

I've been pretty silly about you today, dear—two long letters!

Hawthorn Hill
Oakwood
Dayton . . Ohio

Saturday afternoon, October 24, 1925

Dearest: I've just come back from the Oakwood P.O. where I went to mail your letter so you'd get it Monday. It is foggy and I was kind of "skeert" but I got back safely enough. Now I'm starting another letter right away. Silly! It made me feel badly because you were disappointed and didn't get any letter Thursday night. I wonder why. Maybe I missed a day but I don't think so. Oh, yes, you got two on Wednesday night. That's what is the matter. And the reason I didn't tell you whether I was going East was because I didn't decide until Monday afternoon. Then I was sure I didn't want to go.

About the letters of two weeks ago—one mailed Sunday and one Monday—both coming Wednesday. I don't keep the envelopes, dear. I am sorry. I'll watch and keep the envelopes after this if the letter is delayed. I wish I could have been there to "baby" you and love you Thursday evening when you felt good-for-nothing. I would put my arms around you and be so tender and gentle with you when you are tired or a little let down. If any body ever deserved to be soothed and rested by loving sympathy, it is my boy. And I'd try so hard to make you feel better. I'd do any little thing to make you comfortable and then I'd love you, dear. That would make you feel better and happy, wouldn't it? I know it would because you love me so much, dear. Won't we have the loveliest times when we are together, my darling? I'll be so happy when it's time for you to come home. Once in a while I'll come down town and we'll have lunch together. Do you suppose I can drive in K.C.? If I can, I'll bring my car, of course. It's old but it hasn't been run fifteen thousand miles. Are you free on Saturday afternoons or is that a busy time with the paper? And do you always have to go back in the evening, dear? I don't mean I'll fuss about it. I just wondered. And do you always go down on Sunday mornings? You see I don't know what a newspaper requires. I'll learn, dear, and I'll be so interested in all you do.

It was so sweet dear for you to say you would do all you could to help me get settled in the new place. I know you will and I'll be happy.

I'm sure you told the Sons a lot of interesting things. I'd like to have been a mouse and listened in. There were no Daughters, were there?

I'm going to have dinner all by myself tonight and then I'm going to write a little more to you—if the spirit moves and it usually does—and then I'm going to finish up a book I've got started on. Some one must have loaned it to me. I can't remember how I got it! "In the Mountains" by an anonymous author—a woman surely—evidently an English woman who had lost most of her family in the War. I don't care much for it, but I guess I'll finish it.

Anne McCormick just called up. She said she hadn't been out to the house today at all. The plasterers are working and are nearly through. Such awful weather as we have had!

Rain nearly every day and dull every day—so unusual for October. It has made it so hard for the building over at the McCormicks. Ann has a cold, too. We went to a movie last night after dinner and it was so dreadfully hot and close. My cold got a little worse as the day wore on today. The house was not quite warm enough, I, being the stoker. But I mustn't let you know I know how to take care of fires. You might make me do it all the time while you lolled around in silk dressing gowns and such. I don't really know much about a furnace but I can usually make a fire burn anywhere. What was that in a letter very lately about that big stick? I can't find it now and I can't remember what you were threatening me with the big stick about. But surely, you wouldn't beat me and then make me take care of the fires. I believe you'd more likely kiss me, wouldn't you, dear?

Talk about jumping from one subject to another! I just got to thinking maybe you had all the furniture for the bedrooms and were talking only about rugs and window draperies and so on. I think it would be lots of fun to add just a little touch here and there, if you liked it. There it is again—want to cry but won't.

Have I told you about our plan for the Homecoming at Oberlin? I must have but it is more definite now. We have asked Frank and Anne to drive up with us. We'll go to Cleveland Friday night, November 6, let Anne and Frank see Anne's mother and we will see Leontine. Saturday morning we'll drive to Oberlin and spend the day there. See the game, have dinner at the Faculty Club and show the McCormicks the town. Oh, dearest, I wish you could be with us. That's the only trouble about K.C. It's so far away. We'll have the Lords, the Prof. unless relations are strained and Sue Zearing—unless ditto. But we'll have the Lords because they know the McCormicks. I want to show Anne and Frank our old haunts. Anne just discovered today that she has to make a talk before the Art Section when the S.W. Ohio Teachers Association meets here and that is Friday, November 6th. It is at two in the afternoon and she'll take a four o'clock train and meet us in Cleveland that night. Too bad she can't drive up with us. We'll stay in Oberlin Saturday night and drive home Sunday.

About Mrs. Hemingway and the gossip. I can't see why it should be so persistent. I could have seen why there might be some guessing in another case but this seems rather absurd and, I should think, very embarrassing for her. Mrs. Prince doesn't know you very well, does she, dear, but we didn't know you either in Oberlin days. I wouldn't say, dear, knowing you somewhat intimately now, that you were "impersonal." I might say you were rather foolish about the person you focused your attention on but I wouldn't say "impersonal." On the contrary, quite personal—don't you think? I'd like to see Mrs. H. I had some little correspondence with her once about the Oberlin campaign. Mr. [William F.] Bohn insisted that I try to get her for the K.C. chairmanship for women—no, I guess it was the district. Anyway I knew her father had just died and I felt that we oughtn't to be pressing her for any thing just then. I had a nice letter from her. Maybe it is in my files.

What about Roy Garvey? From reading the testimony in the paper (I mean the account of it) it looks too absurd to try to make him out crazy at just that moment but all right now. I don't suppose people often kill any one except when they are "crazy." What influence did he have to keep the trial postponed so long? Isn't it a circus about your K.C. bandits who got nabbed in Iowa and locked up? Must have surprised them!

You are home now I imagine, maybe eating your dinner. It's a quarter after six. Then you'll think about me a little while—maybe write some and then go back to the office. I hope you get my letter today.

When I told you just at that place I was called to the telephone. Oh, Harry, dear, you are so sweet to me—so everything that I want. I want you to want to hear my voice and I want to hear yours. I was so sprised. It was so lovely. I want to cry again! I'm just as silly as that. Only this time it's nothing but happiness and I'm so happy. Well, I'm out of words and nearly out of breath! I'll have my dinner now. Mrs. Murray is ready for me.

It wasn't much of a dinner, I'll say, but I got along all right. If I could get out in the kitchen myself I could get some simple things that are good. Never mind. I'm not worrying about food—not when I have my boy to think about. I'm going to be silly again, dear. It's all right, isn't it? You're sure you don't get tired of my long-winded letters saying less and less and getting longer and longer. But, dearest, I want to tell you again how I love you and how I want you, dear, so much. I wish I could tell you the nice things I feel about you. It's all so lovely, dear, and it wouldn't be silly to you. I love to think of how you look and how your voice sounds and what you would say to me if you were here or I were there and how you would look if you could hold me up close to you. It does make you seem near when I write as if I were talking to you. And I do need you, dear. And back of everything, I feel as if you were like a rock—so strong and so substantial and immovable and always “right there.” You don't know, dear, what utter confidence I have in you. It is so dear—so dear to be so heavenly safe with you. You certainly did set off something by that telephoning, dear. It makes me smile—kind of a moist smile—at myself. You won't think I'm too silly, will you, dear? I'm pretty much stirred up, you see, my darling boy, and it seems to me I just must see you and feel you. It will be so good when we can be together but that is almost too good ever to come true. I want to see you tonight, dear, and feel you so close to me and I want to tell you things that are way down deep in my heart. But I mustn't run on this way.

Wasn't it curious that I should hear from you that the Baltimore race was postponed? Our newsboy has been so irregular I do not get an evening paper. I doubt if Griff will come now but Orv will be home in the morning all right. And I'll be glad to see him too. Dear little brother. It's funny about love. Everybody knows the more you love the more you can love. I love you more because I love Bubbie so much and I guess I love Bubbie more now that I love you so much—so very much, my very dear. I can't imagine any woman having two more worthy men to love. I'm not envious of any one, dear. I love you both, just the way you are, best, funny little faults and all. I do feel sorry for the women who have coarse men to get along with. You and Orv are both so fine. Any one would say that about you two. And you are both so good to me and both of you love me so much. Oh, Harry, Harry, dear. I'm such a lucky woman and so happy. Goodnight, dear. I must stop. I'm sending this to the box because I sent this one to the office today. I had forgotten that. You will take it home and read it where I can be with you, dear.

Your

Katharine