

Hawthorn Hill  
Oakwood  
Dayton . . Ohio

Monday morning, October 19, 1925

Harry, dear, you mustn't be so sweet to me. I can't bear it, hardly. And I don't know whether I can talk to you now. You know how I couldn't say anything sometimes, at the Bay. I've just read your Friday night letter. Well, I can't say anything now so I'll tell you the "news." Griff came yesterday morning. When we heard his program we gave up all idea of going to Baltimore by motor. It is too long a ride for the time we could have. So, now Griff is going tonight at half past eight to Washington. He has some patent business to attend to there and will be busy a day or two. About Thursday he will go on to Baltimore to join the British contestants for the Schneider Cup. The endurance test is for Friday. No plane can go into the race Saturday—which hasn't a certain amount of sea worthiness. I don't know just what the requirements are. But Griff wants to be there for that. Orv has to go to the Advisory Committee meeting for Thursday. Then he will go on to Baltimore and join Griff. I won't go at all unless I feel a lot better than I have been feeling. The glands in my throat are very much swollen (better today) and I am as deaf as a post. Besides I feel good-for-nothing. I'm no traveler, dear. I am so sorry. I always get so tired right away that I am not myself—always so stupid—can't get the plainest things through my thick head. And I can't enjoy anything or remember anything as I should. But I'd like to go to spend Friday and Saturday with Orv and Griff in Baltimore. And Stef sent word that if we were going to be there he would join us and make it a real party. I'd like to do it for Griff's sake. He comes so far to see us and makes a real effort to do it. Orv and Griff are natural together now. I am so glad. There are so few close friends. It is a calamity to lose one. Stef met Griff at the boat and did everything he could for him until time for Griff's train to Washington. We all have the impression that Stef is a little subdued. It will be good for him. What a man he could be and what a narrow miss of being a really great man! I never get over my disappointment in him.

So if I go at all, it will not be before Thursday afternoon, but probably not at all.

Carrie's father had a slight stroke on Saturday afternoon. Of course, she is the main dependence in her family, as she is here—only they impose on her and never try to do anything for her. We do try to do something in return. I almost had to have her while Griff is here. I would have managed without her, though, only I knew she would have an even harder time if she staid at her father's all the time. There is never any rest or peace for Carrie, it seems to me. In four months she has been here only three weeks (and has been paid all the time—\$18.00 a week) but she hasn't had much rest. Her family are always hanging on her and worrying her. I want her to take care of her father for this is something that can't be helped but usually it is some imposition and I do object to that, for her sake.

Didn't you tell me, dear, a long time ago that Hoover was to be in K.C. on the 19th? That is today and I am so glad you are in on all those interesting occasions. And I am glad Mrs. Kirkwood likes your description of her father. It is really a fine picture you have drawn of a fine man. I am glad she sees it so. A funny case of my funny memory. When you were telling me in your letter a few days ago about Mr. Nelson's will—a propos of

Mr. Wehrly's yarns—something came back to me that I heard many years ago (I thought from Mr. Stetson but of course, not) that Mr. Nelson left you \$50,000.00! I know I used to think that was so but some way the idea had got out of my head entirely. The yarns that do spring up out of nothing and travel a long distance!

So you really think that you want me with you, do you, and you are willing to marry me and you make me a definite offer do you? Well, I'll take you up on it—but I've always understood that women had certain rights about changing their minds. I hope the Court will take that view if I ever want to go back on my word. But maybe I won't want to back out and maybe I'll hold you to your promise. But I haven't asked you yet if you will marry me if I say "Yes." Will you, dear? I've got just an idea about something. I wonder if you would like to have President King marry us? Would you, dear? I wouldn't be unhappy if you had some one else you'd rather have but I'd love to have someone from Oberlin and from the old days. But that can wait. I am always running off from myself, dear. I get away ahead of where I can be, if you know what I mean. I'm not afraid I will feel strange with you, dear. I am not afraid of anything with you. You are so unselfish with me, so gentle and considerate and so sweet with me, dear. I know you love me "all the ways there are," and I love you all the ways there are, too, my darling. And I know we are safe—both of us—each safe with the other. I wish I were stronger, dear. I could be so much nearer what you think I am—if I had more endurance. You see I have only a few really good hours each day—at the best. You don't know, dear, how stupid and trying I can be! I leave such obvious things out of account—can't understand it afterwards myself. I hope Ollie will be more responsible than I am—in some ways around the house. I was not ever thus! I think sometimes, dear, that maybe I won't be quite so nervous with you as with Orv. We are so much alike and I know so quickly when anything worries him but the trouble is the same thing worries me so I can't always conceal it from him.

What I hope, dear, is that your stormy times are all past—that you won't have many more serious worries and that when the inevitable ones come we can help each other so much that the troubles won't seem intolerable. I want to be so much to you, dear. I want you to be so much to me. But we won't leave Henry and Orv out. And I love Lorin so too. He was so dear to me when I was a little girl and mother couldn't do things for me. He brushed and braided my hair for me and saw that I was all right to go off to school. But we'll love each other so much that we can take in all our loved ones, can't we, dear. Of course, Orv is different from everyone else but you—dear. And Henry is different from everyone but me.

About your vidders and such. I have to laugh at your predicaments. But I don't believe any of those queer situations is so serious as the one you were getting into but didn't know it. Nothing like putting 'em to sleep gently! I do hope, though, I haven't made it hard for you about Miss Farmer, by talking about it until you feel uncomfortable about her and don't know what to do about it. Do you mean that the Fricks don't invite you out together any more or have you been having excuses? Maybe Miss Farmer herself saw that her protest against what she had heard Mrs. Lincoln had said didn't move you to indignation as it had order. But I'm sorry, I being the lady friend referred to, that I have made you a problem. From your being so rabid on vidders and so trustful of others. I suspected, you know, that—well, you do know what I suspected and I don't have to tell it again. Harry, my darling, darling Harry, we do love each other so gently and so wildly and so every way, don't we? We'll be together some day, dear. It breaks my heart, dear,

to have you alone. But we'll do the best we can, won't we? Goodbye, dear. A very sweet kiss—one that makes funny feelings go all through you, my darling boy!

Your

Katharine