

Sunday morning
April 18, 1926

I didn't write last night, dear. We went out to dinner, Orv and I, but we came home early because Nan was alone in the house. I thought I could write but Nan wanted to come down stairs awhile and then I heated up some stuff for her to drink. She doesn't sleep well and some times drinking hot milk or some thing like that will make you sleep better. By that time, I was awfully sleepy and couldn't undertake a letter. And now this morning there isn't much time and I am interrupted every few minutes, besides having a shaky hand. So this won't be much of a letter, dear.

I don't believe I'll get to Oberlin at all just now. Nan will probably stay until Friday and that will make it too later. Orv will be back from Washington Saturday morning. My whole object in going now was to get the visit in while he was away. I could go the week after, while he is out at Little Rock, but the Lords will have the "Charleses" that week. Maybe I won't go at all, for Frannie will be busy after that. She is going to England by May 15th.

It is a beautiful day once. We could have a nice day together, if we were together, couldn't we? Maybe we'd walk around the yard and see what needed to be done.

Your letters yesterday were so sweet, dear. I know you'll be so considerate and full of understanding and ever thing I want.

That was kind of tantalizing, dear, to tell me you had had an interesting five minutes with Governor Allen and would tell me about it another time – and then have Sunday come in so I have to wait two days to hear what it is! I guess I can survive, dear. Henry is with you today, I suppose. I am always so contented when I think of his being with you. As President of the Board of Trustees, will you make him go to church with you? Ha! Ha! I just want to know whether you have any discipline at your house! I can get a better idea of what I'll have to go up against. But then I know, dear, that the spirit of the day is not to make any suggestions to the young! I probably wouldn't get off so easy. Goodbye, dear. This is no letter at all but I can't keep it this time. A very sweet kiss, dear.

Your
Katharine