

Hawthorn Hill
Oakwood
Dayton . . Ohio

Sunday evening, October 25, 1925

Orv came home this morning, dear—or rather it was nearly noon, for his train was two hours and a half late. Griff will not come tomorrow but will come later in the week. Orv has told him he would get to work on setting up the 1903 machine, preparatory to packing it up to go to England. I am glad Griff is bringing that to a head. As soon as that machine is off I'm going to see what can be done toward getting the writing started.

Walcott was not at the Advisory Committee meeting. It was explained that he has not been well—lost 17 pounds (you know a little about that, don't you, dear?) and had caught a cold. He has not been at a meeting since the outbreak in the spring. Orv says Dr. [George] Lewis, the technical man who directs the work for the Committee, has been especially nice to him lately. Of course he says nothing. He wouldn't dare to, but when we were at the Air Board hearing, Dr. Lewis came hurrying up and drove us to the White House. I believe it means that he wants Orv to know what he thinks of the Langley affair but can't say anything. Orv says Dr. [Joseph] Ames came over to the door to meet him when he came into the room the other day. So you see you can't always tell what is back of profuse attentions! I should think Ames and Taylor would be ashamed of the silly proposal they made for the label. It is silly—no matter what the facts are. No other exhibit has such a thing as “in the opinion of many competent to judge.” If that label, as they proposed, does go on, it will never stay there.

Stef did show up in Baltimore Saturday morning—late, of course. He overslept in the car which is put off the train at Baltimore and had to be awakened by the porter and told he must get out. As near as I can figure out, from what Orv says, he spent most of the day telephoning and telegraphing. He wanted to call Mencken up and ask him to come around and see Orv. But Orv assured him he didn't want to see Mencken. He had no objections to Stef and Griff seeing him. He had some things he had to do and they could see him (if he would come!) while Orv attended to his chores. But, no. Stef wanted to use Orv as the bait. I supposed Stef would know Mencken well enough on his own account to see him if he wanted to but he said not. Of course, it would have been rather lordly to ask Mencken to come to see him. He might have gone to call on him. Then Stef began trying to get Lorraine (or some such name), an actor now, who once flew over the British Channel. Orv didn't care to see him either but Stef was bound to try to get him and wanted to use Orv's name there, again. Stef did make Griff go to the theater to see Lorraine last night and hadn't given up trying to get him when Orv left for home. Isn't that the queerest streak in Stef? Always trying to extend his acquaintance among people who are well known. They had Dr. Pearl with them for luncheon. Orv says that, of course, you can't judge a man from seeing so little of him but Orv couldn't help thinking Pearl was very pretentious. Stef's address now is 17 Grove St. He doesn't go to the Harvard Club regularly any more. He is doing his writing at this place and is there most of the time, he said. His telephone number is Spring 5958. You might jot that down in your address book, so you can reach him if you want to. Griff staid over for the Race which will be held tomorrow, weather permitting. Then he is hoping to bring the technical man of the

British Air Ministry out to McCook Field with him (he came over on the Aquitania with him). The man was intending to sail next Wednesday on the Berengaria, I think it is, but Griff is trying to persuade him to stay over for the next week, when Griff will sail. They expected to be here tomorrow morning and then the man could have caught next Wednesday's boat but the postponement of the Race upset everything.

I was so surprised last night when you talked to me that I didn't think to ask you if the Special Delivery letter had showed up. I was afraid it would be delivered last night because I had to mail it about seven o'clock Friday evening. But we mailed it at the Hotel box and I hoped it wouldn't get to the post-office too early. But I think you would have said something about it, dear, if it had arrived. I only hope it didn't come in the middle of the night and wake you up! That was awfully dear of you to call me up by telephone—a little extravagant but you are extravagant sometimes, I see. N.B. The two trips you took to see me this summer. There was something so boyish and brisk and reckless about the way you came in June. I liked it, dear, awfully much. I felt as if you wanted to see me pretty badly—kind of a life and death matter with you. It made me feel as if I were pretty important to you. I was and am, wasn't I and aren't I? You are so sweet to me, dear, when you tell me how I change everything for you. It doesn't seem possible that I could!

I always feel a little uneasy about you, dear, on Tuesdays. It was better when you were going to Dr. Frick's, wasn't it? Don't you go at all, any more? Maybe Henry will be coming home again soon. If you were only nearer, dear. Let's pick K.C. up and move it so it is only a night's ride from here. Then I'll tell Orv and you could come once a month anyway. Grand idea, isn't it? Only trouble with it is that it won't work out. Now I'll have to be silly just a few minutes, dear, and lay my head down on your shoulder and get held up close and kissed. Then I can go to bed and sleep in peace. You would hold me up very close and kiss me over and over if you could, wouldn't you my darling boy? I guess I love you a good deal, dear—maybe a very very big lot. A very sweet kiss and one of the nice long ones, my dear, dear, boy.

Your

Katharine

Do you like sensible letters? This one is pretty sensible!