

Hawthorn Hill

Wednesday afternoon, March 31, 1926.

I can see that I am going to be pretty tired, dear, before the week is over! I had forgotten the old Pinneo trait of talking endlessly of details. I am interested in what Nan tells but after three or four hours of it, I am a wreck. I had Agnes Oslon Beck and her mother, who were among the best friends of the Pinneo family here, in for lunch, today. They have just gone and I have escaped to my room. "Escaped" isn't the right word, dear, for Nan wanted to go to her room any way. Isn't it funny how inconsistent we are – or rather I am!

So Mr. Stout is back, is he? I am glad if he is feeling a lot better. It looked like tough luck for him. You got through without having to tell Pres. Brooks any uncomfortable truth, did you? It is sweet of the former publisher of the Globe, to be instructing the trustees about the value of The Star. What does it mean? Does Dickey want the paper so much that he wants to pay a high price for it and wants to get the trustees into the notion that the organization can't possibly pay what it is worth? Well, of course, such a line of talk as he gave on improving the business methods wouldn't be very convincing. Since you say he is an "expert" maybe it's nothing but just his foolishness and nothing back of it! I don't put any thing past a real "expert".

You were a silly boy to make straight for the post-office. That letter would have kept till morning an you know it. I'm afraid all the time I'll be too tired to write so I keep a day ahead of you, you see. As a matter of fact, I am not tired at all now since I have got off by myself and can be quiet and can think about you in peace. Dear, you won't mind if I give my "Hill of Athena" to Nan, will you? I'll get another one but I can't get it in time, I'm afraid, if I order it at the bookstore. I'll order it but it probably won't come while Nan is here. So I'll give her the one you sent me. I don't like to do that very well. I like to keep the things you give me. I do love the things you send me, dear. I have an awful lot of books that you sent, you know.

I've got a notion now that I'm in a hurry to see The Star's affairs settled. I wouldn't care about your leaving except for your feelings about it. You can do just as well or better somewhere else. Of course, I've got a feeling about The Star too. I'd hate to see it scuttled. But we are not dependent upon it, dear, as far as a living goes. Except for your sake, I wouldn't feel badly if you didn't make as much money some where else. WE don't have to spend ten thousand a year, dear – Far from it. We aren't going to break our necks for money. I don't care what you do just so it is congenial work for you and you are contented. I think that the feeling that a lot of money is necessary makes slaves of people. I think you'll make plenty of money, dear, and we aren't going to be upset if you have to make a change. If it can't be helped, it can't, that's all, and it would serve the Nelson family right to have The Star become an outrageous paper. Only, of course, the Nelson family can't be reached any more and they would not suffer. The people of the community would have to suffer. You see, dear, I'm always trying to be ready for the unlooked-for calamity if The Star goes to some unworthy owner. I don't suppose it will but we won't be stumped, if it does. I don't believe the trustees will feel that they can let the paper go to scoundrels or even to people who have no ideals for a newspaper. But they are in a tight box. So we must be prepared for the work, dear, as far as The Star is concerned. It may not be "the worst" for you, dear, or for "us". You see I've thought for a long time it might be a very good thing for you to go East and strike out for yourself. But I didn't quite realize how strung your attachment to The Star was and how hard it would be for you to leave it. It is serious, dear, to uproot any one at our age. You have done such worth work there and it is worth staying by now that you have built up what you have. Goodbye, dear. I have enjoyed writing to you and am all rested now. Goodbye and a sweet kiss.

Your  
Katharine