

Hawthorn Hill
Oakwood
Dayton, Ohio

Monday afternoon [November 16, 1925]

My plans are all upset, dear, and I'll have to write a little letter this time. I was lazy and slept over an hour this afternoon. Then I expected to write and send the letter off with Carrie when she went at five. But she was called home just as I got downstairs. Her father was having a chill. So I helped her get off and now I have all the dinner to get and the table to set and everything. Besides we're expecting an electrician to come any minute to see what is the matter with one of our switches. The whole business is off and keeps blowing the fuses. We have had a lot of trouble with it and they evidently didn't quite get the trouble when they came before.

I feel so sorry for Carrie. She is so worn. I don't require much of her at all. I have her rest as much as she can when she is here and she isn't here many hours.

I can't write you a real letter now, dear, because I am hurried. But I'll write tonight, after dinner. I must run down with this, if I can, but I'm afraid I can't leave the house unless the electrician comes pretty soon. Well, if that happens, I'll send it special tomorrow and you won't have any letter in your box Wednesday night, but there will be one Thursday, dear. And I'll have one for Friday but maybe I can't get one off before Saturday after Wednesday—for we are going to Detroit (according to present plans) on Wednesday. We will drive up on Wednesday—spend Thursday and Friday until afternoon in Detroit—start home about four o'clock this time and get home by midnight or before. So I can get a letter off on Saturday morning but it will not get to you early Sunday morning, dear. You know how they come when I mail them here in the morning. I suppose it ought to get to you by dinnertime. But don't stay home for it. You'll understand why it doesn't come Saturday night or early Sunday morning. (Now I have to run down and look after the beans! They're all right.) This isn't any letter at all, dear. But I'll send it and you know I love you if I haven't said much about it, dear.

Your

Katharine