

Hawthorn Hill

Thursday evening – April 9, 1926<sup>1</sup>

Do you know what I'd like to do, dear? I'd like to tease you, dear. But while I'm teasing you, I'd want to have my arms around your neck and I'd kiss you now and then. Of course, you want to say tin Kansas City. It would nearly break your heart to leave The Star and you know it. So we won't talk about going to Washington until we have to. If the organization can't get hold of the paper, it will be time then to discuss what to do. I suppose you'll know about it before very long now. In a month, perhaps? Of course Mr. Kirkwood is count on you. The Nelsons did, too, though, you remember! They counted on all of you doing ever thing you could for The Sate – and them. But the Nelsons are gone now so we won't worry over them any more.

I have often thought of what Professor Martin said once about changing positions. He and Louis were talking of possibilities of getting positions elsewhere. Professor Martin said that he didn't believe they could do so well any where else. "And you have to eat about so much dirt, anywhere, so we may as well do it right here." There is lots of truth in that observation. There is no such thing as living with nothing to annoy you and with nothing to worry about. If it isn't one thing it is another. I suppose really successful living is, as Rasselas (was it Rasselas?) said, "in putting oneself in harmony with the present system". I think, dear, you are very good at doing that. I have always noticed your nice spirit about every body you work with and have always admired it. And it certainly pays, too, in dollars and cents. I always noticed too how you work out your problems. You are so reasonable, dear. I used to think you were very calm but I can't say that now only you do manage to give that appearance always. But you are patient and generous with people. (You'll find you'll have to be that with me, dear.) You'll always get along well, dear, whenever you are with your ability and nice manners. It goes deeper than manners, of course.

We can pay that \$15,000 in less than five year, dear. We can easily pay it in three. And then we may go off on a jaunt to celebrate! Maybe go to Europe.

Orv had a letter a few days ago from Dr. Millikan asking for a picture of Will that we liked. He has one of Orv he says. And he wants the dates of their births and the date of Will's death. All this is for his High School Physics which he says is used more than any other text-book in Physics, in the U.S. I believe that Dr. Millikan is really convinced on the Langley stuff. But he doesn't want to do any thing that will stir up controversy. He is a politician, I suppose.

I am keeping Nan for several weeks. She needs some rest and I think she didn't get much at Mary's. She and Mary are very fond of each other but Nan is so worried about Mary she couldn't rest. Mary isn't well and they have five children – all needing money for school. So Mary is over worked all the time and besides is not well. Nan hasn't been sleeping right for years and every thing worries her. It is the vicious circle at work; she can't sleep and so worries; she worries and can't sleep. They have all lost a lot of money. Nan has about \$15,000.00 left. Mary and Edith have less. I imagine Edith's affairs are a constant worry to Nan. They would be to me. Nan has helped her out many a time and Edith does not appreciate it a bit. She says she doesn't want Nan to pry into her affairs! Nan is a saint to put up with Edith's unreasonableness. I know Edith very well, you see, so I can sympathize. I have been thinking that Nan would make a good Dean of Women somewhere. She isn't what you could call scholarly but she is so wise in important ways and dealing with girls and she has a really fine presence now. I see so much improvement in her as she grows older. And Nan is sophisticated in a nice way. She has been around a lot. It is marvelous how much traveling she has done. No wonder she hasn't much money left. She has spent a lot of it in traveling. She certainly knows Greek history and art.

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<sup>1</sup> Katharine mis-dated this letter. It was actually written April 8, 1926.

At the last minute last Saturday I thought of something to give Anne McC. For an Easter present. If I had thought of it sooner, I think I would have sent the same thing to you. It was Faure's History of Ancient Art. Anne thinks it is a good one, as she told me several weeks ago. The next time I give her something it will be the seemed volume, Mediaeval (?) Art. I wanted to send you a little Easter gift, dear. Now your birthday present has arrived. It isn't much, dear. I shall sent it on tomorrow. I opened the box to look at what was inside. I hope you'll like it.

The Easter lilies will be done for by tomorrow. Carried kept all the flowers so nicely. Yesterday she combined your flowers and those The McCormicks sent and made a gorgeous basket. But they will all be past repair tomorrow. I did enjoy them so much, dear. Thank'ee again. And a sweet kiss! Goodnight. Another sweet kiss for goodnight.

Your Katharine

I am sending the box to the office special delivery, dear. Then it won't come in your regular mail.