

Hawthorn Hill

Sunday evening March 14, 1926

The piles of paper and envelopes melt away and are replaced and melt away again. Just how many letters to you reckon I've written since the middle of June? It is nine months – almost two hundred and seventy days. You can figure for yourself, dear, where my letter – heads have gone. Now I've only a few left so you don't get any more until I have a new supply! Well, dear, we can't complain that we've had a dull time in these nine months, can we? And not to have one thing left out to make things interesting, this smash-up on The Star has come now. I don't care, dear, I'm glad it has come now. It will be so much better to know whether you are to be in K.C. or not before we are married. I think you will know surely by summer. I have felt that it was so uncertain – of course, every body knew it was. I am relieved, dear – just as Mrs. Longan says she is. And you mustn't worry, you men. I would hate to see your group scattered but you can do just as well and better, for yourself, dear. No doubt Mr. Longan can, too. The Star was more dependent on you than you are on it, as far as that goes. We'll have such a happy time any where, dear – any where that is a good place for your writing. In general, it will be good for you to get around more than you have – thought I'm not so sure about that, either, dear. Running around here and there is necessary for gossip writers but not for you. But travel would delight you and we must arrange our affairs so you can do some traveling. I wouldn't be one bit afraid of making a change – only for the tearing up of your work of a life-time almost. One could call thirty years about a life time of work, dear. I would only dread the strain of it on you – your natural hating to leave a thing you had so much to do in building and which still interests you more than any thing in the world, probably. You would soon love being in Washington, of course, but, at first, it wouldn't be so pleasant as your own place in Kansas City. I hate so for you to have any more strenuous times, dear. It is so outrageous that there should be any question about your staying with The Star unless you want to make a change. But you are young, dear. You do seem young and you look young and, of course, fifty-two isn't not young. We'll have such a gay time if we start out on an adventure, dear. We will, really. I do think, dear, that unless it looks better on The Star than it has been, ever thing considered, you won't be sorry if you make the change. But that's all for you to decide, dear. I couldn't possibly know any thing about it in comparison with what you know. Only don't be too modest, dear. However I don't think that more money and excitement are what you want most, now. But what I mean is that if you feel like getting started on the writing that you have really looked forward to doing sometime don't be afraid to be as independent as you please. I am sure, dear, you can do it. The only question is about what you want to do. There aren't many men like you, dear. The combination of ability and accumulated experience and information and character is not common, dear. I really do think, too that you are better off for not having been in the East all the time. In spite of a common opinion to the contrary, you'll have a much broader view point and a much better understanding of many important things. You know, dear, I don't believe in spoiling you but I've never had occasion to change the opinion I had (and we all had) in Oberlin that you were "awful smart"! You have used your ability to the very best advantage, dear. It has been such fine work you have done on The Star. I can't think of any thing more worth while than you might have done. And you have grown in doing it, dear. I am so proud of you, dear. I am so proud of your noble life and your fine professional work and your standing among other men. You know, dear, that I have always been interested in your work on The Star and in The Star itself. It would hurt me, too, to have The Star change – quite aside from personal interest. It would be a great work for you, dear, to go on with The Star, having never to do with all its plans and policies. I think, dear, I understand and sympathize a good deal with your feeling about the Star. But if any thing goes wrong now since Mr. Nelson took no care to keep the Star as it is, you aren't going to be unhappy, dear. You aren't one bit dependent upon it. You are loyal to it and devoted to it but not dependent upon it.

This has been a love letter, dear. All the time I've wanted to put my arms around your neck and kiss you and tell you how I love you. Goodnight and a sweet kiss, dear.

Your
Katharine