

Hawthorn Hill
Saturday morning, May 8, 1926

This will probably be my last letter, dear. I thought of trying to catch you Tuesday at Columbia, by General Delivery, but it might not be convenient for you to call at the P.O. I'd a lot rather you'd catch the train for St. Louis and get here Wednesday morning!

Of course it was Mr. Bohn who was gossiping to Mrs. Hemingway. I don't care anything about it only it is so like him to be discussing people, wherever he goes. It may have come from the Chamberlin's or it may be pure guess, or it may have come from the letter which it seems to me everybody in Oberlin saw at the Faculty Club last November. It was funny. I remember Clara May called me up to tell me there was a letter there and one or two other people! So you didn't carry it off very well, didn't you? You haven't got exactly what I'd call a poker face, dear. Still, I never got some things, in my observation of it! There is no use to try to keep it a secret any more, dear, but I can't imagine myself taxing anyone with such a thing. I'd wait to be told, wouldn't you? I never did a thing like that in my life. But people are different. You'll have to talk to Orv when you are here, all by yourself, too. I'll cry if I am around and I don't want to do that, dear.

We are going to the Deedses tonight to a "camp" dinner. We are to wear our old clothes of last summer. Mr. Deeds has had a "lazy Liz" made for the Canadian camp and we will have it on the table tonight. You know what it is—a moving piece in the center, on which you put the food and it can be swung around so that no one is needed to pass the dishes. I'll wear my knickers though I didn't have them last summer. After dinner we'll play roulette, I suppose. That's how we used to spend our evenings in camp, often. Mr. Deeds is always the "bank."

I hear from Nan this morning that after a "wintry" time at the Powers, she has moved to the Walker Missionary House at Auburndale, Mass. where she is comfortable and happy, with "pleasant, kindly fellow boarders." Dr. Hall, the physician employed by the Board, to look after their people, analyzes her intestinal trouble as "the result of fatigue and bad posture" but is going to have Xrays to see if he can find any "new difficulty." Nan says "It is funny, isn't it?—how we can't have any old-fashioned, home-like troubles, any more." Nan sent a picture of Stef, from the Boston Herald. It is good, isn't it? I think I'll write to Stef again. He owes me a letter but I think I'll not stand on ceremony. I never have, for that matter!

I left off in my letter yesterday with Mr. Stetson's departure at 11:30 Saturday night. The next morning I felt like a "stewed owl," the way I do when I lose too much sleep. (That was the morning I wrote you that blue letter, dear!) After I got the letter written, (Frannie and I cut church) we started out in the automobile to mail it at the P.O. I had been driving the car since Wednesday night and I had never looked to see the gas gauge. But I was concerned about it so I looked that morning and saw that the hand was pointing to about zero. I never dreamed through I couldn't get to a filling station and anyway I would be a little nearer to the gasoline if it only went part way. So we started. I would have got to the door of the garage if I hadn't started for a place I knew on S. Main, just below the P.O.

After I turned the corner toward Foust, Frannie said Louis usually got his gasoline on East College so I thought I'd better go there. He might have some reason for going there. So you see I lost two blocks by going south to Foust and back again. We got in front of the Second Church when she stopped dead! Fortunately the good folk were all in church so we were pretty much alone on the street. I asked Frannie to sit over in the driver's seat and steer while I got out and pushed us over to the curb. Then I ran down to the P.O. and mailed your letter (too late, evidently, for you didn't get it until Tuesday) and then posted off for the garage. I found it open but only one man was there and he couldn't leave to take the gasoline to the car for me. I was going to take a gallon myself but when he asked what car it was and I told him it was Mr. Lord's Chandler, he said I couldn't get started probably for when that gas tank got empty the vacuum system wouldn't work right away. I was about to offer to keep shop while he went but just then an old customer walked in and volunteered to stay. So we got five gallons in and didn't have any trouble getting started, after all. Then we rushed home, got into our Sunday clothes and met the '98ers at the Faculty Club. Emily Williams was giving the dinner for me and we were ten, counting Frannie. There were Mr. and Mrs. Yocom, Mr. and Mrs. Thurston, John and Clara Barnard, Kate, Emily, Frannie and myself. We had a jolly time and, after dinner, went to the Thurston's for a little visit. Emily had lovely sweet peas on the table and gave them to me when we went home. I went upstairs to rest and told Frannie I was not "at home" if any one came. I was too tired to see straight. It was awfully warm there Sunday. I had a little nap, a good rest and a hot bath; then I asked Frannie if she wouldn't like to drive out to the cemetery. She said she had been hoping I would want to go out somewhere. So we went out and walked all over the cemetery. I told you about that, I remember. It was lovely out there only the cemetery isn't so very well cared for and Mrs. Martin is stirring things up to try to get it better cared for. After that we called at Irving Metcalf's and took a little ride out north Main, the road to Whiskeyville! Then we went home and had a bit of lunch and sat and talked until almost midnight—a regular school-girl talk! That brings me to Monday morning. We rushed around and did errands for Frannie's party in the evening. She was to have the Aelioian [sic] bunch, you know, alumnae and present society, just as we L.L.S. people were doing. So we worked hard—at least I did—getting my room cleaned up nice so the girls could put their things in there. And I did a lot of other obvious cleaning while Frannie was having a scalp treatment. Then Frannie made cookies and ginger bread and we picked up a lunch at home. I hadn't done a thing in deciding what I would say that night, so I went upstairs after lunch, dashed off a little letter to Orv, and then rested for a couple of hours. Then we went out for a few errands and when we got back we found the box of flowers. Such excitement, dear, and so much happiness for me. Your candy came just then, too! Frannie was all ready for her party so I went and dressed and had a little time to think out how I would begin and a little plan for what I would tell. Then Frannie's people began to come and I went over to Mrs. Andrews for our L.L.S. party. What I did wasn't much, dear. I got home at ten and few minutes afterwards, Louis walked in. We didn't know when he would come and so didn't go to meet him. I was sorry we hadn't tried, though.

I'll have to leave the rest until you come, dear. That won't be long and it would be too bad not to have something to talk about! Ha! Ha! I hope you'll have a good time at Columbia and make a good speech (!) and catch the train to and from St. Louis and be

here Wednesday at 10:40. A very sweet kiss, dear. I'll have a real one soon! Goodbye,
my darling boy.

Your

Katharine