for him, unless some one can give some convincing proof that he is not agreeable to get along with. I can easily imagine he would be fairly well pleased with himself and have a good deal of confidence in his own judgment but there would be some basis for his feeling – whereas I'm afraid we'll get some one who has the same feeling without the ability. It is hard to know what to do. The committee is not enthusiastic. They speak of his age as against him and all sorts of things. But I doubt if any one would turn down the chance to get him, without a lot of uneasiness. He would bring so much prestige to the college. And, in his case, the fact that his term would be not very long might not be a disadvantage. He would appeal to boys, too, which seems to be one of our greatest needs. I would think a long time before I turned down a chance to get him if we could.

I don't know, dear, how I am ever going to get this home arranged for. If Edwards comes, we will do pretty well but I don't have any thing in sight otherwise. Oh, Harry, dear, it is almost too much for me. I think I should never have tried it for you see I have half broken down and I am making it hard for every one else, too. I wasn't free, dear. No, I wasn't, no matter how you look at it. There are years ahead to be thought of. But I love you, dear, and I can't leave you alone either. I mustn't talk about it.

The yard is in great commotion, curbing going in for the drive and all sorts of other little things that Orv is directing. We have our old Bill back. He does more work in an hour than most of the men do in half a day. He is doing odd jobs, under Orv's direction, while the drive is being made.

I am glad you had the Chamberlins and enjoyed them so much. And what do you hear from Henry? Is he comfortably settled at all? Yes, dear, we'll surely have Henry come up and spend all the time he can get away when we are in New York. He will enjoy that more than our visiting him in Baltimore – unless you refer to be in Washington. But we'll not leave Henry out.

Maybe we could chaperone Amey– unless they scorn chaperonage and don't want the visit that way. I go a little slow in suggesting what I think would be nice for young people. Well, we'll see about that. But dear, I don't see even now how I can get away – I will, of course. In the back of my mind is a terrible specter all the time, dear. I can't help it. It seems impossible to make plans and talk drives me frantic. It is unreasonable and not right, I suppose. But I didn't quite fore see how I can't bear [all] the way I am tearing up every thing. You know, dear, you used to say you hadn't quite realized how much we live in the future until you came up against having no future to look forward to. So it is with every thought of Orv. I have done just about my best, dear. It hasn't been very good. But I always pick up and go on after I break down like this. I must.

I do hope St. Louis wins the World's Series. And Anne has an article in this last Sunday's Times and one is announced for the Magazine for next Sunday. Goodbye, dear, and a sweet kiss. Goodbye. Goodbye, dear.

Your

Katharine