

Hawthorn Hill
Oakwood
Dayton Ohio

Monday evening - February 1, 1926

Your letters today were so sweet, dear. I've read them over a good many times. You are "just naturally" affectionate, dear, and then you love me so much. I know you do, dear. I know how good you will be to me. I'll try to be just as good to you, dear, but I'm not sure I can make it. Sometimes you seem like a little boy to me, dear, when you are so affectionate and I want to gather you up in my arms and hold you close and keep you from being disappointed in your dreams. I guess that is wanting to mother you, dear. You know you kept strenuously protecting against that once, dear. Do you remember? – I have been thinking, dear, that we are so rich; we have every thing in the past sweet to remember – all so lovely and sweet. "Sweet" means so much, dear, the way I use it. I never find any other word to take its place. It is so sweet to think back to Oberlin days, dear. When I admired you so much and enjoyed you so much and was so happy when you liked to talk to me. I was just thinking that I would have been simply ecstatic, dear, if you had ever taken me any where – to a ball game or a concert or any thing. As it was, I was always proud, dear, of your liking me at all. And I was awfully proud to have Will and Orv meet you and know that you were a friend of mine. They both like you right away. I knew they would. I was so delighted with what Dr. Nager said when you got your degree for I was always so proud of your work and your position on the Star. I hope you have the alumni magazine that gave what Dr. Nager said. I had it but I'll never be able to find it. I can't find the one in which Professor Martin wrote something about me. I can't remember but one thing he said – that was that I had "abundant common sense"! You see, dear, I never did lose my interest in you but I didn't love you then. But in these later years I did have affection for you. I was never troubled about that. All of it was open and above board and straight-forward. As it has come out now it is so sweet to think back on all the friendship – every thing that went into it – was the best in me, I guess, dear. I didn't think so much about it – or analyze it – at the time. Now there is nothing to spoil our love – in all the years of friendship – it is all just the other way. It was a dear friendship. It was a blessing to use both, dear – wasn't it?

I remember when Louis Lord asked me if I thought our class would be satisfied with an A.M. for Jack Siddall. He said of course they had given a Litt. D. to you but that they thought this was quite a different case. I said I thought the A.M. was all right but later when they gave L.L.D. to Harley Morehead, I did raise a row. I told President King what I thought of it and I think he agreed with me. That must have been Bohn. But your Litt.D. was lovely, dear. It was just right. I like Oberlin for that! And I love you dear. Now you can kiss me. It's getting late, dear. I've been sitting here thinking more than writing.

The "intellectual pups" is good, dear. I always look at those drawings every week. The Rembrandt in yesterday's paper was good. And I know you wrote the editorial on Drinkwater and his concern about our becoming so "standardized". I had the richest letter from Lin Narmer today. If I think I'll include it with this. Lin doesn't know how condescending he is. I was tempted to fire back but Lin isn't any fun to disagree with. He never argues. As a matter of fact, we weren't opposing the World Court, any more than saying that there were all sorts of notions mixed up in trying to get us in it. We didn't believe that it was a line up between those that wanted to arbitrate and those that didn't. It was much more complicated than that. Well, you can see what Lin says and what the editorial in the N.Y. Evening Post says. The latter is a scream, we think. They each wanted the man all night but after war was declared the West volunteered far ahead of the East which was very busy making money out of the

man. We are all selfish but it seems to me the selfishness is a little more pronounced along the sea board. Goodnight, dear. I'd love to be held close and love as you loved me when you were here. I love you, dear.

Your
Katharine