

Hawthorn Hill  
Tuesday afternoon, April 27, 1926

Twelve years ago this afternoon, we moved into this house. Orv had gone to New York and we moved while he was gone to save him the fuss and muss. It was a beautiful day, warm and sunny and the red buds were in full bloom. Today is cold and rainy and the red buds aren't showing a bit of color yet. If it should get warm suddenly I would miss the red bud, because I may stay in Oberlin until next Friday a week, May 7<sup>th</sup>. I had a telegram from Mr. Cole today saying that the two dates proposed for the Committee meeting April 30<sup>th</sup> and May 3<sup>rd</sup> did not seem to suit. He asked me if May 7<sup>th</sup> would be "acceptable". I answered that I had arranged to be in Oberlin so that either of the dates first proposed would do for me, that May 7<sup>th</sup> would be very inconvenient for me but that I would try to be there, if I could manage it. I don't want to stay so long, not at all. I'm afraid I'll want to stay so long, not at all. I'm afraid I'll wear Frannie out for one thing. They won't let me go to the Fac. Club. If I could go there it wouldn't make any difference about staying so long – though I don't want to do it any way. To tell the truth I'm not feeling one bit well and this afternoon it looks impossible to go off on a trip. But I'll probably be all right by morning. I don't know what is the matter. Maybe I'm just relaxing after some strain. I was so glad to have Nan but it is a strain any way. I'll go tomorrow and stay until Tuesday any way. I'll let you know in plenty of time what my plans are, dear.

I am depressed about Anne McCormick for one thing. I just came back from seeing her. She will be gone by the time I get back. She looks so very badly. There must be some thing serious wrong. And I think she is worried and uneasy herself. They have rented their house for May 1<sup>st</sup> (next Saturday) and she is trying to get her things out of drawers and son on. I don't hardly believe she can go but they will give up the house any way. It is too much for her. She has not help and doesn't feel equal to wrestling with a new maid. I said Goodbye to her but I feel as if she is not going. It is too bad.

After dinner. Orv is packing or rather getting a few things ready. He always keeps a suit case with most necessary things ready to go away with on short notice. He had a telegram this morning saying that a committee from the Engineers Club of Little Rock would meet him at St. Louis tomorrow night and that the Chief Engineer of the Missouri Pacific had put his private car at their disposal. Very grand, I'd say. Orv brought a copy of the telegram home to show me and said I could see now that he was "some pumkins" [sic], but I told him that I wasn't bluffed a bit; I know him a lot better than those people did!

Of course, I'll see Mr. Stetson. I always enjoy seeming him so much. Maybe we'll talk about you, dear. We usually have! Oh – Harry dear, that June morning last year when we sat in the "parlor" of the hotel, Mr. Stetson, you r sister and I! I had that fat letter of yours in my pocketbook. We talked about you, Mr. Stetson and I, after your sister had gone. I said I was disturbed because you didn't seem to get "settled down" and I thought it strange. He said he didn't think it was strange! I was a wee bit self conscious about that because I know the letter in my bag was sure to tell why you hadn't "got settled down". But what a fine friend he has been to you, dear. Maybe 'll tell the Lords but probably not. As long as I can't talk about it to Orv, I can't say much to any one else. I don't feel like it, that's all.

Won't we be glad, dear, when Mr. Nichols can get out again and the trustees can get together and see what the offers for the paper are. I think, dear, you've got the cards stacked against ever body else. With the trustees feeling as they do and the town feeling as it does, it won't be easy for any one to come in and snatch the paper out of your hands. It will be so jolly, dear, if the organization does get the paper and you get some stock and an increase – "a substantial increase" – in salary. We'll get that stock paid for in no time. And wouldn't it be fun fixing up the house, dear? I want a Chinses rug, too, - for the study, I think. If I get a nice one from Nan, it can go before the fireplace. And we'll make our room so comfortable and cozy. I was thinking maybe we could close the door from the hall into that room and make room for twin beds that way. We could use the door from the study, if we had to. I suppose that

radiator on the west wall can't be changed a bit. They usually can't. We'll find some way. If those trustees get busy and do their job well, we'll do the rest, won't we?

I never did see what Sinclair Lewis said but I don't care. He certainly overestimates his importance and he seems to take Kansas City for a bunch of ignoramuses. What I can't see is why he should be speaking in any church, anyway. If your church really defends his speaking as he did – well, I'm terribly mixed up on what a church is and what it is for. It was so childish to set up a bogey – (such as that some simple-minded person may have said that Burbank was struck dead because of his beliefs; certainly I haven't heard of any responsible person saying any thing of the sort.) and then get so melodramatic about it. I think myself it was not too wise of Burbank to make such a fuss over what he believed and didn't believe. His ideas on that subject were nothing particularly expert – though I haven't the slightest objection to his saying what he thought. But he evidently took himself pretty seriously and the newspapers did the rest. I didn't take him very seriously – any more than I would your ideas of hoeing corn! But I haven't heard any one expressing these silly ideas that Lewis set out to demolish. You must have a curious set of ministers out there. Ours aren't fanatical at all, as a rule. But I know the tribe as well as you do. Some of them are not too deal. Some of them lie and cheat and steal. We've known some who did. I'm not too much impressed with their good sense not their goodness. I think The Star paid entirely too much attention to Lewis's silly talk by asking the ministers what they thought of it. Lewis is evidently starting out to startle the “booboisie” of Kansas City. I know you don't like such stuff, dear. Just once in a while, it bothers me the least bit that you should be so closely connected with people who are always in some such stunt. But I don't really care, dear. If you think it is a good thing to support, you stay right by your Unitarians. I haven't one single objection to what they believe. It is just the way they act that once in a while gets on my nerves. They remind me strongly of Mr. Akeley and the gorillas. He always over-stated what people generally thought of the ferocity of gorillas so he could show how taken in they had been with ignorance and superstition. Maybe I'm all wrong, dear. Orv and I are too suspicious. We worried Nan with our lack of complete confidence in people who tell how good they are! Still Nan is no fool.

I must get a letter written to Griff tonight. Goodnight, dear. You thought you were being good and were agreeing with me, did you, dear? You weren't agreeing enough to hurt any body – and you don't have to! I thing, dear, that you feel that Lewis, for instance, was half justified in saying what he did, because some one had said a silly thing. I think that nothing would justify his saying such a thing in any church to people who had supposedly come out to church to get some spiritual refreshment. Why always have a chip on your shoulder? Well, never mind, Goodnight, my darling boy. I love you and I love you a lot. I wish you could kiss me and put your arms around me, dear. I want you very much tonight. A sweet kiss.

Your  
Katharine