

Hawthorn Hill
Oakwood
Dayton . . Ohio

Tuesday morning, October 20, 1925

You are so sweet with me, dear. I can't quite get used to it—can't quite realize what you say sometimes. Harry, dear, where did you keep all that feeling in the old days at Oberlin that I never suspected any one could ever stir you up so. I got your Sunday letter today. So you like a letter on Sunday? But you see, dear, I get perfectly stumped trying to tell you how much I love you and how and why. I can't tell you. Sometimes I can say a few things and then again I can't say anything, hardly. The only way for me is to go ahead and write about other things for a while.

It was so dear of you to tell me so much about the bifocals that you found comfortable. I shall have to come to them before long, I see. Wearing glasses was no trouble at all until I had to have different ones for reading. They never bothered me much at all before. I have worn them since I was eleven years old. My nice cousin Emma is the one who discovered that I was near-sighted. She was, herself. But just now my hearing is more on the bum than my seeing. I have a cold and it seems to be rather common just now for it to settle in the Eustachian tubes (I am too lazy to look up that word. I hope it's spelled all right!) and I have been as deaf as a post. My hearing is never any too good. But I am much better than yesterday. I didn't hear anything Griff said hardly. He has a very low voice you know, so sweet and musical, but I couldn't enjoy it this time. I couldn't hear when he looked right at me half the time and I missed it all when the conversation was general. Griff left last night for Washington. Orv goes tomorrow and will join Griff Thursday morning at the Raleigh. Orv will be busy Thursday afternoon and then he and Griff will be together until Saturday night when Orv is coming back. He has to give some testimony for the Government in a suit over patents—some ridiculous thing, some one claiming the Penaud tail, and a lot of things. But the Government has to go through the suit just as if there were something in it. So Tuesday the lawyers will be here. Did I tell you that Stef said he would come to Baltimore if we were to be there? I don't think he will come for he never does anything he says he will. But Griff telegraphed him that Orv was coming.

I told you, didn't I, that Carrie's father had a stroke last Saturday. Of course, all the burden falls on Carrie. She has not been here at all today. We lived out of the ice-box. There was all kinds of stuff left from Carrie's getting things for Griff. Orv eats so little (when he isn't at the Bay!) and we had a nice lunch and a good dinner with almost no work. She said she'd be here tomorrow. We have engaged a new woman who is to come tomorrow. She is a "middle-aged widow" (horrors! She'll be after Orv!) i.e. she says she is "middle-aged." I'd call it late middle-age at least. She is from Sidney—never worked out before but her husband died and she had nothing but the house—no income. It is an experiment. I hope she'll do—and that she will be a nice person for Carrie to associate with. The white girls that work out are a doubtful lot. The last one we had, Margaret, died here at our house, two years ago last Spring. I had suspicions that she took something to put her to sleep. It was very queer. And, of course, there was a man in the case. Margaret was nearly fifty, too. She had told Carrie about her affairs and later a man called up and was terribly shocked to hear she was dead. It seems he had been putting her off on the

ground that he had to take care of his mother and Margaret had found out that his mother had died and that he had had some one else there to take care of her. I think she thought that meant that he intended never to marry her and perhaps definitely intended to marry this other woman. Of course, he didn't intend to marry Margaret. But he was shocked all right when Carrie told him what had happened. Well, we had suspicions of the Mary we had before Margaret (they were friends) and I don't want any more of that kind. I'd rather worry with this woman who probably won't know how to do any thing to suit us and is most likely too old to learn. I'm not over optimistic over the prospect but we'll see how it comes out. I feel sure she is a nice woman.

You're not coming to Oberlin for the "Homecoming" on November 7th? Your sister doesn't need any settling up—or down? We were just talking it over tonight and Orv wants to go so we'll drive. If it turns out he doesn't want to go, I'll go by train and stay over for the Trustee meeting the next week. I can sponge around on my friends some and stay at the Faculty Club the rest of the time. Better come, dear, and get your sister's affairs untangled or see about the rotogravure for your magazine or whatever it was you did in Cleveland last June. No, dear, I'm afraid you never will blossom into a very gifted liar. Oh, my darling boy. That is just the very last thing in the world you could be. I would have known you loved me a lot—a very big lot—just by your getting up that little deception as to where you were going and why. It was pretty hard for you to carry through that thing. I just have to smile when I think of those people in K.C. who got so interested in those trains to Cleveland. Isn't that the way it always is when you don't care to have everyone know what you're doing, though what you are doing is not wrong! But you wanted to see me so much just then, didn't you, dear, that you would have done 'most anything to make it possible. You surprised me so, dear—with that do-it-or-die notion you had just then. You acted very much like a boy about nineteen. And then it was so like you, dear, to get "scared"! It was just your fine sensibilities that made you afraid I might not like you to kiss me or touch me. That is all so sweet to me, dear. I like to think of that. And still it breaks my heart to think of how you must have felt those two hours or more when you were wanting so much to say something and couldn't. Oh, my dear, dear, dear Harry! We'll make up for that, over and over and over. I'll never leave you comfortless like that again. I'll put my arms around you and love you and tell you I love you and I'll love everything away but just our love. I have never doubted that you loved me a very great deal, dear. I knew you did or you wouldn't have told me you did. Oh, my boy, you mean everything ideal and exquisitely fine to me and everything solid and substantial at the same time. And I love you so, Harry. I don't quite know what I'm going to do if I can't see you and all by ourselves too where we can express our feelings. I just wish you were coming this week when Orv is gone to Washington! I do wish that very wicked thing. But we can wait, can't we, darling? When we do get to the place where we can be together, how we will enjoy it. We won't know how to enjoy it enough, will we, dear? Just imagine your coming home from the office, dear. I'll be a little lonely, maybe, at first. And it will be so swell to have you come home. I'll be all "dressed up" for dinner sometimes and we'll have a pretty table and you'll "help me sit down," as Commander Calderara calls it when men pull out the chair and so on for the ladies. Let's always do lots of pretty little things for each other. I'll just love to have you show me little attentions, dear. I'll care for it so much more from you than I ever have from any one else. Now, I want you to take me in your arms, dear. My dear, darling Harry—and I want you to make me feel shivery—as you can make me, dear. No one else can. I like to have

you just shake your head at me when you can't say what you want to. I know just what that means, darling. I dive down and hide my head on your shoulder when I can't say how I love you but am just overwhelmed with it. I love to have you read your letters at home, dear. I always worried about your having to read them at the office. It is too much for you, dear. I want to get near you and I almost do when you read your letters at home. Oh yes, dear, the minutes of that dreadful trustee meeting came today. That will be a memorable trustee meeting for us, won't it, dear? It was fairly exciting and how awfully long it got that evening on our porch! Do you know, dear. I don't want to go to that awful hotel again. Really I have the most terrible idea of that room I had. It was so hot and ugly and noisy and it was with me all night nearly, as well as by day. I couldn't get away by going to sleep! And what shall I say to Mr. Stetson? Well, I'll wait and see what he says! And how can I be natural with your sister? The last time I saw her you hadn't told me yet that you loved me, you know. The letter was in my pocketbook!

I knew you'd squirm out of being called to task for saying "piece" all the time. Well, you just say "piece" all you please, my darling boy. And you'll have company on 'em! I say it all the time, too. I thought maybe I'd inspire you to get after me on that if I got after you. I love your little characteristic ways, dear. They don't annoy me, not even "piece"!!!! Here it is nearly eleven and I've spent two hours mostly telling you the surprising news—that I love you and want to kiss you and be kissed. I must go to bed. I may have to get breakfast. I'll have to do that all the time when I'm with you, won't I? Maybe I'll lie in bed and make you do all the work! That may make you able to think of something besides how precious I am and how much you love me! I'm teasing you very gently, dear, my dear, dear boy. I'd end it by kissing you again and again to show you I didn't mean any of it. We'll have to get over this sometime. It would really be dreadful if we didn't—but I don't want to get over it now. When we can be together we'll love each other even more but we'll be calm about it, I suppose. I don't know. But please don't quit kissing me so it gives me the funny little shivers and please always want me as you do now. I love it so, dear, and I want you, dear. I must go. Goodnight, dear. Hold me close.

Your

Katharine