

Hawthorn Hill
Monday afternoon, April 26, 1926

Three dear letters this morning – my darling boy. You are too good to me. And all so interesting. I like the parts that tell what is going on in The Star reorganization plans and I like the parts that tell me you love me. They are all just right, dear. I've fooled with my black satin dress all afternoon, dear, and now I must hurry and get this into the mail before dinner time. That satin dress is pretty – all but one shoulder which was puffy and I could not get Mrs. Mittendorf to make it right. She gets exactly like a mule sometimes! I got it right but it took me hours to do it. She could have done it in fifteen minutes, I suppose.

General Patrick and General Fechet are here and about thirty-five planes have been doing maneuvers today. They just flew over our house and circled around, the whole outfit. It was a beautiful sight.

I haven't been sleeping very well the last three nights and I'm not much good at getting any thing done. I go "round and round" like the monkey's tail! I'm not trying to answer your letters now, dear. I can't. I'll write tonight. I had no chance yesterday at all. Company all day and evening – Lorin and Buster, the McCormicks and their sister from Cleveland, Mr. Deeds and two little girls in the neighborhood. So I couldn't write.

I hope the crooks can't get the paper but if they do – all right. That was what Mr. Nelson wanted evidently. It is really wonderful how softened up Mr. K. and Mr. S. have got. Rather fortunate I'd say that Mr. Nichols has liberal ideas on what the organization is worth. Of course, it is one of the great assets. I believe the trustees will find a way to keep the paper in the hands of the old outfit.

I'm going to Oberlin Wednesday morning and will be gone probably till the following Wednesday evening. Louis called me from Oberlin yesterday to say that he has to be away until Monday morning. He wanted me to postpone my visit but I told him I'd come now as I had planned but I would stay over to see him after he got back.

I must dash off another note – to Mrs. Lawrence of L.L.S. and accept the invitation. Goodbye, dear. I love you but I can't tell you much about it right now. A sweet kiss.

Your
Katharine