

Hawthorn Hill  
Oakwood  
Dayton Ohio

Friday night, February 5, 1926

I am all alone tonight, dear. Carrie went home for supper and later she was going to see her father at the hospital. She said she would be back about nine. I am not a bit afraid or uneasy.

The Prof must have mised [sic] my meaning in the conversation he reported. I was trying to tell him, dear, that I wouldn't be in the way of his seeing you as he used to. He had said he was going to miss that, and he said he was saying it "with a wry face". Well, he was just pretending to misunderstand. His letter was so nice. "Mortally afraid of the Lady Trustee", is he? I never did write the letter I said I was going to write when I read his review of the Frontier. I can't get any letters written to any one else any more, dear – It's a joke but not everyone will see the joke! – Do you know, dear, I'm feeling a little depressed about Oberlin. It does seem to me that there is "no leadership or vision", as Mr. Stetson says. Well, if you could see who are the leading spirits now – Bohn, Sherman, George Jones, and so on. Mirkler, Miss Nach, Miss Klingerhagen (though she doesn't "lead" much). There isn't a single "superior" person in the outfit. I can not understand President King. Dean Graham is nice enough but there isn't anything unusual about him. The new Director of the Conservatory is a colorless creature. I don't know how he is in music but nothing extraordinary, I am sure. President King certainly has no competition in that group. Professor Holmes does seem to us, as well as to some other people, to be a terrible self-advertiser. I don't know how able he is in his life. It is hard to tell, Orv thinks. Ward is rather prominent socially – soc are the Holmes and Harrows. Mr. Stetson, Dr. McLennan, Louis Lord are of an entirely different kind but they haven't a great deal of chance. But I imagine that they really have a good deal of influence. I can see it. Dr. Nager is really the most admired man in the Faculty, I think. And I think Dr. Bosennth was a strong man but he is way past his prime. You know Mrs. Nager told me a year ago that they were very much disturbed on the happenings of the last four years. She was referring to the people who were leaving for various reasons. I'd have to get your article to see who those men all were and why I was so indignant! I'll bet you couldn't name more than two men yourself. I do admire Mr. Stetson very much, dear. I have grown to have great confidence in his character and his general good judgement. No one could question his extraordinary ability and scholarship. As a matter of fact, no one ever does, and he is so attractive with his quiet, gentle ways. He has a great affection for you, dear. He has told me such nice things about your mother. Yes, dear, he has "for months on end" spoken of you with "in terms of highest praise and respect". He has always talked about you most of the time whenever we have been together. It suited us both, dear. I think he has a lot of understanding. Do you know, dear, I think it's rather a pity for him to live so much alone. He would be so sympathetic and gentle with anyone he thought a lot of, I believe. I think you can be awfully proud of having him for your best friend.

Are you going to Emporia for this Sunday? I am so glad and I hope Henry will join you. You are getting pretty frisky with your son. I'd say – telling him you'd hate to be so old you couldn't hang around all night on a train! I am sorry Mrs. White isn't well. She hasn't even returned from the shock of her daughter's death, I suppose.

We won't care what other people do, dear – such as the Kirkwoods. We can live as we please now. You don't have to get out and make your way socially or professionally. It is made. We'll be friendly as can be with all your friends but we don't have to do every thing they do. It's curious but the

most interesting and prominent people here like about the kind of things we do. Or rather they did. Mr. Patterson is gone, the Deeds's have changed a good deal – not altogether – Mrs. Kettering never had any sense but she was inconspicuous and let him enjoy his kind of pleasure. But now she is aggressive and drags him around with her fowl friends some. Orv says he bets Mr. Kettering never knows what they are doing or talking about. It doesn't interest him a particle. My sect can be pretty silly when the men make too much money. You would think the women would realize that they aren't the ones who have done something but they don't. My sect has some weaknesses. What a terrible craze there is for prominence. Men realize it is money in their pockets and they want to be conspicuous and they want their wives to be conspicuous.

I should think you could take some time pictures in the house some Sunday morning when the sun is brighter. But don't worry about it – if it isn't easy. I am the "dumbest" thing that ever was with a camera. I just can't learn any thing. I finger it all right away. I'd love to be with you tonight, dear. It is such a waste of time when Orv is away any how! I'd love to go around over the home with you – and then sit down and talk about it all. I wish we could get the papering done beforehand. I don't think we want to paper though until we decide definitely in rugs. The other things can come on slowly.

Harry, dear, you have such a fine, sweet streak in you. I can't tell you how I feel about it. It isn't just a "streak", dear. It goes through every thing. I love to have you near me, dear. You have such nice feelings. That is one thing I can't tell you about at all. But I see it all, dear, and feel it and love it. I just love the way you love me, dear. And I love you, dear. I wish you could be here now, I'd want you to hold me close to you and love me. It is so sweet the way you do, dear. Do you know, dear, I just can't imagine you loving me the way you do. You are always saying you can't make it seem real. I can't either, dear. I want to be close to you tonight, dear. Goodnight. A sweet kiss for goodnight – and another and another, dear.

Your  
Katharine