

Hawthorn Hill
Oakwood
Dayton, Ohio

Tuesday afternoon, January 12, 1926

You will be glad to see that your friend, Jessica Foster, has been appointed acting Dean of Women at O.S.U. I hope she will get the permanent appointment. You'll most likely see this item in the news but I wanted to make sure you got it. I was interested to hear that Dr. Thompson has a church in Denver. I'm glad of it. He was too young a man to retire—too young in energy and spirit. I do admire him so very much. He is one of your competent, active men—who is also good, I think.

Do you know, dear, I wish I had your sublime belief that it is so right for us to be together that everything else must get out of the way! I am not sure it was right for me to do what I did in June. I have less doubt now about what is right. At first I had obligations only to Orv; now I have so much obligation to you, too. But I go over and over it until I am so tired, dear. I understand so well that you can't see how it has been with Orv and me. Our interests and our friends have been together always—just exactly as much as a husband's and wife's are. I have to keep up lots of things. Orv would be so absolutely alone without me. But I knew all this before. You see, dear, to be very frank, I don't feel so sure that the passionate love has the right of way over everything else. I'm not so sure it is "necessary to our natures". It can be lovely—as it is with you, dear, and all that, but it is not a large part of our lives, is it? I think the gentle love is a much bigger part of us and has much more claim on us, really. I can't think the passionate love will last, dear. The other will. I really didn't realize how strong my attachment to Orv was. That is the kind of love that lasts, it seems to me.

Tuesday night. When I went out for a walk this afternoon I found your Sunday evening letter in our box. It was such a sweet love letter, dear. So was the one that came this morning. Oh, my darling, you overwhelm me with your love. I want you to love me so much and I am afraid to have you love me so much, dear. You are such a stormy person, dear—the very last thing any of us would have thought of you in college days! Mella would never believe me if I should tell her how you are (which I won't!). I said something to her about the hard time you had been through and something about your strong feelings and she said she had never thought you were a person of strong feelings and then she said "Good for him. It's all the nicer if he has so much feeling and doesn't show it." Mella is supposed to be a reserved person herself but I had a sixteen page letter from her this afternoon, telling me her "joys and woes", as she said. Harriet is very trying. In general, I sympathize with Mella who has had all the care of their mother for twenty years. Harriet has been so selfish and irresponsible. Mella is really a fine woman—means to do everything that is right for her family. But I can't understand her attitude toward her husband. There is certainly no reason for it. She doesn't seem to consider him at all. Everything is for the children and it is pathetic to me the way Mr. King joins in to bring about what she wants. He is so gentle and kind and I like him very much. He would be very interesting, with the least bit of encouragement. He is so proud of Mella and so considerate always of her. Mella is (like some of the rest of us, perhaps)

selfish without knowing it. She has such tireless ambition—mainly for the children, of course.

But I got off on another subject, didn't I, dear? I was telling you how I loved to be loved so much, and I was just going to say how sweet it was to have you say you had waited for me "so long". But, dear, it does frighten me—your being so stirred up and everything. I am so—on edge and so foolish. I suppose what will finally drive me to tell Orv will be a strain I can't stand any longer. How can I ever tell him feeling as I do? You see, dear, I know the look that will come over his face. He has always depended upon me when he is hurt or troubled—or at least I have always been something of a comfort to him. I can't bear to make trouble for him. You know yourself, dear, how it is to be left alone. It can't help being a terrible blow to Orv. I worry about Orv and I worry about you, dear. Maybe Orv doesn't want me as much as I think he does! I can only judge him by myself. I really don't know what I would have done if Orv had told me some day that he was going to marry someone and was going somewhere else to live.

But, dear, I love you so much now and I want you to love me as you do. You are so sweet about me, dear. We aren't very old, are we, dear? You really are so young—much, much younger than I am, dear. All your friends will wonder why you wanted to marry someone so much older than you are and will come to the conclusion that you got "roped in" and couldn't escape!

Oh, yes, the house with the library is lovely, isn't it? You'd better think twice before deciding not to go in for that! Oh, I haven't written to Mr. French yet about your book plate, dear. You know letter writing has become a one-track affair for me. It is really getting scandalous now—my neglect of some people. I'll have to get busy.

Daniel Guggenheim has decided to give \$2,000,000.00 for a Foundation in the interest of aeronautics and the Board to control it has been invited. I think probably Dwight Morrow is to be chairman. Dr. Durand, Elihu Root, Jr., General Goethals, Dr. Mikkleson (how do you spell him?), two or three other people that we thought were good but I have forgotten and Orv. This is in addition to the gift to New York University for a School of Aeronautics. \$500,000.00 has already been handed over to the Foundation. It is "confidential" yet.

I have to go to the dentist at ten tomorrow. Then I'm supposed to be through. Glory be! Orv is nearly through, too. He's got a new tooth in front. Two fillings had just fallen out of his old tooth just before he went to the Gridiron dinner. It was a dead tooth that had been filled several times and had been a problem for years. It was such an eyesore after the fillings dropped out. We like the dentist very much. He is not a faddist. He seems to be a good, substantial, honest worker.

I think I'm going to get some Porto Rican bonds. They yield about 4.30 and are free from all kinds of taxes. Orv thinks he will get some and I told him I'd take a thousand dollar bond. I'll sell some Libertys. I've got \$600.00 in small bonds and they are a sort of nuisance.

I think dear, I won't try to buy so very much stuff of any sort before we are married. (I'm afraid to say that, almost!) It will be so much fun to shop together—maybe in New York. Anyway, I don't believe I'll save out so very much now. I could really invest almost a thousand out of my bank account. Lottie will be paying in a good deal every month on the house and I can use that money if I want it. There will be more in April and June, anyway. I'll be a little extravagant for my trousseau (!) but not very. I don't want anything but a good supply of what I usually have. I do want some nice linens but I am afraid of the hard water, dear. That's the only thing that seems something of a problem. Soft water is so nice and we have always looked out for that as one of the most important things. It makes so much difference in everything. Maybe we can do something to have soft water. It makes all the difference in the world in clothes—especially fine things. Maybe your water isn't quite so hard as ours here. I hate this old limestone of the Middle West. It may have its advantages but hard water is an enormous disadvantage. My hands always get rough and dirty and I can't get them clean. I have very poor skin. If we had soft water downstairs, it would help a lot. Anne and Frank have put in a water softener but that can't be so very satisfactory, I think. I haven't heard Anne say what she thinks of it. Don't we wish we could pipe Georgian Bay into our house? It is, as Mr. McKenzie says, like balm. Of course, rain water isn't nice and clean in a city. We wash off our roof (when we think of it) before we let the water run into our cisterns. We have two 500-bbl. cisterns.

It's late, dear, and I must go to bed. I want you, dear. I wouldn't go to bed right away if you were here. Oh, Harry, dear. I'll be so glad when we can be together. It looks so far off. Even October looks pretty far away, doesn't it? You are so sweet to me, dear. Goodnight. I love you, dear.

Your
Katharine