

Hawthorn Hill  
Oakwood  
Dayton Ohio

Saturday night. Feb. 27, 1926.

You haven't been out of my thoughts very much, dear, since your telegram came this noon. I know you are disturbed and I want so much to be with you. I wonder if you went to Mrs. Hemingway's dinner tonight or whether you had things to do on the paper or for Mr. Kirkwood. It is such a pity for the Kirkwoods. As you say, every thing to live for and throwing it away. Maybe he will stop short now – if it isn't too later. I know you feel badly about Mrs. Kirkwood, from the personal side. And it is such a calamity for the paper. It is so shocking, dear. I can't hardly believe it. When I woke up from my nap this afternoon I wondered if I could have dreamed that telegram from you. Was it just two weeks ago that Dr. Bohan told you what the situation was? Well, it seems he was not talking picturesquely.

I'll see in the paper how it happened but I'll be so anxious to hear from you, dear. But maybe you will be very busy and not have much time to write. I was tempted to call you over the telephone tonight and would have done it or would have tried to get you but I thought you might be at Mrs. Hemingway's and might get the call late and be uneasy.

We were away this evening. We were invited over to see some European pictures. The people are very peculiar – interesting and cultivated but very peculiar. There is one daughter. They have always kept her with them and never would let her ought [sic] of their sight. On a trip to Europe she met an Italian Navy Officer and was dazzled by getting a little bit of attention to which she was not accustomed. I don't know the whole story but they all went back to Europe and Mary Louise married the Italian. The whole family became Catholics! I don't know just what happened after the marriage but I suspect it was too much family. Any way the young people didn't get on and before her baby was born they all went to Switzerland where they lived a year or so. Then they came on home, bringing Mary Louise and the child with them. The boy is now over four, a fine little lad, very precocious. I think the father has tried to get the boy but so far the mother has succeeded in keeping him. You would love their house, dear. There is no basement under ground. The first floor has a billiard room and all the rest of it is taken up with furnace – coal room etc. The living room are all on the second floor. They have brought home a lot of furniture. They used it a year, you see, and so could bring it in without duty. It is Tyrolese in architecture, with a lovely oriel window. You would like all the nice features of the house. But my mind wasn't there much, dear. I was thinking of you.

I was going to tell you yesterday – and forgot it – about Commander Byrd calling Orv up to see if he can't get some of the Guggenheim money for his Polar flight. Orv really could make almost a steady job as a trustee of that Foundation. Byrd said that Rent and Trubee Davidson said that they would be guided by what Orv said – passing the buck, of course. Orv told Byrd that he didn't think Mr. Guggenheim had in mind at all any such use of his money but if Mr. Guggenheim wanted the money used that way, he could say so and of course it would be voted! But, Orv went on to tell Byrd that he wouldn't recommend it to Guggenheim.

I had a letter from Lou yesterday from California. She is always so cheerful – never has any troubles to tell. You will like her, I think, dear. She is interesting and would have made a good deal of herself if she had more ease and leisure.

Ivonette's little boy has been very seriously sick with diabetic trouble. It came on very suddenly, after tonsillitis, and they were afraid they would lose him. He is almost six and such a lovely child – always calm and collected and sensible and full of fun. He is much better but is still taking insulin and will have to be taken care of very carefully for a year, on diet. He is so reasonable and happy that I think they will get through it all right. It is so hard to watch a child's diet always.

It just comes over me, dear, that maybe we won't live in K.C. and maybe you won't see much of Lou – I have thought of coming to K.C. for so long or, at least, so hard that I just go on thinking about it as a certainty. But, dear, it doesn't make any difference about where we live. We could have lots of fun batting around in Washington or New York – or Europe! There isn't any reason to be anxious but, of course, you can't keep being upset and unsettled. It is curious how this came. But I'm glad you had the little warning, dear.

It's midnight, now, dear, and I must go to bed. I hope you are sound asleep but I fear not! If you were here, dear, we'd slip over in the other and sit together for a nice talk and maybe you could forget all this trouble for a little while. I love you, dear, and I love more when you are troubled. I wish you could kiss me, dear, and hold me very close. Goodnight, dear.

Your  
Katharine

I hope it was all right to send the telegram and the Special Delivery letter to the office. No one will notice any thing now, any way, dear.