

Hawthorn Hill  
Oakwood  
Dayton Ohio

Tuesday night – February 9, 1926

It was a measley [sic] little letter I sent you this afternoon, dear, and I was sorry. Last night I felt dull and stupid and I thought I would write today right after lunch. But then I was so tire I couldn't write. I am always down town all Tuesday morning.

This morning I went to the dessmakers after I got through at Mrs. Espy's. I am having some old things fixed up a little and I am trying to decide on a new dress. I never had a worse time finding what I want. Most of the clothes are so loud – some people can carry them off and not look conspicuous but I have too few things and besides I'm not built for "stylishness". I haven't decided yet on any thing but I think now I'll wind up with a plain dark blue georgette. A dress like that always looks "lady like"! It must be something cool. You see, dear, what I get now I shall be wearing next fall and if we should get married, I could wear a dark blue georgette all winter, for an afternoon dress. But, dear, I can't see ahead. I haven't said another word to Orv and I can't have any pleasure looking forward to any thing that is so bad for Orv. I won't say much about it, dear. It doesn't do any good. But I can't feel that it is reight for me to go ahead. The only thing is that I know it wouldn't be right not to. But I won't talk about it or another evening will go for nothing. I am trying so hard, dear, for I love you both so much.

There are many little details of the house that I like very much, dear. And now that I have seen the pictures I recall many things. I recall the nice windows in the study but it seems as if there were a bay window. I see from the photographs that there is not. When were these pictures taken. The shrubbery surely couldn't have been so well developed before Henry went to Harvard the first year. Maybe you didn't mean that he made the album before he went the first time. The stone wall and the shrubbery must be lovely, dear. Do you keep the garage locked all the time? And will you ring so I can run down and open up for you? No, I'll have to watch for you. I am so mixed up on directions I don't even know from what direction you will come. You'll have to give me a lot of lessons on K.C. geography, dear. We'll have to go around down town together some so you can show me the general lay-out. We can do that when I have lunch with you occasionally and on Saturday afternoons, after you are through at the office. I can imagine how patient you will be with me, dear. I am incredibly stupid about so many things. I'm slow to learn to know people and I'll make mistakes and be awkward about it and I won't be a very good housekeeper by myself. I have been used to Carrie for so long. I taught her every thing originally and then forgot it all! I imagine all the women you know – like Mrs. Lincoln – are clever and energetic about their houses and know all the latest things and so on. I won't know much about such things and they'll all be sorry for you! We'll be clean and neat but to very fancy, dear. I have never liked to have all the fancy little things around – a most women naturally do, I think. I'll try not to be too queer. I wouldn't want you to be ashamed of me, dear – I don't know how I'll make it – going into a new place to make all new friends. I'm afraid I won't make many! Here you see I've grown up with everyone and have never known what it was to go out and make friends. You had to do that when you went to Kansas City but now you've bee there over half your life. Wouldn't you rather dread pulling up there to go some place else, like Washington? I think it's nice, dear, to live with old friends, when you are getting old. But I can be happy any where, dear, with you – if Orv is all right and not lonely. We won't be "getting old" for twenty years, dear. I don't think Oberlin would be a bad place when one is through with action work. Cleveland is so accessible and still one could have a home with a yard. But before that we'll look around over the world a little, won't we, dear? - I wonder if you aren't writing to me,

dear. It's half past nine. Maybe you ~~are~~ have been out some where for dinner and aren't home yet. I'm going to bed now, dear, and read some and maybe think about you some. Goodnight, my darling boy. A sweet goodnight kiss and I'd like to be held very close, dear

Your  
Katharine