

Hawthorn Hill  
Oakwood  
Dayton Ohio

Thursday night – February 4, 1926

I nearly had a fit just now, dear – but didn't, fortunately. I remembered in time that the miserable little letter I sent today would get to you Saturday. For a moment I thought it would be your Sunday letter. That would have been a tragedy. In that case I might have called you up by telephone Saturday evening. But this will be your Sunday letter, dear, and I don't need to resort to heroic measures. You see I was lazy last night, dear, and sat down stairs and talked to Orv. When I came upstairs I went to bed, still being lazy. This morning I had to go down town early with Orv to get a wedding present for Admiral Moffet's daughter Janet who is to be married a week from tomorrow. I came back early and got started on some work in the yard – entirely too hard for me but I kept on until noon. I didn't foresee how that was going to be and I was awfully tired. Then after lunch Orv was around for about an hour and then I took him to the train. When I got home I was just too "dumb" to write any thing and I frittered away the afternoon doing mothering. About half past from it popped into my head that I hadn't mailed that measly letter so I took it down to the Oakwood P.O. It wasn't worth taking down but was less bad than nothing. So that's the history of the bum letter you will get Saturday

I have engaged another cook for next Munday morning. This one comes well recommended. We'll see. I haven't any hope of getting a good person. They are so scarce, nowadays. But we ought to have some one and we'll give her a good chance.

Orv went to Washington this afternoon – as I told you – and Carrie is staying with me tonight. I've just got her settled in Orv's room so we are locked in but can go to each other's room if we should want to – which we won't, of course. But it's a nice feeling to know that we can. – An hour later – At that point, I heard some hallooing down on the porch under my window and, on opening a little crack in my window I found that Agnes Osborn Beck and her husband had come. So I let them in and dressed again. They have just gone and it is ten o'clock now. Agnes and I always remember each other's birthdays. Groundhog day is her birthday and I called her on that day but she was out of town. So I left word that I had something for her and tonight she and Howard came to bring me my last August birthday present. She sent me a painted scarf to the Bay and I never got it. (You remember your Saint Joan?) She has just got another one done for me so she brought it and got her books. Grey's Fifty-Years – or whatever it is called. I haven't read it myself. Agnes said she would lent it to me! Agnes is so lonely but always in a strain. Life has always been hard for her. She is unselfish and everyone impres [sic] upon her. She married Howard Beck who had two young daughters – lovely girls – but a great care, of course. She was thrity-seven when she was married. Then it has been one long succession of cares and anxieties. Her first baby died but she has a lovely little girl almost eleven years old. Howard does pretty well – but he is always over reaching himself. Now he has just bought a new Franklin. They're pretty expensive cars, you know – over three thousand. He has no business with it but Howard has a weakness for liking ot make a show. Now that Franklins cost more than Packards he wanted a Franklin. Still he's awfully nice and as good as gold. But, dear, he would drive me crazy! Agnes never is quiet – so restless, wanting what she thinks she ought to want. If she would just be herself she is so "superin" and so fine. Agens is one of my very oldest and very dearest friends. You must meet her, dear. Professor Martin said he thought she looked very dissatisfied. She isn't, but she does look on a strain all the time. She was so pretty when she was young. Her mother wanted to be good to her but she couldn't insist on Agnes going to Oberlin when I did. Agnes wanted to go but thought she might not to leave her mother with

the grandmother to care for. So Mrs. Osborn let Agnes stay at home and teach. Later Agnes graduated at Chicago but she rushed herself too much. Well, I want you to meet her some time and I think you will see her as I do.

What do you think I was doing this morning in the yard? Putting ground bone meal in the lawn! I could cover only such a little dab anyway. I have tried to get the man who does some odd jobs for us to come on a suitable day to get the fertilizer distributed. But he hasn't sense enough to come on a "suitable" day. We must get it on right away but I guess I can't do it! Orv scolded and scolded when he came home this noon. It didn't hurt me any but I won't try it again.

I'll be sending back the album in a few days. What is it like back of the house – I remember coming in off the street and turning into the garage. It seems to me the ground runs a little up hill back there, doesn't it? But I can't remember it much. I was thinking, dear how pretty the stone wall and the brick walk are. They are unusual and add a good deal, I think. I can't remember the house next door at all. And what is the view across the valley? Is Sinbad on the wall at the edge of your place and is it the next door neighbor's house that shows? I can't quite understand that picture. It is a lovely house, dear. You have always loved you home, haven't you? Oh, Harry, dear. I have always loved my home, too, and I don't know how to let it be broken up. I am ashamed dear, to feel so awfully bad about it. But it has been my whole life. I mustn't talk about it, dear. It doesn't do any good.

I must say I can't see the writing of Sinclair Lewis' novel as you described the plan but then I could never see the writing of any novel and I could never imagine a Methodist minister, turned Unitarian, being able to give a correct idea of orthodox religious experience. Maybe your particular man can. I'm not saying he can't, I'm merely having my own views on the subject! Rather my own doubts. I'll tell you what I think (this on another subject which doesn't bother me!) about the people who hot so at "orthodox" religion. They may be right in trying to destroy it but I do think, dear, that what they set up in its place is pretty "trifling". You know I'm not much on orthodox religion but I'm considerably less on any other kind that I've heard set forth. So there! Maybe I'd better darn stockings on Sunday morning. It may be better for my soul – and yours, too, dear! Anyway – I wish Mr. Birkhead and Lewis good luck – if they do collaborate. Oh yes and about Lewis saying "Damn". I have noticed that people are pretty apt to be literal on such things. It has amazed me several time to hear much serious discussion over the right to do or say some such silly insignificant thing as saying "Damn". As a matter of fact, you now as well as I do, Harry Haskell, that it is a "symbol" of smartiness and "as such" it annoys me very much. (It just occurs to me, dear, that Mr. Nelson had a genuinely nice feeling about the ministry. I can't remember the story exactly but I was struck at the time by his nice feeling. I would call it good taste.) It isn't appropriate for a minister to join in on flings at religion – any kind – for that matter, and it doesn't help the general cause of religion to be always jibing at the "old fashioned" minister. ON the whole I think the old-fashioned one compare very favorably with the up-to-date ones when it come to important things. Well it's nearly midnight, dear, and I'm getting chilly. Goodnight, dear. You can be a Unitarian for all I care. I love you anyway.

Your  
Katharine